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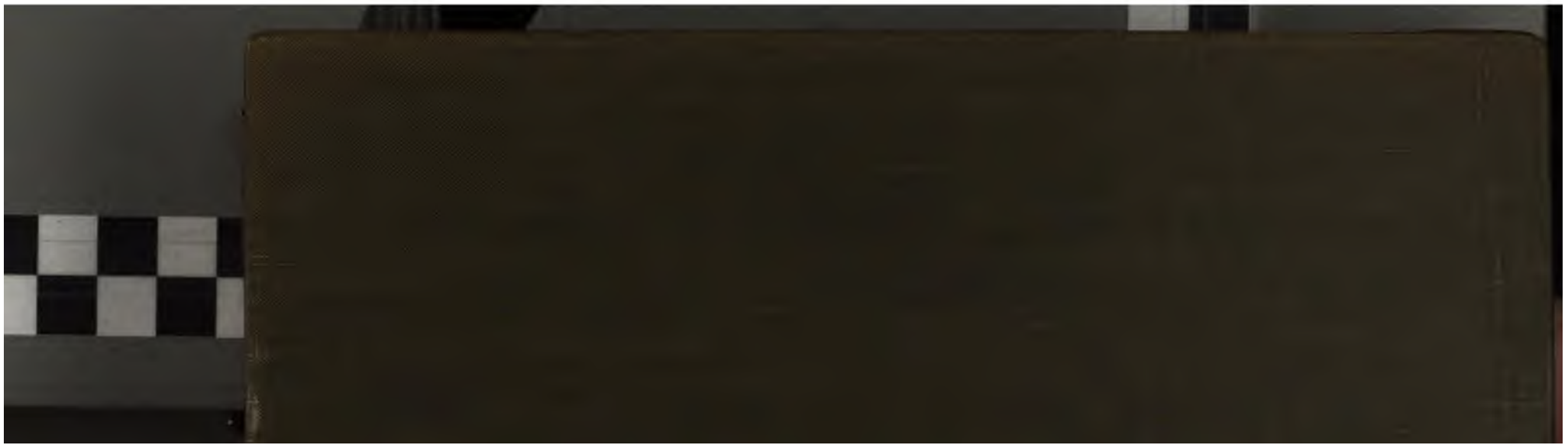

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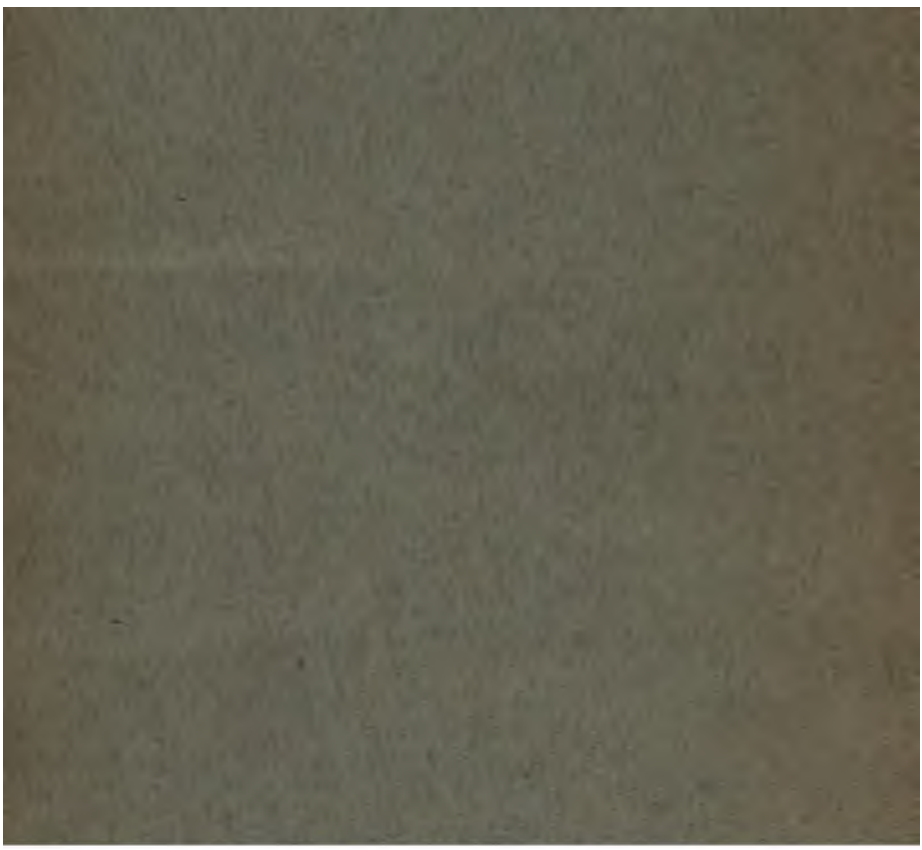

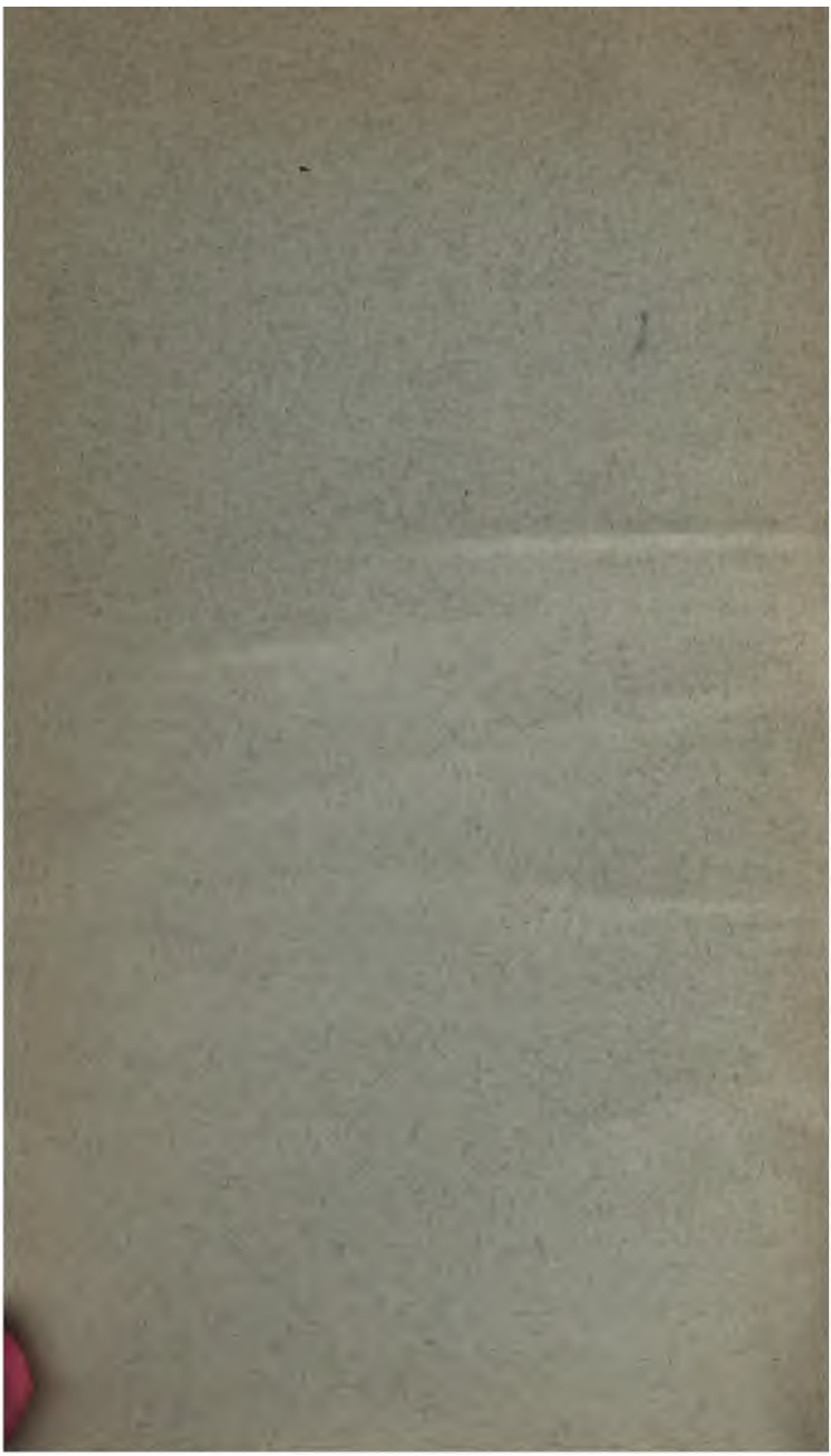

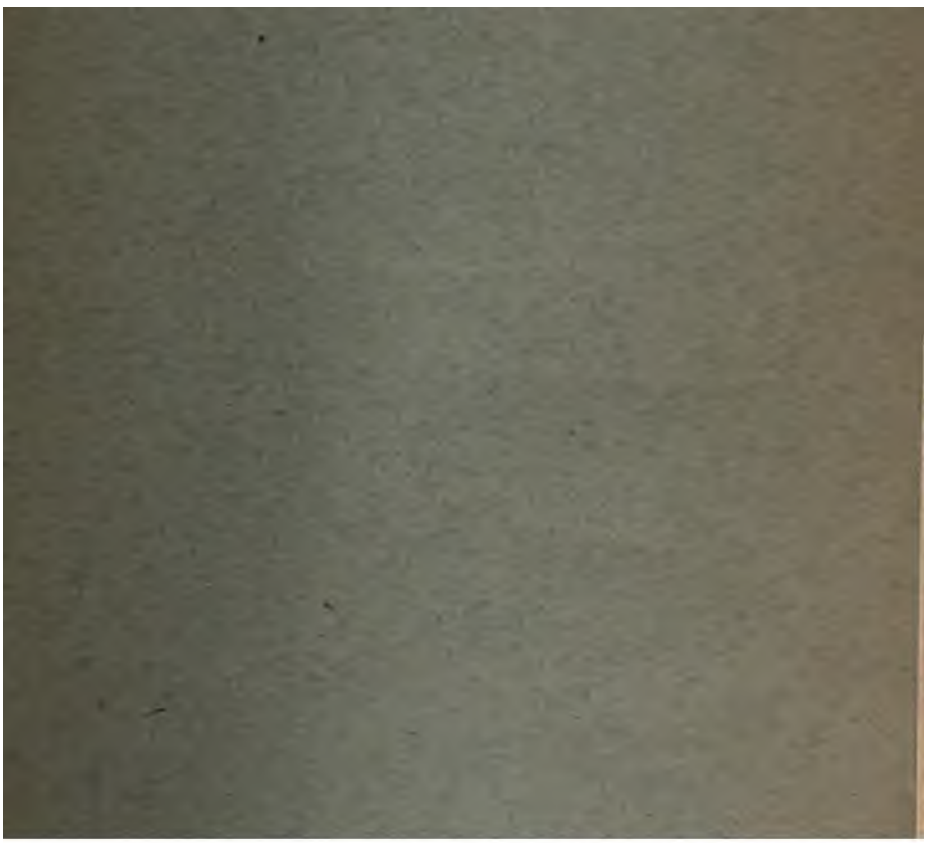

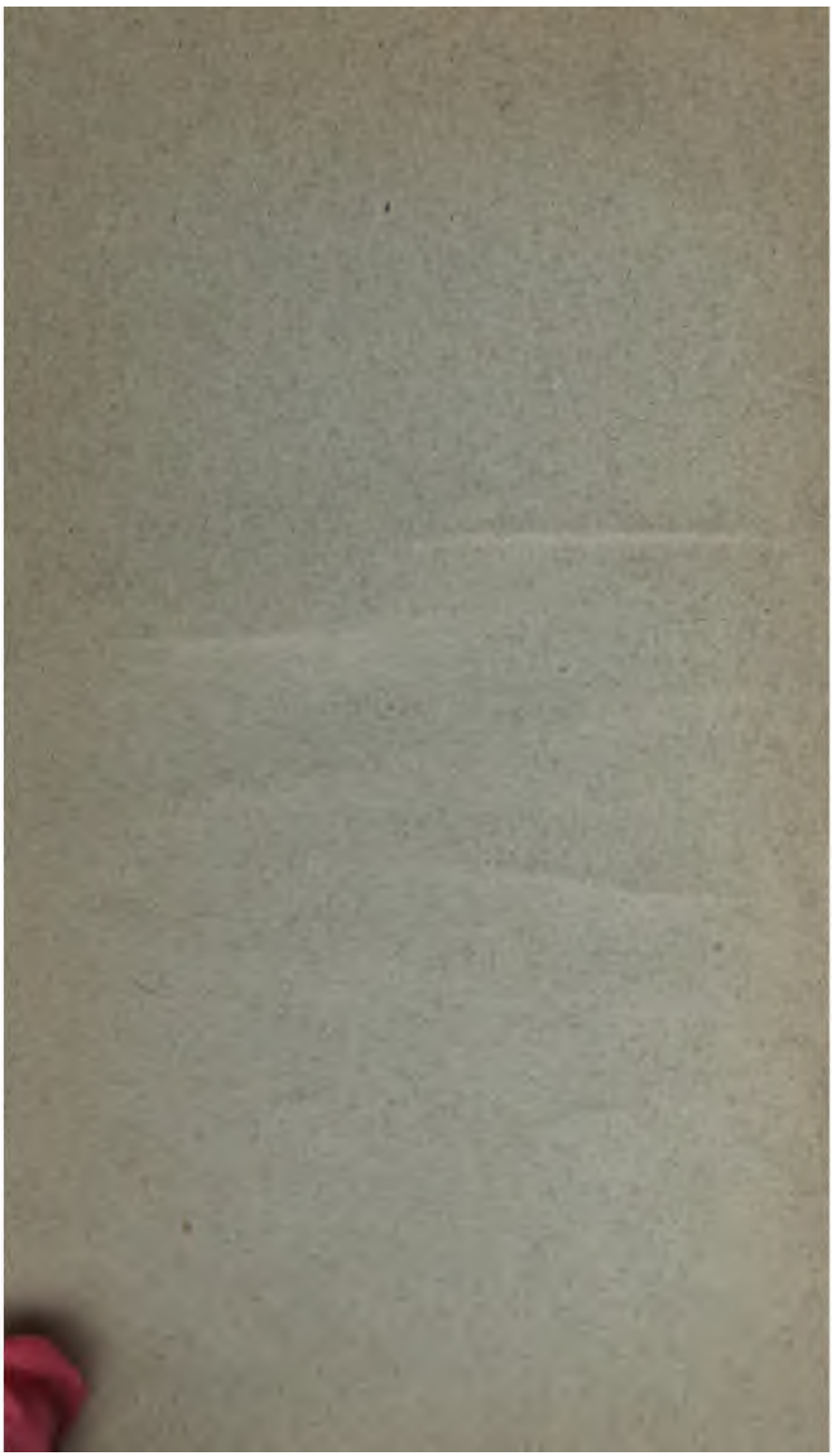

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1866.

ART. I.—1. *Life of Michael Angelo.* By HERMAN GRIMM. Translated by F. E. BUNNÈT. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 2d Edition.

2. *Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti: with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters; also Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna.* By JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Member of the Academy of Painting of St. Luke, at Rome, and of the Roman Archæological Society. Second Edition, thoroughly revised.

3. *Michael Angelo and Raphael, their Lives and Works.* By DUPPA and QUATREMÈRE DE QUINCY. With 13 highly-finished Engravings on Steel. London: Bohn.

4. *Handbook to the Italian Court, with Illustrations.* By M. DIGBY WYATT and J. B. WARING.

5. *Fac-similes of Original Studies by Michael Angelo, in the University Galleries, Oxford.* Sketched by JOSEPH FISHER. London: Bell and Daldy.

IT is with no appetite for the sensational that we have selected for our present paper the title which is prefixed to it. What is the rule to guide us in spelling another man's name? In the case of our own great dramatist, we all aim, or should aim, at spelling his name as he himself spelt it. Our only justification for indifference in the matter would be that the owner of the name had been himself careless about the position of his vowels; while we should feel ourselves bound in common practice to adopt the form which had been deliberately employed on every great and solemn occasion. In the case of the great

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Florentine we need not be superstitious about his surname; for he himself spelt it in different ways. Buonarroti, the 'well-arrived' is, perhaps, the most accurate form. Then if we adopt the Latin *Michael*, why retain the Italian Angelo?[1] Then with regard to Angelo: Did Michael himself so sign his name? Did his native language pronounce the word so? We see no fair reason for adopting the Roman pronunciation, and submitting to the decision of the Della-Cruscans. Buonarroti always signed himself Michel Agniolo; consistently with the propriety of language, and his vernacular pronunciation. We think he must have known best, and we shall not presume to vary from his use. We spell his name as he himself signed it in the memorial for the translation to Florence of the bones of Dante.

It is to the credit of our times that three works on the same subject, and that one so closely concerning the cultivation of a right taste, should be in constant demand among us. Mr. Harford's work has passed through two editions, and is very pleasant reading: the author exhibits great æsthetical judgment; had the advantage of personal intercourse with the descendants of the great sculptor, the last of whom died six years ago, and has adorned his volumes with some very choice engravings. The work, however, is very far from being exhaustive. Mr. Duppa's book is a concise but very useful publication. Grimm's work, unlike most German works, is full without being heavy, supplies omissions, and corrects some errors of Mr. Harford; but, unlike the other two, possesses no illustrations, save an admirable likeness of the subject of the memoir. This work has also passed into a second edition. The English is not always English. The index, considering the pretensions of the work, is very deficient. The Poems of Michel Agniolo receive a very slight and inappreciative notice, and to some of the art-criticisms we demur. Properly speaking, none of these works is a Life of Michel Agniolo. 'Michel Agniolo and the Fine Arts,' or 'Michel Agniolo and his Times,' would have been more appropriate titles. But, as Grimm observes, he and his times were actually one. It is the singular fortune of Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, Turner, that they have had neither predecessors nor successors. They take no place in the genealogy of art. Whatever influences they have exercised in the schools, and they have been incalculable, they have been like the influence of the dew, and imperceptible; reproducing none of the features or characteristics of the master mind. Byron's 'Prophecy of Dante,' which the noble author declared to be 'the best thing he had ever

[1] Curiously enough Grimm says (p. 74, v. 1) that *Michael* Agnolo is the true orthography.

done, if not unintelligible,' is a very admirable, earnest poem, and decidedly *Dantesque*, but it is no more. On the other hand, Michel Agniolo has been the teacher not only of his own, but of every succeeding age. Unrivalled as a mechanician and engineer, at once sculptor, poet, painter, architect, Michel Agniolo has been to art what Constantine was to Christianity. Other great minds have been out of the reach of imitation; it is the sacred characteristic of the Florentine, that he invites it. It is impossible to write of him without writing of his patrons and his pupils. It is impossible to attempt a discussion or interpretation of his works without searching into the causes of those political agitations and personal sorrows, in the midst of which he laboured, hoping against hope. We can no more understand Michel Agniolo the artist, apart from Michel Agniolo the man, than we can understand either apart from Michel Agniolo the patriot.

It may be that there is something in the close and beginning of a century which fosters an unwonted development of the human intellect. Perhaps the theory is only worthy of Mr. Shandy. At all events, the world has never witnessed such prodigies of intellect as walked the earth at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century. The mind of man, at least in Italy, had become encyclopædic. The course of modern criticism has led to the extremest discredit being poured upon such literary knight-errants as the admirable Crichton. Yet, the life of Orcagna, to whom, if to any artist, Michel Agniolo may possibly have been slightly indebted, shows in how many different branches of knowledge in his early day pre-eminence could be and was acquired. There is Alberti, the great Italian, almost unknown, because outshone by the after luminaries, Leonardo, Raphael, and the subject of this paper. Dramatist, vocalist, poet, and philosopher, mathematician, optician, painter, and author of the first modern treatise on painting; sculptor, and author of the first modern work on sculpture; a musician, who enchanted his contemporaries by his compositions; an architect, whose works—the S. Francis Church at Rimini, and the S. Andrew's at Milan, take rank among the best of the age; whose treatise on architecture is equal, if not superior, to that of Vitruvius; Alberti was an acknowledged master in every department of intellectual culture. Yet he was nothing to Leonardo, the rival of Michel Agniolo, and 'the first name of the fifteenth century.' He was all that Alberti was, and a chemist to boot. His MSS.—a portion of them—fill twelve huge volumes in the Ambrosian Library of Milan, and contain anatomical drawings which the great Hunter declared, for accuracy and beauty, to be the most wonderful things of the kind;

Windsor can boast of three volumes; the Royal Library of Paris can boast of one volume, full of philosophical treatises; the collection at Holkham has the glory of possessing a MS. treatise on hydraulics. His MSS.—hard to read is his writing at the best, but it is rendered next to undecipherable by being for some unexplained reason written from left to right—abound in 'revelations of physical truth,' as Mr. Hallam[1] calls them, in which 'the discoveries which made Galileo, and Kepler, and 'Mœstin, and Maurolycus, and Castelli, and other names illus-'trious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent 'geologers, are anticipated, so as to strike us with something like 'the awe of preternatural knowledge. In an age of so much 'dogmatism he first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that 'experiment and observation must be the guides to just theory 'in the investigation of nature.' And the presence of the man was stamped with such beauty and nobility, as to give the world at once a full assurance how richly the inner nature was endowed. It was his happy position to gain immortality among men by his painting of the event which has given immortality to the Church. And now, as the Divine Face of the undying One is dissolving away; while, under the soft handling of the elements, the apostolic company is being gradually dislimned, it is well to be reminded of those other titles to fame which have hitherto remained unpublished. Such was Leonardo da Vinci. And it has been incumbent on us to say this much about him, because, by reckoning up his great endowments, we can comprehend the Titanic grandeur of his great and his triumphant rival. Christendom for three hundred years has been doing homage to Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' and to 'The Last Judgment' of Michel Agniolo. The tasteless and unspiritual extravagance of modern Romanism has heartlessly consigned both to ruin; but happily for the hopes of Christendom, the divine outlines of S. Peter's can neither be marred by the contempt, nor vulgarised by the fanaticism of man: they fill the heart as they fill the eye, in their stainless purity, a warning and a witness to papal Rome; and in them the inspired and unremunerated architect has given expression to his sublime yearning for the reformation of the Church, while, at the same time, he has, as it were, brought to light the immaculate conceptions of the soul of Dante.

Without any of the historical or geographical and territorial advantages of the other cities of Italy, it was nevertheless the destiny of Florence to become the Athens of the West; and Savonarola was the Demosthenes who gave his life for the

[1] Hallam's Literature of Europe, vol. iii. pp. 218, 219, third Edition.

liberty of his land in vain. It was not, however, freedom which made Athens and Florence great. The days of freedom enjoyed by Florence were but few, and those few not very much dignified by either virtue or generosity, but it was the unconquerable love and desire of freedom. It was this that gave energy to her commerce, and buoyancy and a fiery appetite to her intellect. It is to the credit of the cunning of those who founded the detestable Medicean oligarchy, a despotism not even tempered with epigrams, but made more oppressive by an inevitable pedantry, that they did the best they could to govern rightly; that they were, beyond all calculation, more worthy than the wretched '*faineants*' who succeeded them in the third and fourth generations; that next to themselves, by however great an interval, they did cultivate the interests of Florence. Now it is indispensable to a right understanding of the life and times of Michel Agniolo that we master the genealogy of the Medici. From the middle of the 13th century, for the next 150 years, we meet the name of Medici again and again, at intervals. In 1421, a Giovanni de Medici was the chief magistrate of Florence. He had two sons; the elder, LORENZO, who declined the honour of the magistracy, and pursued, as did his immediate descendants, a lucrative commercial life, left two sons, Piero and Francesco I. Piero begat Lorenzo, who begat Piero-Francesco II., who begat Lorenzino, or little Lorenzo, the same that assassinated Alessandro, the last male representative of the younger and ruling branch of the family. Francesco I., brother of Piero, begat Giovanni, who begat that other Giovanni, the formidable captain, commonly called *the great devil*, who, marrying a granddaughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent, begat *Cosmo I.*, who obtained his title from Pope Pius V., and whose family ruled in Tuscany, till it was succeeded, on its extinction in 1737, by the house of Lorraine-Hapsburg, whose extrusion from the dukedom we have all lived to see. Francis, the son and successor of this Cosmo I., and his brother, who was a Cardinal, were both great admirers of Michel Agniolo. To return to that LORENZO, whose name we have above put in capital letters, his younger brother, COSMO, by aid of whose money our fourth Edward managed to sit easy, and enjoy himself on his ill-gotten throne, took public office, and had at least three sons. Giovanni the second, died young from overfeeding, leaving a son, Cosmo, who died, aged 9. Cosmo's eldest son, Piero I., married Lucrezia Tornabuoni, a good and gifted woman and an authoress, and by her had two sons, GIULIANO, and LORENZO afterwards the Magnificent, and two daughters, Bianca and Giovanna. GIULIANO was assassinated in the cathedral, but he left an illegitimate son, Julius, who

was made Archbishop of Florence by his first cousin, Leo X.,[1] and who subsequently became the well-known Clement VII., with whom our Eighth Henry had certain dealings in the matter of a divorce. LORENZO, on the death of GIULIANO, became the representative of the family. His children were, four daughters: Lucrezia (who, marrying G. Salviati, had two sons, both cardinals, and one daughter, who, marrying Giovanni, *il grand diavolo*, became mother of Cosmo, first Duke); Louise, who died unmarried; Maddalina (who marrying Francesco Abo, had issue, at least one son, who became a cardinal); and Contessina (who, marrying P. Ridolfi, had issue, at least one, cardinal). LORENZO had three sons. Pierio II. his successor; the second, Giovanni, who became Leo X.; a third, Giuliano, who married the daughter of Charles of Savoy, of the house of Bourbon, but only left one illegitimate son, Cardinal Ippolyto. In honour of this Giuliano, Duke of Nemours, Michel Agniolo erected one of the tombs in San Lorenzo. The eldest son of Pierio II. was Lorenzo II., the subject of the other tomb 'in that small chapel of the dim S. Lawrence.' This second Lorenzo married Magdalena de Boulogne, who died in giving birth to their only child, to her who was afterwards the notorious Catherine de Medici. With this Lorenzo, infamous in his life, and unhonoured in his death, the direct male line of Lorenzo the Magnificent came to an end. Charles V. forced into the throne, vacated by Lorenzo II., Alessandro de Medici, with the title of Doge of the Florentine Republic, and gave him in marriage his illegitimate daughter; but he was assassinated by Lorenzino, the last of the elder branch of that elder stem, which began in Lorenzo, elder brother of the first Cosmo, and son of Giovanni the Gonfalonière. Alessandro left three illegitimate children—Giulio, who became a prior; Porcia, who became an abbess; and Juliet, who married. Alessandro was himself the illegitimate son of Clement VII., by a Moorish woman, whence he was called Il Moro. Our family statistics show what a very good thing the reigning house made of the Church[2]; and this may, to some extent, explain the devotion of the Tuscan Court to the Vatican in much later times.

The family of Buonarroti possessed an earlier dignity, and has outlasted by a century and a half the house of its patrons. Imperial blood flowed in the veins of Michel Agniolo. For Beatrice, the sister of the Emperor Henry II., was the ancestress of his

[1] Mr. Harford (vol. i. p. 311) inadvertently calls Clement VII. the natural son of Giuliano, *younger brother* of Leo X. The natural son of *this* Giuliano was Cardinal Ippolyto. Grimm, again, calls Clement VII. (vol. i. p. 437) the uncle of the last Lorenzo. They were first cousins once removed.

[2] Pius IV. was also a Medici, but of a Milanese family; which was no way connected with the great Florentine, and originally spelt their name Medichi.

family. The astrologers declared that the infant would be illustrious. Perhaps the mother needed some encouragement; for while expecting the birth of her child she was thrown from her horse, and dragged some distance on the ground. She was then only 19 years of age. The infant was put out to nurse in the hill country, three miles from Florence, with a stonemason's wife; and in after years he was wont humourously to ascribe the acridity of his temper to the air of Settegnano, and his love for the chisel and the mallet to his foster-mother's milk. The life thus singularly begun lasted ninety years all but fourteen days. Fourteen Popes filled the throne during those eventful years, to ten of whom Michel Agniolo was personally known. He survived Leonardo and Raphael. He lived to witness the decline of the German Reformation. An avowed member of the Evangelical School of Italy, by his last and greatest and most universally known work, S. Peter's, he has perpetuated, as in a symbol, that vital reformation which was inaugurated by the Council of Trent. Since the death of Michel Agniolo, we have had no Pontiffs like Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., or Alexander VI., a fact not to be reckoned among 'small mercies.'

Few great men have enjoyed such great biographical advantages. Vasari, his *professional* friend, wrote his life, and sent it to the old man, who acknowledged it with a sonnet. Condivi, the intimate friend of Michel Agniolo, the inmate of his house, also published a life of his friend, which is more satisfactory—dedicated to and accepted by the Pope. Of late years materials have increased. There are 150 letters in the British Museum; which, of course, have been open to biographers. There are 200 letters more, bequeathed to the Florentine Library, in 1860, by Count Buonarroti, which have been withheld, although other papers, the poems, have been published, which, however, came under the same prohibitions of the bequest. If the house in which he lived and died at Rome has disappeared, still we have preserved to us the original receipts, in his own hand, for the paintings in the Sistine chapel, and for the monument of Pope Julius. Though he was no writer, we have abundance of authentic autographs; yet of Shakspeare, who has created more living men and women than all the painters and sculptors of all time, and all by help of his pen, we scarcely retain a line; while for his biography, we have half-a-dozen facts, one half of which are not to be relied upon.

The family increased. The brothers of the future artist were to be merchants. He himself was sent to school, but soon turned idle and obstinate, passing his time in the ateliers of the different painters. And so it came to pass, that, his father yielding, he was bound for three years to Grillandajo, on the 1st of

April, 1588, when he was now fourteen. Grillandajo was then engaged on a extensive undertaking, the repainting of the choir of S. Maria Novella. And so the young apprentice came into the midst of a great work. But the master soon discovered, with envy, the powers of the pupil, who one day, in the absence of the workmen, drew a perfectly correct representation of the scaffolding and the workmen on it. Here, too, he produced his first picture, said to be at Paris, a 'S. Antony,' an excellent picture. The feeling of the master now became more evident, and, offended at discovering his apprentice correcting the defects of his lines, he cancelled his indentures, before the expiry of the three years.

At this time it was he came under the eye of Lorenzo. Florence was a manufacturing city, and, as a State, consisted of an association of commercial houses, the chief of which was that of the Medici. This precedence was quietly assumed after that great final revolution of which Machiavelli has given such a wondrous description, when the people rose against the nobles; when the guilds conquered, and then themselves began to divide for renewed contests. Cosmo, though affecting at home the carriage of a plain citizen, was abroad accounted a prince. He was, practically, dictator. Pierio transmitted his influence to Lorenzo. But Cosmo, desiring to strengthen his party, proposed to marry his granddaughter, Bianca,—she afterwards married among the Rucellai—to a member of the great rival faction of the Pazzi. The Pazzi proudly declined. The Medici, in return, adopted several humbling measures against their rivals; and Lorenzo, by an act of injustice directed against one of the Pazzi—an act at which even Giuliano remonstrated—became responsible for the storm which ensued. The Archbishop of Pisa, the Cardinal Riario, and the commander of the Papal troops, arranged the details of the assassination. The cardinal was to officiate at mass. This would constrain the attendance of the brothers Medici; at the sound of the 'sacring bell,' the conspirators were to strike; and at the same moment the Archbishop was to attack the palace of the Seigniory. Giovanbattista Pazzi affected to be squeamish about shedding blood in sacred places; a priest was found not so particular. The failure of the plot Machiavelli ascribes to this alteration. The brothers, arm-in-arm with the conspirators, entered the cathedral. The bell which announced the Presence in the Mysteries chimed, and Giuliano fell dead with a poniard in his heart. Lorenzo escaped with a flesh wound. The leading Pazzi were executed and their palace plundered. The Archbishop was among the first to swing. This the Pope was slow to forgive. But through the mediation of the King of Naples, whom Lorenzo, by his intrepid conduct,

had converted to a friend, the chief author of these harms at the Vatican was conciliated, after that the Florentine clergy had declared, in the plainest language, that they utterly disregarded the anathemas of the Pope, whom, with truth, they pronounced a conspirator like the rest. Michel Agniolo was only two years old when these evnts took place.

The unsuccessful insurrection confirmed the authority of Lorenzo. He now began to limit the business of his firm, while he fraudulently wasted whatever public money he could touch, or the trust-moneys lodged in his hands. This was one of the subjects brought before his conscience on his death-bed by Fra Girolamo. He instituted carnival processions and wrote songs for them. At one of these Granacci attracted his notice: and Granacci, who had been a boy-friend of Michel Agniolo, introduced the latter to the patronage of the 'Magnificent.' In the Garden of San Marco he now was able to study the antique, and he began to slight the brush for the chisel. Here he executed a copy of a faun's face; but departing from the original, he represented the mouth wide open. Lorenzo admired it, but observed that the artist had shown an old person with all the teeth. When he next saw it he was struck at the successful manner in which the boy-artist had made a gap in the mouth. This led to the entire adoption of Michel Agniolo, who was now received at the board and lived in the house of the Dictator of Florence. It was at this time too—when not yet twenty—that he produced the astonishing work, from marble given him by Poliziano, of 'Hercules and the Centaurs,'—a work he would never part with; it is still in the possession of his representatives, and was pronounced by Thorwaldsen a perfect lecture upon art. The faun's face is in the Uffizi. In the Medici school of art he learned to work in bronze, under Donatello, and produced a Madonna, in bas-relief, after that author. And here he learned to draw after Masaccio.

In the year Michel Agniolo was admitted to the palace of the Medici, came Fra Giralamo Savonarola to Florence, then thirty-seven years old, and passing the fourteenth year of his cloister life. If that other Jerome, with John Huss, may well sit heavy on the soul of the 'false fleeting' Emperor who betrayed them, Jerome Savonarola may well sit heavy on the soul of his Holiness Alexander Borgia. Prophecy is one of the notes of the True Church; and, just as the Protestant world has its Cumming, the Roman Church has had its Abbot Joachim, in the 13th century and its Pastorini in the 19th. The peculiarity of Savonarola's predictions was that, not being apocalyptic interpretations, they came true. It was at the urgency of Lorenzo he removed to Florence, although this is doubtful. At least

three years elapsed between the application from Lorenzo, which was due to Pico, and Savonarola's arrival. He always acted anyhow, as if Providence, and not the Ruler of Florence, had brought him there. He refused all homage. It was not only the groundlings whose ears he split. He carried with him Lorenzo's own party, Ficino, Poliziano. But after Easter, 1492, when only in his forty-fourth year, Lorenzo fell sick; poison was suspected; he bade farewell to his friends, and received the sacrament, 'full of humble resignation in the promises of the Church' (Grimm, vol. i. p. 165), whatever that exactly means, and sent for Savonarola. It seemed an absolution sought out of time. He promised to restore even the embezzled trusts, but freedom he would not restore to Florence, and the absolution was never spoken.[1] It is not improbable that Michel Agniolo was among the crowd of friends who wept around the dead. With Lorenzo passed away the power which had kept Naples and Milan quiet. To make the future still more ominous, the nefarious wretch, known as His Holiness Innocent VIII., died and was succeeded by the scarcely more infamous infallibility, Alexander VI. He hoped to divide Italy with the Emperor. But France hoped to conquer Naples, and drive away the Turks and Florentine nobles hostile to the Medici, who now as ever held by France. During these two years our artist not yet twenty—having left the Medici palace, wrought a Hercules, now lost, and a Crucifix (also lost), in gratitude for which latter work, the Prior of San Spirito procured him corpses for anatomical studies. It was in the January of 1594 that Pierio called on Michel Agniolo to execute the Statue in the Snow. We are sorry to disturb a true poetical impression; but we fear Mrs. Barrett Browning has misinterpreted the occurrence. There seems to have been no contemptuous insolence exhibited on this occasion, by one quite capable of exhibiting it. Michel Agniolo, there is little doubt, shared the feast, one of the pageants of which he had thus furnished, and it is certain that he was then invited to reoccupy the chambers he had held in the palace in the lifetime of Lorenzo. The war which Naples dreaded broke out, and the Neapolitans who had been received and succoured by Pierio, in the first encounter, near Genoa, were completely defeated. With the news of this disaster came tidings to Pierio that Charles was advancing. It was now that

[1] There is a beautiful engraving (fronting p. 213 of Mr. Harford's work, vol. i.) of Savonarola, from the cameo by Giovanni delle Carniolo, in the Florentine Gallery. Mr. Harford's work is worth possessing for this alone. It is a matter of regret, though hardly of surprise—dates considered—that Michel Agniolo has not been personally introduced into 'Romola,' the most faultless historical romance of the age. He is only twice referred to.

curious event occurred which Grimm records at length. One morning one Cardiere, a luteplayer, came trembling to Michel Agniolo, and told him that in the last night Lorenzo had appeared to him in tattered robes, and had bade him tell Pierio that he would shortly be driven for ever from his house. What was Cardiere to do? Michel Agniolo urged him to obey the vision. Some days later the vision was repeated, with the additional circumstance that Cardiere received a terrible blow on the face for his disobedience. Cardiere was again urged to obey, and repeated the vision to Pierio to no effect. The supernatural signs which the unearthly eloquence of Savonarola had prepared them for were now frequently witnessed. Blood-secreting pictures and statues; three suns at once in a night-sky, and armed hosts battling in the clouds. Ficino was turned Savonarolist; and Poliziano was crazed and dying. There was nothing left for Michel Agniolo but to seek security elsewhere, and with two companions he betook himself to Bologna. Michel Agniolo had scarcely left Bologna for Venice, when the vision of Cardiere was fulfilled. Pierio, with his brothers and adherents, arrived in full flight, at that city.

And now the French were in Tuscany; while Charles made the Florentines at home and abroad feel that he was at war only with the Medici. Pierio hastened to humble himself before the king. He offered him anything, everything. He gave up Sarzana, won by his father, and fortified at great expense; Montpensier, which had been blockaded in vain; Livorno, the port of Florence, and Pisa. Florence was to unite with Charles, lend him 200,000 ducats for carrying on the war, and place herself under his protection.

Even the faithful adherents of the Medici were indignant at these terms. An embassy of five men, including Savonarola, was sent to the king. The king felt himself committed to Pierio. The attempt of the latter to reinstate himself and his brethren proved an utter failure; and the baffled Medici had to betake themselves again to Bologna. Meanwhile, Michel Agniolo was treated most honourably in the Aldovrandi palace. Here, at the request of the Aldovrandi, he proceeded, in 1494, to complete the tomb of S. Dominic, in S. Petronio, left unfinished by its designer, Pisano, and its continuator Schiavi. This alone was one year's work. The hostility of the local artists was violent against the stranger, and, as now the State of Florence was quiet, he returned thither. Before Charles had entered Florence, he had promised approval of all that had been done; but, won over by the tears of Clarice and Alfonsrina, Pierio's mother and wife, he ventured so far as to require the reinstatement of the Medici. Happily Pierio, whom he sent for to

Bologna, had fled to Venice, and Charles was compelled to yield as regarded the Medici. They were finally excluded. France was the 'Restorer and Protector of Florentine Liberty:' a new commercial treaty was formed, and the plans as well as the prophecies of Savonarola were fulfilled.

Charles was welcomed at Naples; and at Rome he made a tender alliance with the Pope. But he had as yet fought no battle, and now was to come the reaction. Suddenly all his allies joined against him. Not least actively the Pope. Savonarola required the restoration of Pisa. His influence, now at its height, was made even stronger by the failure, in 1495, of the first armed effort of the Medici to recover their position. During this time, Michel Agniolo came under the favourable notice of the elder branch of the Medici, whose then representatives, ill-treated by Pierio, had escaped to France and returned with Charles. For this Lorenzo and Giovanni he executed an Infant S. John and a S. Giovannino; and for himself a Sleeping Cupid. The sermons of Savonarola all this time were producing greater and greater effects, and there can be no doubt that Michel Agniolo was in the number of his adherents. With the San Galli, Baccio d'Agnolo, and Cronaca, he was engaged by Savonarola to furnish plans for a hall for the Consiglio grande. Cronaca got the commission. He himself continued to work at his Cupid; and having given it, at the suggestion of Medici, an ancient colouring, sold it to that Cardinal Riario, who had taken such a leading part in the Pazzi revolution. He soon came to Rome himself, where Alexander VI. was astonishing the world by the activity and brilliancy of his mind. Rome was full of monuments by Florentine artists, from Giotto to Giurlandajo. During this stay at Rome, he produced the 'Madonna,' which is in Mr. Labouchere's collection,[1] so touching in its beauty that it belongs to the best things produced by Michel Agniolo. Grimm gives a masterly analysis of it. But his most notorious work at this time was the 'Bacchus,' a cast of which is to be seen in the Crystal Palace, while it is placed, itself, in the gallery of the Uffizi. Shelley was very impatient of it, as a misrepresentation of the idea and spirit of Bacchus. Yet he partly revokes his injurious judgment. This splendid work was produced under conditions which the artist had to comply with; it is, for all this, in the pure style of the Greeks. Its masterly execution gained Michel Agniolo such fame, that he was called on by the

[1] We do not know on what authority the compilers of the Handbook on the 'Italian Court' have ascribed to Michel Agniolo what is known as the 'Triumph of Cosmo de Medici,' p. 59.

French ambassador, the Cardinal de S. Denys, to execute a work for the French Chapel of S. Petronilla in the old S. Peter's. Hence arose the celebrated S. Pietà, which now adorns the first chapel (right hand) on entering the great door of the modern S. Peter's, where—slightly to change the words of the poet last named—

'Its marble sadness
Fills the hushed air with everlasting grief.'

Strange to say, so badly is it placed at S. Peter's, that it is better appreciated in the plaster-cast; and in the Crystal Palace this stands, shade only being wanting, in admirable contrast to the comparatively powerless group of Bernini. Of the four Pietà he has executed, it is the most remarkable.[1] The beauty of the handiwork is incomparable. It was the theme of universal admiration. And in our own day, the lamented Gibson (Harford, vol. i. 220) has expressed, in the most glowing terms, his admiration of it:—

'Our deepest sympathy is awakened by the sight of Christ. The two legs, with weary feet, hanging down sidewards from the mother's knee, the falling arms, the falling sunken body, the head drooping backwards,—the attitude of the whole human frame lying there, as if by death He had again become a child whom the mother had taken in her arms; at the same time, in the countenance, there is a wonderful blending of the old customary Byzantine type, the longish features and parted beard, and the noblest elements of the natural Jewish expression. None before Michel Agniolo would have thought of this; the oftener the work is contemplated, the more touching does its beauty become; everywhere the purest nature, in harmony both in spirit and exterior. Whatever previous to this work had been produced by sculptors in Italy passes into shadow, and assumes the appearance of attempts in which there is something lacking, whether in idea or execution; here both are provided for. . . . The artist, the work, and the circumstances of the time combine together, and the result is something that deserves to be called perfect. He was twenty-four years of age when he finished his Pietà.' (Grimm i. 162, 163.)

It will be ever a matter of astonishment that a work so pure and holy should have been produced in a city and Church which could tolerate a Borgia. But the same Church was at the same time illustrated by a Savonarola. And Michel Agniolo in Rome must have known, as he called the Dead Christ into being, that, day by day, the end was approaching when the Preacher of Florence would be called—as he foretold he would—to seal his labours with his life. The Arrabiati and Palleski

[1] Of all subjects of its class it is perhaps the most affecting and overpowering. Perhaps we might, in this respect, place next to it the Dead Christ of Francia. This is in the National Gallery, under glass; and nearly opposite the Raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian Del Piombo. There is a noble cast of S. Jerome, in the Crystal Palace (also ill-placed), by Torrigiano, who broke Michel Agniolo's nose by a blow, in retort for some sarcasm, when both were youths in Florence. Torrigiano was employed in Westminster Abbey on the tomb of Henry VII. The Inquisition in Spain got hold of him, but he anticipated the stake by starving himself to death.

were completely united against the Piagnoni. The sorrow of the artist breathes from his work.

The Pietà alone bears the name of the artist, said to have been added in consequence of his overhearing the group attributed to some other sculptor. To Condivi, respecting the criticism that the Virgin's face was over-young, he replied:

'Do you not know that chaste women remain fresher than those who are not so? How much more then a virgin who has never been led astray by the slightest sinful desire? But yet more, if such youthful bloom is thus naturally retained in her, we must believe that the divine power came also to her aid, so that the maidenliness and imperishable purity of the Mother of God might appear to all the world. Not so necessary was this in the Son; on the contrary, it was to be shown how He in truth assumed the human form, and was exposed to all that can befall a mortal man, sin only excepted. Thus it was not necessary here to place his divinity before his humanity, but to represent Him at the age which according to the course of time He had reached. It must not, therefore, appear amazing unto you, if I have represented the most holy Virgin and Mother of God much younger in comparison with her Son than regard to what the ordinary maturing of man might have required, and that I have left the Son at his natural age.' (Grimm, ii. 163, 164.)

While it was being debated where the stake should be erected for the excommunicated Savonarola, a plot, formed in the Seigniory, for the restoration of the Medici, was discovered. It included del Nero, former Gonfaloniere, and four others, two of whom had pretended to be Piagnoni for the propagation of their views. Valori succeeded in preventing all appeals, and Savonarola actively promoted their execution. At least, Valori, the Friar's strong adherent, was the person who succeeded in evading the law of appeal which his own party had passed. Thus, in effect, Florence had only exchanged one set of masters for another. The Friar was now more than ever exposed to the power of his enemies; and at last, after being banished Florence, he was, by the Papal sentence, brought to the stake. The great Dominican's soul 'went out in fire,' May 23d, 1498, being that year Ascension Day. They do well to mark the spot where the prophet perished, and year by year heap over it the fragrant violets of the Tuscan spring. Those sufferings and that death could not but have affected the creative and kindred mind of the artist away in Rome. In the next year he finished the Pietà, and in 1500 he appeared again in Florence.

Cæsar Borgia at this time was ambitious of seizing Florence, with the view of making it exactly, as politicians plot to-day, the capital of the central Italian kingdom he was hoping to found for himself. The first work of Michel Agniolo now was a Pietà, in marble, for the church of Notre Dame, of Bruges, life-size, and one of his finest works. Then he painted the Virgin, which is to be seen in the Tribune at Florence. It was at this crisis Cæsar advanced into Tuscany, and was joined by the

Medici. There was dearth, too, in the city. Cæsar demanded the restoration of the Medici; but 36,000 florins induced him to withdraw the demand; and Pierio was again left deserted. The order for the *David* falls in with the date of Cæsar's withdrawal from Tuscany. At the same time, he undertook a commission for fifteen statues for the Cathedral of Siena, with which Cardinal Piccolomini wished to decorate a funeral vault there. Then the wool-weavers' guild, who had ordered the David, ordered the twelve Apostles, which came to nothing save a rough outline of S. Matthias. Then he promised to furnish a bronze copy of the David by Donatello for the Duke of Nemours. Of this, and of a second bronze work of this date, nothing is known. The David was at last finished. The block, which had been originally intended for Leonardo, was said to have caused the coldness between him and Michel Agniolo. Leonardo's own great statue at Milan had perished, and his 'Last Supper' was soon to perish. He gave his opinion as to the position of the David, that it should be under cover. Had this been done, the statue would not have been mutilated. It was placed, however, where it stands to this day. Events were dated from the erection of this majestic figure, and the Florentines are justified in regarding it as the good genius of their city.

Borgia was poisoned, and was dead. Piccolomini, his successor (Pius III.), was poisoned, and was dead. Then came the 'last of the Popes,' Julius II. What he was will perhaps be most easily gathered from the fact that, although the deadly foe of the Borgias, he won Cæsar over to his side. He promised everything; entertained him at the Vatican; petted him, affectionately dismissed him to his States; but at *Ostia* recalled him. Cæsar wisely made his escape and perished miserably in the end, and Pierio was drowned. Florence was free for the time from the Medici. It was now that Leonardo the experienced and triumphant painter, and Michel Agniolo the unpractised artist, were to contest the palm of superiority. Each was to furnish a cartoon for Florence. The former was now fifty, the latter thirty years of age, and Raphael, who just then arrived from Siena, was eighteen. The new Pope was to prove a rare patron to art. Though as criminal, in some respects, as Borgia, Julius II. was a manly character. He did not send others to fight: he fought in person. He aimed, too, at an Italian kingdom, but not for himself or his children: for them he claimed Urbino only. This was the man who called Michel Agniolo from his labours at Florence at his cartoon, to plan his mausoleum. This is he upon whom Raphael, in his portrait of him, has bestowed the immortality of Time—in our National Gallery the face never-to-be-forgotten. He was, too, just the

man to send Michel Agniolo to spend eight months in Carrara to be a kind of superintendent of quarries. Michel Agniolo was present in Rome at the exhuming of the Laocoon. In May, of that year, he was away at Carrara, and proposing to convert a rock, which rises on the coast of Carrara, far out at sea, into a colossus, to serve as a mark for mariners. On his return to Rome, having been discourteously excluded from the Pope's presence, he left Rome precipitately. Julius wrote time after time to Florence, and once the artist meditated flight to Constantinople. A third letter from Julius overtook him, still hesitating; and Soderini, to extricate himself from a dilemma, sent him off in the capacity of ambassador. When the artist arrived at Rome the Pope was away at his wars.

It was the policy of Hapsburg to rescue Milan from France, to humble Venice, and reduce the Pope to the old dependent position. Julius, on the other hand, could only at this juncture recover Bologna and Perugia. Bologna he, with the help of France, conquered. Here he paused, looking out towards Venice. Meanwhile Michel Agniolo was advancing with the Cartoon of the Bathers, Florentine soldiers bathing in the Arno, and surprised by the Pisans. This cartoon, which was a school for a whole generation of artists, was never finished. Leonardo 'must have seen himself now far surpassed' (Grimm, i. 255). Leonardo's own cartoon might be said to have faded away, as he worked at it. It was never finished. His plans at the same time for his new channel of the Arno proved unsatisfactory, and he left Florence for ever, to become court painter of the most Christian king.[1] It was at Bologna Michel Agniolo made his peace with the Pope. Bologna is nearer Florence than Rome is, and his Holiness pettishly complained that the artist had waited till he, the Pope, had come to treat with him. But he nobly received him again into favour. The Pope was in trouble too. Genoa—Julius was Genoese—had revolted against the French. While the Pope was still at Bologna, and the artist was producing the statue which most nearly represented the Pope, when converted into a piece of artillery, as was its fate,[2] he learned from the Venetians that Louis, under cover of reducing Genoa, was to lead an army into Italy; conquer Tuscany, and convene a council, out of which the Cardinal d'Amboise would come forth Pope, *vice* Rovere, convicted simoniac. But Julius—it is a very amusing task to follow out

[1] But he did not paint anything in France.

[2] The statue was in a sitting position, twice as large as life, and the caster did not succeed till the third attempt. The Pope's right hand was raised 'To warn the Bolognese to be wise,' explained the artist. 'In the left hand your Holiness, perhaps, might like a book.' 'Give me a sword in it,' exclaimed the Pope. 'I am no scholar!'

the intricacies of his political life—backed the Genoese insurrectionists, and, at the same time, he was continually negotiating with the Emperor and the superlatively Christian king. Their conflicting interests saved him. Louis wanted the empire for himself, and the pontifical throne for Amboise. Maximilian aspired to nothing less than to be crowned at Rome as Emperor and consecrated as Pope. He alone, among all mankind at that day, recognised the evil nature of the papal claims, and rightly aimed at their true realization. For the artist, working in Bologna, that place was not pleasant. The extruded Bentivogli had failed in poisoning Julius; and so the statue must be placed. This consummation took place Feb. 21, 1508. The keys of St. Peter's were in the Pope's left hand; Francia, who had cut the die of the Bentivoglian coins, had now to represent Julius as the liberator of Bologna. Thus Francia had reason for being ill-affected to Michel Agniolo. The palace of his patrons was ruined by the revolution which brought Bologna to the Pope. The bell of that palace had passed into the statue, and then the statue was such a statue!

Meanwhile at Florence, Soderini was planning other works for Michel Agniolo; the latter was hastily recalled to Rome. Julius began to think the erection of a mausoleum in his own lifetime a bad omen; and he insisted on Michel Agniolo painting the vault of the Sistine Chapel. This chapel, now united to the Vatican palace, is a quadrangular space, twice as high as it is broad; the shape of the roof and the manner of the work will be best taken in by those who have not seen the place itself, if they will refer to Mr. Harford's plate representing the painting. A notice of the contract between the Pope and artist has been preserved to us, and bears date 30th May, 1508. It was soon found that the plan for filling the central dome with pictures must be abandoned, and the whole ceiling painted. The initial difficulties were great; the preparation of the scaffolding and the preparation of the wall. The former after Bramante's, failure to produce it, the artist himself invented, and saved so much rope as to enable a poor carpenter to give marriage portions to his two daughters from the money derived from it. The preparation of the wall was also a very serious matter,—the first attempts to paint being injured by damp. These difficulties overcome, the artist invited the help of some other artists: Granacci, Bugiardini, Indaco, Jacopo del Tedesco, Agnolo di Donnino, and Bastiano di San Gallo; but they proved more obstructive than useful, and he was compelled to dismiss them. He did this in a characteristic way to avoid giving pain. He made believe, by shutting up the place and disappearing for awhile, that he had given up the undertaking. The artists dropped off,

and he then returned to his work. And now, after three centuries and a half, though injured partly as to colours, partly by the cracks in the roof, it has fared better than Raphael's pictures in the Vatican. The full description of this great work in both Grimm and Harford our readers will find well deserving of perusal. It is too long for quotation here. Of the Divine person in the fourth picture, Grimm says he has 'never seen 'the portrait of a human body which equalled the beauty of this.' Again, in the picture of the 'Creation of Eve,' 'we feel tempted 'to say she is the most beautiful picture of a woman which art 'has produced.' A like perfection of female form is observable in the 'Sibyls,' especially the 'Erythræan Sibyl.' The last of the prophetic forms is 'Jonah' who is lying backward naked, with only a cloth about his body, and as just restored to common life. He seems overpowered with dazzling ecstasy. 'We see him, as it were, as an earthly symbol of immortality.' The foreshortening of the picture is exceedingly artistic; it is painted in the arch inclining towards us, but it seems to recede. It was just under 'Jonah,' that thirty years afterwards Michel Agniolo painted the 'Last Judgment,' the chief work of his old age, as the paintings on the ceiling were of his youth. Each work, too, was typical of the age and thoughts of him who produced it. The treatment of the legend of Judith and Holofernes displays his wonderful power of seizing 'the true centre of an action,' and its simplicity displays the distinguishing characteristic of his as of all true genius.[1] A like progressive action and marvellous conception of the drama itself is observable in the 'David and Goliath,' which with that last mentioned is the best preserved of these paintings. Working with prodigious effort, he enabled the impatient Pope to see on All Saints'-day one half of the work done; but even then he was unappreciated, and Bramante was intriguing to supplant him, and give the rest of the commission to Raphael, whom his picture, 'The Dispute of the Sacrament,' had made very famous just

[1] 'There are thus two modes in which we receive the conception of power; one, the most (*sic*) just, when by perfect knowledge of the difficulty to be overcome, and the means employed, we form a right estimate of the faculties exerted; the other, when, without possessing such intimate and accurate knowledge, we are impressed with a sensation of power in visible action. If these two modes of receiving the impression agree in the result, and if the sensation be equal to the estimate, we receive the utmost possible idea of Power. But this is, perhaps, the case with works of only one man out of the whole circle of the Fathers of Art—of Michel Agniolo. In others, the estimate and the sensation are constantly unequal, and often contradictory. The first reason of this inconsistency is, that in order to receive a sensation of power, we must see it in operation. Its victory therefore must not be achieved, but achieving, and so imperfect. Thus we receive a greater sensation of power from the half-hewn limbs of the "Twilight," than from the divine inebriety of the "Bacchus."'—Ruskin, 'Landscape Painters,' i. 32.

then. Raphael, however, was a genius of an equally brilliant kind, but not a kindred texture, or similiar force. Michel Agniolo was the man of his age; Raphael was a man in that age. 'His life can be narrated separately like an idyll.' He had been now painting in the Vatican, and humouring that savage old Pope, to whose whims the 'terrible' Michel Agniolo would never pay homage. Condivi states that Raphael endeavoured himself to obtain the remaining part of the commission to paint the Sistine; but happily we are not compelled by the evidence to believe this. At this very time Raphael was labouring at anatomy, led to this, no doubt by the revelations of the Sistine ceiling; and his paintings on the ceiling of the Vatican, and his 'Sibyls' in the Church of the Maria della Pace, exhibit that full power and beauty which arose from the union of the mind of Michel Agniolo with the imagination of Raphael. But 'in Raphael's figures there is always a certain earthly core, the 'covering of which he glorified.' Bramante's intrigues in his behalf came to nought. After a scene before the Pope, in which Michel Agniolo convicted Bramante of neglecting and injuring the ancient works of art in the changes he was called to make, the commission was continued to Michel Agniolo, and in twenty months he completed the entire work. This rapid execution may, perhaps, be owing to the Pope's refusal to let him go home, and the great need of his family, to whom he was constantly remitting his earnings. His correspondence at this time with his own family is very interesting.

But we must turn for a litle time to politics. Julius was the last Pope in the old sense of the Guelphic warlike Papacy. After his days all that is heroic disappears from European history. In 1508 he joined the league of Cambrai, the union of Emperor and French King against Venice; next year he was on the other side: Venice and Spain against Emperor and French King. In 1510 he was at Bologna attacking Ferrara, and excommunicating the French and their allies. Then as regards Florence, she had furnished the French with supplies. Cardinal Medici was planning a conspiracy; the Pope was, as ever, an accomplice; the *Gonfalonière* was to be poisoned; but the plot failed. Meanwhile Julius was besieging Mirandula. He was all day on horseback, while the soldiers were shrinking from the inclement weather and the cannonade. The war was affecting the spirits and income of the artist. His Saturday letters to his kinsfolk state this very clearly. The unquiet Pope was away, had taken Merandula, and was forced to rest at Bologna. The Emperor and French King were now resolved to wage war against Venice; and if the Pope refused to join them, they resolved to call a Council at Pisa. But the Pope in 1511 was

taken dangerously ill,—or was this only a *ruse?*—and the cardinals, instead of assembling at Pisa, dropped off to Rome. Raphael was just at this time painting him into the Mass of Bolsena. He suddenly recovered, however, with a suspicious suddenness indeed, and renewed his alliance with Venice and Aragon, determined on the reconquest of Bologna and Ferrara, and the expulsion of all aliens from Italy. This is the *meaning* of Raphael's picture, begun this year, 'The Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple.' Raphael painted soon after, 'S. Peter's Deliverance from Prison,' as the representative of Cardinal Medici's escape from the French army, which now, despite of Julius, was master of Romagna. The general defeat of the French was symbolized by the 'March of Attila;' and these were the first wall paintings which Medici ordered to be executed after he became Pope. In a word, Raphael was the Court painter of the Medici and the Palleski. It was not possible that there could be much personal intercourse of a friendly kind between this gifted accomplice of the reigning conspirators and the man who might well declare that the immutable law of his being was—

'Nil conscire sibi;'

and his motto in more senses than one—

'Nullâ *pallescere* culpâ.'

The nobles in France would have been glad to see the Medici back, if only to overthrow the Soderini. The appointment of Cardinal Giovanni as Legate at Bologna, with power to advance against Florence, was most opportune. The result of innumerable combinations and alliances, and counter alliances, was that the Medici returned as private persons, regress having been procured by a most shameful *coup d'état*, and Florence, again dead to her own interests, entered into an alliance against France. On the 16th September the Medici returned, and the Consiglio Grande was extinguished. Happily for himself Michel Agniolo was not in Florence to experience the shame of all this; acts on the part of the Medici, of which he says in his letters of this date, 'The hard stones would have spoken if they had had a voice.' But shortly after the revolution he set out for Florence, dependent and almost needy, for Julius was a slow paymaster. He had soon, however, to return to Rome, for the Pope was ill. Julius was anxious to drive the Medici out of Florence; they behaved too independently for him. He had purchased Siena from the Emperor for the Duke of Urbino; 'that is, Siena was 'an old imperial fief, and Maximilian for a paid sum gave the 'necessary pretext for war.' He was to appoint a new Doge for Genoa. All this and more in the spring of 1513. He never thought of dying. While suffering from fever, he rushed like

a young soldier into the winter cold. The Bolognese were astounded when they saw him charging out on this intractable steed. Like Frederic the Great he seemed to get more energetic and constructive as he grew older; but on the 21st February, 1513, what Grimm calls 'the end of all things' unmistakeably took place. Then arose the question of the mausoleum, not specially provided for in the Pope's will, which was the art-trouble of all Michel Agniolo's after-life; but to Julius we are indebted for the 'Moses' which is the crown of modern sculpture, embodying at once the ideal of Julius, Moses, and the artist himself. At the same time that he was working on the 'Moses,' he must have produced the two chained youths,[1] which were found too colossal for the modified form of the mausoleum, and were sent to France. Francis gave them to Montmorency; Richelieu brought them from Ecouen to Poitou; his sister brought them to Paris, and they are to be seen in the Museum of the Louvre to this day. Of these two the 'Dying Youth' was evidently intended as a contrast to the 'Moses,'—the tender as compared with the terrible. 'I ask myself, What work of sculpture first comes to 'mind, if I am to name the best? and at once the answer is 'ready, the "Dying Youth" of Michel Agniolo.' (Grimm, i. 372.) 'It can only be compared with the best Greek works.' It is a fitting crown, as a symbol, to the tomb of Julius, with whom we feel the arts perished.

For three years he worked at the Mausoleum, changing his residence from Rome to Florence. In the latter place the whole state of things was revolutionised. In the hall of the Consiglio the soldiers hung their pikes against the wall which bore the cartoon of Leonardo. In the political world of Florence, Michel Agniolo acted as in Rome. He did not oppose overtly the reigning family. He was silent and secluded. Under the presidency of the Cardinal Giovanni the Palleski behaved well, and did not provoke hostility. A general act of amnesty was the first act of the restored Medici. Magnificent festivities, celebrating the restoration, were going on in Florence, while the old Lion of the Vatican was lying at his last gasp. But the popularity won by the revival of the old arts could not conciliate the *Arrabiati*, as Savonarola had called them, that third faction, opposed alike to the democracy and the Palleski. There were conspiracies. Then ensued confiscations and executions in which Macchiavelli would have lost his life, but for the elevation of Giovanni to the pontifical throne. With that disastrous elevation, disastrous alike to the Church and to art,

[1] There seems to be no authority for a *third* slave mentioned in the 'Handbook.

the old politics of the Borgias were revived. Italy was to consist of two kingdoms; Giuliano was to have Naples, and Lorenzo the northern part of the peninsula, with Florence as his capital. Louis XII. was dead, and Francis was anxious to meet the Pope at Bologna. Leo entered into Florence and sealed its servitude. It was at this time Macchiavelli dedicated to Lorenzo *Il Principe*, begun two years before. In the present state of politics Michel Agniolo stood well with the Medici, and he was summoned to Rome to compete for the execution of the façade of San Lorenzo. This was a mighty task. The design carried off the victory from Raphael, the Sansovini, the San Galli, and Baccio d'Agnolo. He rejected with scorn the conditions with which the Pope attempted to fetter his freedom of action. He had undertaken a task, compared with which even the mausoleum of Julius assumed a more humble appearance. He was to do it all without assistance. He spent, however, the winter of 1517 and 1518 in Rome, intending to remove to Florence. In the former place Raphael was the prevailing authority upon art. He built at S. Peter's, he painted at the Vatican, and fifty painters formed his suite. He painted the 'Cupid and Psyche' for the Farnese palace. During this winter's work Michel Agniolo sketched for Sebastian del Piombo the picture of the 'Scourging of Christ' in the San Pietro in Montorio, which Sebastian finished in oils. Cardinal Medici too ordered of Sebastian the 'Raising of Lazarus,' and Michel Agniolo drew the cartoon. He designed the entire composition. The picture is in our National Gallery. In August, 1518, after much trouble with the marble quarries, he succeeded in having the foundation of the façade of San Lorenzo laid. In the spring, 1519, most of the pillars had arrived, when commands came from Rome—unaccompanied with any payment!—that the works were to be suspended for the present. The artist was angry, and he deserved to be angry. Yet the delay was wholly owing to circumstances. The family had been at the acme of its prosperity, but now Giuliano was dying. He urged Leo on his death-bed to favour the Rovere. The Duke of Urbino was the nephew of Julius, and the same who had stabbed the Cardinal of Pavia, and who gave Michel Agniolo so much trouble about the mausoleum. His uncle had excommunicated him for the assassination, and subsequently absolved him. The moment Giuliano died,—he had seriously contemplated suicide —Leo re-excommunicated the Rovere, and taking away the dukedom of Urbino, gave it to his nephew Lorenzo de Medici. It is not likely that Leo would have adopted this iniquitous course of himself. But he was evidently under the influence of Lorenzo; and though Leo called Julius a cursed Jew, he

was indebted to him for much kindness. The Cardinals of the Rovere party plotted against the Pope's life; were discovered, and—the one redeeming act of his life—were magnanimously pardoned by Leo. In the year 1518 Lorenzo obtained his dukedom and his wife, a French princess. In the next year, he, she, her mother Alfonsina, and her two aunts were in their graves. The Pope was alone in the Vatican, and so poor that he had to put up the office of Cardinal for sale. Cardinal Medici undertook the government of Florence. At this time we find that Michel Agniolo formed one of the *élite* of the city. Cardinal Medici was of service in reviving the intellectual life of Florence. The old Platonic Institute at this time applied to the Pope to allow the removal to Florence of the bones of Dante. Proud of the language of the great poet, our artist subscribed his name to this memorial in Italian. Notwithstanding his friendship for Baccio he endeavoured at this time to rectify the error which had been introduced into the cupola of the Santa Maria del Fiore, the cathedral of Florence, but the intervention was unsuccessful. It is the more necessary to mention this, because Passavant in his 'Life of Raphael' accuses Michel Agniolo of having prevented the completion of the cathedral. On Good Friday, 1520, Raphael lay dead, his great picture of the Ascension standing, unfinished, at his bed's head. Leonardo had died the year before; but his loss had no direct effect on Italian art; but the death of Raphael was a great blow. How it affected Michel Agniolo we do not know, for we have nothing from his pen during all this year. He was himself lying sick at the same time. 'There are natures 'which Michel Agniolo does not suit. There is no artist, I 'believe, who does not meet with opposition somewhere, but 'Raphael overcomes all.'

Michel Agniolo was now without a rival. Cardinal Medici was setting out from Florence in 1521, to give greater energy to the war which Pope and Emperor were to wage at this time in concert against the French, with the view of driving the latter out of Italy. On leaving, he spoke to Michel Agniolo about his expediting the marbles for the Mortuary Chapel. He gave him also to understand that the completion of the façade was not to be regarded as wholly abandoned, and that his treasurer would pay the required money in the mean time. But after the departure of the Cardinal, the treasurer did not, or would not pay; and—as if it was the destiny of the Medici that their plans when ripest should be frustrated—the Cardinal returned successful from the war to learn the sudden death of Leo, then in the prime and vigour of his years: to learn too the uselessness of his victory. There was not money enough in the Vatican to bury Leo.

At the end of January, 1522, the Cardinal returned to Florence; and it was about this time that Michel Agniolo erected, at the expense of a Roman citizen, the 'Christ with the Cross,' in the church of Sopra Minerva. As a representation of a human form in the prime of beauty, this is an admirable work. Grimm explains what he calls mannerism—he says, 'This Christ is full of mannerism'—as that where the spiritual idea is kept subordinate; we do not think this quite accurate as a criticism of this great statue. What to the casual observer may seem coarse and gigantic is the exhibition of that power of the resurrection in which Christ here stands; the exhibition of human nature already in the power of an endless life invested with 'all power in heaven and earth.' What Grimm says well of a '*Resurrection*' of Christ is applicable to this. We feel as if He could seize the whole world, and carry it with Him. 'There is no artist in the world who could 'thus embody in outline the action of his figures, as Michel 'Agniolo has done.' But he did not complete this Christ himself.

The Medicean rule in Florence conducted by the Cardinal, became lighter after the overthrow of the French power in 1521. Leo had already formed an alliance with the new Charlemagne, Charles V. The defeat of the French was the last news which reached Leo. We might almost believe that he died of joy, only that there is so much reason to believe that he died of poison. On the death of Leo, the French again endeavoured to recover Milan. For the next thirty years the history of Italy is the history of a contest which power should have this city. It carried with it Tuscany, Venice, and Genoa—the command of the Mediterranean and the Vatican. Who now was to be Pope? Suddenly a conspiracy among the *dilettante* who frequented the gardens of the Rucellai was detected, its object, the death of the Cardinal. Some saved themselves by flight, others were punished. Soderini was received at the Vatican, and Medici, on Adrian's leaving S. Angelo, took his place there amid the rejoicing of the Roman people. There is no evidence to connect Michel Agniolo with this conspiracy, though he was familiar with all who frequented the garden of the Rucellai. The gardens were thenceforward closed. Adrian, who filled the pontifical throne for only one year, was the terror of the artists. Shocked by the naked figures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, he proposed pulling it down. He patronised a young painter from Flanders, who worked in the Vatican. There the artists sat, 'like butterflies in a shower of rain.' At last a panic seized them; and, following the example of Giulio Romano, they left Rome, and

scattered themselves over Italy. But in November, 1523, Medici came out Pope, and at once the façade was to be resumed, and the monuments completed, which take rank among the noblest that the art of sculpture has produced.

The year 1523 was a year of plague for Rome and Florence. In that year the new Pope, Clement VII., as disastrous a ruler as Charles I., but deficient in those better qualities which adorned the English king, summoned Michel Agniolo to Rome. In Rome, the Pope released him for the time from all persecution on the part of the representatives of Julius II., but he had to encounter many enemies in the Vatican; and not least among these, Bandinelli, who, the creature of Leonardo, has falsely incurred the suspicion of having destroyed the Florentine cartoon.

Bandinelli aspired to surpass Michel Agniolo. Soderini had ordered of the latter another statue to correspond to the 'David,' Michel Agniolo's greatest work in Florence. Clement, yielding to the evil influences around him, transferred the commission to Bandinelli. This was a severe trial and disgrace for Michel Agniolo. He was no longer contending with a Leonardo and Raphael. Accordingly, he gladly escaped from Rome. Yet this year was among the greatest in Michel Agniolo's life. It was otherwise, an important year. Francis I. had been conquered at Pavia, and was carried off to Madrid. There His Holiness—the Elijah of Europe, as our Ultramontanes call him—entered into an alliance with the Emperor; and into a counter alliance with all the other princes of Europe. But in the next year, 1526, the Emperor made the Pope feel some of the ill effects of his treachery; and Cardinal Colonna led an army from Naples to Rome; and about the same time an army from Germany crossed the Alps. In the following year, Florence grew impatient of the rule of the Cardinal of Cortona. Clement had not fulfilled any of his promises. In the present emergency, Clement could not impede the approach of the Imperial army to Tuscany. There was nothing for him but to form a new alliance with the Emperor. But the Pope was to reap the fruits of his unblushing mendacity. Bourbon received orders not to advance; but the troops pressed on, and then ensued the sack of Rome. The Pope had just time to escape to the Castle of S. Angelo. Benvenuto Cellini was able also to gain admission; and by a ball discharged by him, Bourbon was slain. In the evening of the 6th May, the Vatican was in the hands of the army, and the Prince of Orange took the command. The Spaniards gave themselves to the plunder, and by their example stimulated the hesitating Germans, who were surprised to find themselves in the city of Antichrist. With them, unde

the circumstances, rapine and murder was a good work; but if they as a matter of faith regarded the Pope as the Devil, the indignation of the Romans had already so entitled him: for had he not, in the time of plague and famine, doubled the taxes, and raised the price of bread? Soon pestilence and famine reappeared. Under Leo X. Rome had 90,000 inhabitants. When Clement returned the year after the sack, scarcely an enfeebled third of that number existed.

Intelligence reached Florence on the 12th May of what had happened at Rome. The effect was instantaneous. On the 17th May, the Medici, Cortona, and his two brother cardinals were gone. On the 20th May, the Consiglio Grande was restored. Michel Agniolo sat in it, and Capponi was elected *Gonfalonière* for a year. What Savonarola had prophesied had been literally fulfilled. A terrible and calamitous fall had overtaken Rome, and the Florentine republic had been restored. Michel Agniolo himself had prophesied. We learn from a manuscript of the period, that in 1513 he had seen at Rome a meteor, which he had sketched, a three-tailed star, one ray of which had pointed to Rome, a second to Florence, a third to the East. The interpretation was obvious. The Consiglio Grande set on foot a reformation; and Capponi, elected *Gonfalonière* the second year, proposed, amid the unanimous applause of the Consiglio, to proclaim Jesus Christ King of Florence. Our artist was in the midst of all these doings, working at the monument of Julius, and the monuments of the Medici. By a decree of the 22d August the Consiglio, seeking to offer compensation to the artist for the wrong done to him, re-transferred to him the block of marble which had been given to Bandinelli. Whether Michel Agniolo ever touched it or not is uncertain. The sketch of the proposed statue is in the Kensington Museum, 'The Hercules and Cacus,' and was intended to resemble the triumph of the Florentine republic over her enemies. But the Medici were still looming in the distance. Clement was ambitious of restoring his family without the aid of the Emperor and those Spaniards who were reeking with the blood of Rome. But Capponi's treachery was discovered in time, and in the election of Carducci, the Pope had the mortification of seeing his plans in this direction permanently obstructed. In April, 1529, when the Florentines had procured as their commander-in-chief Malatesta Baglioni of Perugia, Michel Agniolo was appointed superintendent of the fortifications.[1] Improving on the old plan of the Medici, he drew the lines closer together, and

[1] Demolishing, in this office, the Monastery of San Salvi, Michel Agniolo preserved the wall on which was painted the 'Last Supper,' by Andrea Del Sarto—one of his finest works. It continues fresh, and in good preservation to this day.

personally directed the defences of Pisa and Livorno. Letters upon this subject are still extant. Florence was devoted to the alliance with France, and she had a prospect now of rest from her enemies; but the Pope who had been dying recovered; on the 13th June, 1529, the French were defeated in Lombardy. Spanish troops were arriving at Genoa. The Pope and Emperor had entered into contract for the subjection of the city, and the Prince of Orange was in Rome preparing for the campaign. The same troops which had laid waste the Eternal City, and kept the Pontiff a prisoner, were to fight for him now against Florence. Charles was anxious about his coronation. The Prince of Orange hoped for the hand of Caterina. By the peace of Cambrai, the isolation of Florence was completed. Francis I. submitted to the superiority of Spain, and Venice and Ferrara fell away from the cause of freedom. Charles was already at Bologna with the two bastard Medici, Alessandro and Ippolyto. Malatesta came to inspect the fortifications in September, but he was regarded from the outset with suspicion. The Pope would hear of no terms but those of unconditional subjection, and, as the issue proved, Malatesta was in fact his agent. Michel Agniolo speedily discovered the treason of the general. The position of things was past remedy; his aged father and his brother were dependent on him; the best course therefore was flight. Accompanied by his servant, and with 3,000 ducats sewn up in his clothes, he escaped to Venice,[1] with some idea of proceeding to France, in the hope of inducing Francis to strike a blow for his beloved Florence. On the 30th September, he was proscribed with twelve others, his name making the eighth. As he did not return by the 6th of October, he forfeited all that belonged to him as a citizen of Florence.[2] He was, however, ordered to return; a prospect of loyal co-operation among the influential citizens was held before him; and his proscription being cancelled, he returned in November.

Charles had conquered Clement, and received the crown February 24th. They were now in constant intercourse at Bologna, and the disastrous siege of Florence had begun. The people had resolved that the struggle should be one for life or

[1] 'As music stands in relation to poetry, so does Titian's art to that of Raphael and Michel Agniolo. What these represented was the harmony of lines in the movements of human figures. Titian saw further. He perceived, in theory, the relative position of colours, and then obtained the lines; the others, on the contrary, went from the lines to the colouring.'—*Grimm*, ii. 63, 64.

[2] At this period Grimm places the composition of the sonnets upon Dante. The likeness of his own position must have made him feel much while producing them. For though Dante was in exile as a Ghibelline, and Michel Agniolo as a Guelph, the position of things had brought a change. Dante regarded the Guelphic liberty, Michel Agniolo regarded the Medicean liberty, as an unauthorised peace-destroying element.

death. The new *Gonfaloniere*, Girolami, had he been free to act, might have saved the city. Malatesta took the supreme command on 26th of January. As his father had been treacherously murdered by Leo X. the Florentines might be thought to have had assurance of his loyalty. During the progress of the siege, whenever he could be spared from San Miniato, the artist alleviated his great cares and sorrows by the pursuit of his art; and even resumed painting, after an interval of twenty years. He had laid aside the brush after completing the Sistine Chapel. The work which he now produced was a 'Leda with the Swan,' in its execution and conception worthy of the painter of the 'Last Judgment.' A cartoon of it is said to be in England.[1] There were many gleams of hope during that time of darkness. The exploits of Francisco Ferucci—the name next in all these contests to that of Michel Agniolo—were most important. He reconquered the revolted Volterra, and then defeated the Spaniards with great loss. Money was failing. His Holiness was not worth a stiver. Ferucci performed incredible feats of heroism. But after his last defeat of Orange, who was then slain, he himself fell, and with him perished the freedom of Florence. The treachery of Malatesta was already consummated. He communicated to the Consiglio the terms of the capitulation—the return of the Medici—freedom of the city—submission to the Emperor; but a tumult then ensued. In this critical moment, Girolami yielded to the proposal of a negotiation; and then, August 8th, 1530, the last spark of Italian freedom expired.

It was during this struggle for independence, when the great artist had hopes for his country, that amid the din of strife he executed the two figures on the sarcophagi. The four ornamental figures he had not yet taken in hand.

No notice of the life of Michel Agniolo could be regarded as satisfactory which omitted a discussion of the famous monuments. We owe it to the skill and judgment of Messrs. Wyatt and Waring that our countrymen and countrywomen, who are unable to visit the chapel of the Medici in Florence, can study in the Crystal Palace the fac-similes of these incomparable works of art. The Italian Court needs but shade[2]—these monumental wonders stand betrayed in the bold, garish, holiday-making day—the handbook of the Italian Court needs but a slight enlargement, to perfect the charm, and to interpret it. But, by a mere accident we believe, the handbook is

[1] As we write, we learn that Mr. Millais has found a marble statue of 'Leda and the Swan,' which is said to be the last work of Michel Agniolo. *We doubt.*

[2] This has been quite forgotten. Hence the 'Christ with the Cross,' by Michel Agniolo, appears as a mere piece of naturalism.

popularising a doubt upon which Grimm pronounces absolutely without furnishing us with any hints as to the grounds upon which he has arrived at his decision. On entering the Italian Court we have on the right hand, contiguous to the Piéta of Bernini, a sarcophagus, entitled 'Giuliano de Medici.' Opposite to it, and contiguous to the Piéta of Michel Agniolo, stands the sarcophagus of Lucrezio de Medici, Duke of Urbino, and father of Catherine de Medici, of her, the pale, plain-faced, *petite*, large-eyed Atè of Europe. This Giuliano, as the monument is inscribed, and as the *text* of the handbook explains, was the brother of Leo X. Now any one who possesses this instructive little manual, on referring to the plan prefixed to it, will see that the Giuliano of the text is, by the reference 13, declared to be the Lorenzo; and the Lorenzo, by the prefixed 14, is declared to be the Giuliano. As we have said, we have reason to believe that the misplacing of the references arose from an undetected error of the printer. Yet Grimm tells us that this printer's blunder conveys the truth. He says that it is a proof of 'how little remains' of the remembrance of what Lorenzo and Giuliano were in their life, and how their reputation at the present day lies in the work of the artist alone, '*is seen in the change of the names of these statues*, which has lasted up to our 'day, for, though attention may have been occasionally drawn 'to the fact—of which, however, I am not aware—the correc-'tion certainly is not universal, and the false designations remain 'attached." (Vol. i. 447.) We do very much regret that the author has failed to indicate the grounds for this decision. If any of the family deserved the honour of a statue from the hands of the divine artist, it would have been Lorenzo the Magnificent, and his brother, Giuliano, the victim of the Pazzi mutiny. And it has been fairly reasoned that, while the sculptor would have had pleasure in perpetuating the memory of these men, one of them the benefactor of his youth, it is utterly improbable that Leo X. would have preferred to dignify the tombs of his brother and nephew, rather than the tombs of his father and uncle. If it were true that the order to execute the two statues of the Medici had been given by Leo X., and so during the lifetime of the later Lorenzo and Giuliano, this, of course, might be taken to decide the question. But the order for these statues was not given by Leo at all, but by Clement VII. who, labouring hard for the perpetuation of the Medicean authority in Florence, at the critical moment, too, when the legitimate branch of the line of Lorenzo il Magnifico was extinct, may well have sought to make their names popular and gain an immortality for his kinsmen from the creative touch of Michel Agniolo. The supposition that Alessandro

changed the designation of the statues by placing on them the names of a younger generation may be possible. In our own day, in a public work, publicly laboured at, such an alteration would be an impossibility; and the supposition being, as in this case, without any reason to account for it, or any reliable evidence to maintain it, would be at once dismissed. Clement must have felt that all the hopes of his family were bound up with these two, and with the death, in both cases sudden, of Giuliano and Lorenzo, leaving the succession wholly precarious, must have seen a memorable instance of the insecurity of earthly prosperity. Besides, he must have been quite conscious of his own illegitimacy, albeit he beheaded a Florentine noble for asserting it,[1] and he was little likely to bring the question again before the world by erecting with such *éclat* a monument to his father.[2] On the other hand, the positive arguments in favour of the popular designation of the statues have some weight. In the first place there is the tradition of Italy and of the world; Vasari, who had such an intimate knowledge of the artist's plans, Cicognara Borghini, confirm this tradition; so, too, Condivi, at least indirectly. But the internal evidence is even more weighty: the Giuliano represents a lively and brainless youth, such as the living Giuliano had been; one whose gay and jovial qualities were preserved in his illegitimate son, the Cardinal Ippolyto. But Lorenzo was a subtle, plotting, self-seeking, sensual character; grasping, and of unfathomable duplicity; implacable, vicious, and, like all the Medici, despotic. Mr. Rogers, who himself possessed the artist's original sketch or model of this figure—some one purchased it at the sale of the poet's collection for 21*l.*—has pronounced it 'the most real and unreal thing that ever came from chisel,' and has described, in some of his best verses, the effect on the spectator of this wonderful creation which at once 'fascinates and is intolerable.' The helmeted figure with the head cast in everlasting shadow embodies and

[1] He was somewhat fond of such severe measures. Bishop Bonner's insular self-reliance must have been somewhat startled when, for pressing his Holiness to call a general council, the infallible Pontiff threatened to boil him alive in lead if he pursued the subject.

[2] A somewhat similar question has been raised as to the 'Ever-dying Gladiator.' Winkelmann declares it to be the figure of a Greek; and Byron brings him from the Danube. Mr. Watson, in his able papers on the 'Classical authorities for Ancient Art' (*Journal of Philology*, vol. i.) pronounces it to be a dying Kelt, probably one of those slain in the battle B.C. 239, (when Attalus routed the Gauls); or the earlier engagement, B.C. 275, at Delphi, which was portrayed on the *valvæ* of the temple of Apollo in the Palatine, the work of Antigonus, and known to Pliny. The *restored* arm, attributed to Michel Agniolo, is an extraordinary work, and, according to Grimm, has been assigned to the great artist (ii. 346), because it could be done by no one else. Harford does not notice this. Grimm declares that all other restorations imputed to Michel Agniolo at Rome are neither warranted, nor worthy of him.—*Ibid.*

expresses the character of one better known than Grimm seems to imagine. And that we may not be guilty of reading into the figure what is not nor was intended to be found there, we shall appeal, not to the uniform rendering of the monuments by artist and poet, but to the known feelings of the author, and the critical moment when he conceived them. One thing, more wonderful than the monuments themselves, is that Michel Agniolo, a patriot so uncompromising, should have consented to execute the work at all. The answer is found in the fact that the order was issued by one whom he dared not, if he would, disobey. As to the feeling with which he set about the unwelcome task, he himself has left us in no doubt. An unknown writer, subsequently known to be Giovanni Strozzi, placed in the sarcophagus some lines laudatory of the Night. To these lines the artist made answer in the stanza which Mr. Grimm rightly declares to be unversifiable in translation, and Miss Bunnett, who renders with great facility, does not attempt to turn them into rhyme :—'*Sleep is dear to me, and still more that I am stone,* '*so long as dishonour and shame last among us. The happiest* '*fate is to see, to hear nothing; for this reason, waken me not, I* '*pray you speak gently.*' We hold that we have here the key to the whole symbol; and we believe that the suffering artist wrought at the work with the energy of despair. He toiled so ardently that Clement sent him a brief, commanding him, on *pain of excommunication*, to take care of his health, and not to take upon himself any other work than that which his Holiness had assigned him. How he worked ordinarily we know from Blaise de Vignère, quoted by Mr. Harford :—

'I can say that I have seen him at the age of sixty, and with a body announcing weakness, make more chips of marble fly about in a quarter of an hour than could three of the strongest young sculptors in an hour,—a thing almost incredible to him who has not beheld it. He went to work with such impetuosity and fury of manner that I feared almost every moment to see the block split in pieces. It would seem as if, influenced by the idea of greatness which inspired him, this great man attacked with a species of fury the marble which concealed the statue.'

Mrs. Barrett Browning, in her remarkable poem, the 'Casa Guidi Windows' ('Works,' vol. iii. p. 240), there describes the original sarcophagi.

' ——————— Michael's day and night,
And Dawn and Twilight wait in silent scorn,
Like dogs upon a dunghill, couched in clay;
From whence the Medicean stamps outworn,
The final putting off of all such sway
By all such hands, and freeing of the unborn
In Florence, and the great world outside Florence.

Three hundred years his patient statues wait
In that small chapel of the dim St. Lawrence:
Day's eyes are breaking cold and passionate
Over her shoulder, and will flash abhorrence
On darkness, and with level looks meet fate,
Where once loose from that marble film of theirs;
The Night has wild dreams in her sleep,—the Dawn
Is haggard as the sleepless, Twilight wears
A sort of terror; as the veil withdrawn
'Twixt the artist's soul and work and left them heirs
Of speechless thoughts which would not quail nor fawn,
Of angers and contempts, of hope and love:
For not without a meaning did he place
The princely Urbino on the seat above,
With everlasting shadow on his face,
While the slow dawns and twilights disapprove,
The ashes of his long-extinguished race
Which never more shall clog the feet of men.'

When he resumed his work upon these monuments he was nearly sixty years of age. And now, after incredible sacrifices, thanks to the treachery of Malatesta, the persevering hostility of Clement, and the dogged resolution of the Medici, Florence was subdued. During that grievous siege, Michel Agniolo had found shelter in a bell-tower; and was often sought for, but in vain. The triumphant party did not dare to kill or imprison him. His old commissions were renewed; and at last he came forth from his concealment and quietly betook himself to the sacristy. Here he exerted himself with morbid haste, and in a few months completed the four colossal figures at the foot of the statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano—so far as they may be said to be completed. He left them, indeed, unfinished. *Patriæ cecidere manus.* They are the greatest success produced by Michel Agniolo. They are such works, so perfect, as to admit of no conception of being excelled; their defects are such as mortality can never hope to rectify.[1] They are prophecies and revelations. The 'Aurora' is the most beautiful of all. It is the most finished, and every line of this face is instinct with spiritual significance, while at the same time it expresses the deepest despondency. The fingers of the left arm rest on the folds of the veil within which she would shroud herself. Upon these figures the question has been raised as to the relation of the great Florentine to the ancient artists. We believe it is the King of Bavaria who has said that the works of Michel Agniolo are devoid alike of Pagan repose and Christian rest. This as a general criticism is absurd. 'All that anatomical science can

[1] Ruskin ('Landscape Painters,' preface, 2d Ed. p. xvi.), who (vol. ii. p. 200) dilates on the fact that the extremities are singularly small in proportion to the limbs, thereby giving an expression of superhuman strength and activity.

'suggest,' says Mr. Harford (ii. 35), 'all the ideal beauty of the 'Torso of the Belvidere, its racy spirit (says Cicognara) are 'found so united in these two herculean figures, that the eye of 'the spectator is enchanted and criticism becomes mute.' It is inevitable that ancient and modern artists should differ; because it is inevitable that artists infuse into their works the sentiment of their age. The culture of the human form might be called an institution of the Greeks. The secret of ancient art lay in the idealism of form, 'our ideal lies in the inner power.' The following remarks of Grimm are judicious:—

'While men and women of good society are with us always well dressed, the Greeks were accustomed to their own unclothed bodies, and felt themselves freest and best when they wore as few garments as possible. By this means, while with us only the movement of the countenance, and at times of the hands, are as a mirror of the feelings, with them the whole body was the expression of the soul within. They knew how to interpret every line. Every movement has its meaning. They saw in the muscles of the naked man what we see in the present day in the wrinkles of the brow. And hence came the freedom with which the Greeks handled the material which they fashioned into form. The works produced in the prime of Greek sculpture all seem to have proceeded from a direct knowledge of Nature, and from a loving contemplation of her. What are these works compared with those of the man who found no school to guide him at the outset, and no people to instruct him? What could the solitary artist do, compared with those masters whom everything helped forward? One thing compensated to him (*sic*) in a certain extent for this loss—he found a school of painting whose works afforded him much; he found some antiques in the garden of the Medici, and at Rome. What a pitiful dower compared with that bestowed on the Greek sculptors! He found no rules of art, no previous works in any way available. With him the study of anatomy revived. He was obliged to discover for himself that ideal to find which the whole of Greece had laboured, and to represent it from his own resources. How the muscles of the body are to be formed, how they move and change with years, where individuality ceases and universality begins; all this he had to observe, and had no master from whom he could learn it. He studied the ancients, but he imitated nothing. Wholly independently he advanced forward (*sic*). He knew how to create a world for himself. He worked more unconcernedly than the ancient masters had done. Public opinion was a check upon them; he was fettered by nothing. The Greeks always adhered to a certain line, and avoided or softened, in artistic work, whatever went beyond it. He knew of no restriction; and this reliance upon his own authority, without being checked by any consideration, is the last reason to be assigned for the difference between his works and those of the Greeks. There is in boys at three or four years old a time of shooting up, when they grow thin and slender. I have never found this produced by Greek sculptors. Such periods of development and growth occur again after the vigorous boyish age; this also they have passed over. The Greeks always produce only the prime of the human form, at least in those works which have reached us. He, on the contrary, worked after his models without caring whether his figure was the representation of a definite period of life, such as the Greeks intended. His "Bacchus," his earliest Roman work—his "Cupid," in the Kensington Museum—his "David," and the "Dying Captive," are conceived in the same individual manner. This very union of awkwardness and agility distinguishes a certain age; and nothing could be more characteristic that his "David,"

if he was, as the Bible describes him, at once a youth and a hero, and a shepherd's boy, more dexterous than strong. The adherence to nature is still more striking in his female forms. We will take the "Venus" of Milo as the embodied ideal of the greatest sculptor. This and others of the antique are magnificent forms, but still shadows. The Greeks who worked for themselves and their age cannot fill our hearts. Whatever Greek sculptor wished to fashion beauty, represented her as an immortal being with an eternal smile. He knows not that shuddering feeling of the transitoriness of the earthly which snatches from our souls the delights we experience at the sight of beauty. I would not exchange Michel Agniolo for Phidias. It is the inner affinity alone which raises him above the Greeks. To me it nevertheless surpasses all other considerations. Wherever his art may be compared with that of the Greeks, it stands lower; but wherever the comparison ceases there is an advance. In the whole range of sculpture I know nothing finer than the countenance of the "Dying Slave." In the "Aurora" the feeling that fills her shines forth from every movement wherever we look at her. An entire symphony of Beethoven lies in this statue.'—Vol. ii. 122—134.

In the restored despotism Valori filled the place which three years before had been filled by Cortona. But Clement was anxious to give Florence a constitution. With a marvellous subtlety he sought the advice of the leading men. Each was to give his opinion in writing, separately. The intrigues, debates, and contradictions elicited by this dexterous policy, constituted the Pope's justification for at once introducing Alessandro de Medici, already Duke of Parma, as ruler. He received the homage of the authorities on the 6th of July, and left at once for Rome, while Schomberg, Archbishop of Capua, in the room of Valori, conducted the government. It is now September, 1531; we hear of the artist for the first time since the taking of the city. In a letter to Valori, he is described as thin and emaciated; and it is urged upon his Holiness that he should forbid Michel Agniolo to work during the winter in the sacristy. In addition to all his other anxieties, he was troubled by the constant remonstrances of the representatives of Julius II. For settlement of this point, he hastened to Rome against the Pope's wish. His departure was no doubt hurried by the arrival of Alessandro at Florence, who had obviously no reasons for particularly liking the artist. Julius had decided the whole monument was to be completed for 10,000 ducats. After his death the amount was raised to 16,000. The Rovere asserted that the artist had already received that amount. The receipts showed that he had only received 5,000. If they added the necessary amount he was ready to complete the monument according to the second contract. Failing this, two courses remained. To give up the marble and 2,000 ducats, and let the Duke get some other artist to finish the undertaking; or himself make the monument as good as he could for the 5,000 ducats. But another arrangement was eventually made, the

plan of which he drew out at Rome in September, 1533. He bound himself to finish it in three years; and to remove to Rome two months in each year to this end. The monument was reduced to one wall on a reduced scale. He covenanted further to furnish six statues, among these the Moses and the two Captives. Thus he was free to finish the sacristy, for which he, so to speak, created a new style out of his own boundless self-supplying fancy. It was to be to sculptors what the Brancacci and the Sistine were to painters; what the Pantheon and Colosseum were to architects, and the Belvidere in the Vatican to statuaries. On the 25th September, 1533, after the marriage of Caterina, Clement died, and Michel Agniolo now resumed his work at the sacristy. Like too many works of Michel Agniolo, it remains an undertaking but half carried out. Clement did not die till he had witnessed the triumph of his principles. On the 1st May, 1532, Alessandro was invested with dictatorial power. Clement was no worse than many of his predecessors and some of his successors, only we know more of his intrigues. And if now, after three centuries of tyranny and misrule, Florence, as the capital of a would-be monarchical Italy, threatens Rome with ruin and desolation, and political enslavement, can we forbear to acknowledge with astonishment the grand Nemesis and the *vices superbæ* which have overtaken the Pontifical government? Two events might reconcile Michel Agniolo to a final expatriation. Alessandro succeeded in building a citadel, the stronghold of his despotism, and Bandinelli's group was to be erected in the space over against the 'David.' Bandinelli became the ruling artist of Florence, and was guilty of the intolerable meanness of cutting up as block some sculptures of M. Angelo. This man, we feel, was the man to destroy the Cartoon.

But greater works awaited him at Rome. Ten years after he had undertaken the 'Leda,'[1] he resumed his labours in the Sistine Chapel, engaged to furnish a picture of the 'Last Judgment.' Grimm gives an interesting review of the history of painting up to this point. His opinion is, that had the field been left clear to Correggio alone, had the Venetian style gained a footing in Rome through Titian, as it almost did, Raphael's and Michel Agniolo's school would have been soon driven from its absolute position there, and 'the new style would have had a 'brilliant entry.' At this critical moment Michel Agniolo resumed the brush.

Clement was succeeded by Paul III. a man as base as Borgia, but not so bloody; as mendacious as Clement, but with more force of character. His beautiful sister had bought

[1] Grimm speaks of thirty years' rest, ii. 183.

for him, of Alexander, his cardinalate, at the cost of her virtue. Taking upon himself all the responsibilities of the artist, with regard to the Rovere, Farnese constrained Michel Agniolo to undertake, without delay, the 'Last Judgment,' a work which has only not suffered from time and neglect as much as the 'Last Supper' of Leonardo. The 'Last Judgment' is the delineation of the thoughts of Dante. The prophet-poet's head is introduced between the figures of S. Peter and S. Paul. During the ten years[1] in which he was working on this fresco, producing 'a work which so far surpasses everything that 'had been hitherto done in painting, that every influence in 'Rome from without was destroyed,' a circle was formed at Rome comprising the malcontents and exiles from Florence, whom the despotic conduct of Alessandro had driven away. The centre of this company was Ippolyto, aided by the representatives of the legitimate Medici, Salviati and Ridolfi. Ippolyto hated Alessandro most cordially. He was the most chivalrous man in Italy, and competed with the Sultan for the love of the beautiful Giulia Gonzaga. He was eighteen years of age when he was made Cardinal, and twenty-four when he died by poison, administered by the directions of either the Pope or Alessandro. Paul gave the revenues of Ippolyto—whose sole aim it must be said had been to make himself despot in the room of Alessandro—to his own grandson, Cardinal Farnese, a boy of fourteen. Michel Agniolo had no part in the conspiracy of the Florentines in Rome. But it is most likely that he was aware of it, for he was even then executing, for Ridolfi, the unfinished bust of Brutus.

'Jagged and grand,
Where Buonarroti passionately tried
From out the close-clenched marble to demand
The head of Rome's sublimest homicide;
Then dropt the quivering mallet from his hand,
Despairing he could find no model-stuff
Of Brutus in all Florence.'[2]

A deputation went to the Emperor freighted with complaints against Alessandro, but Francis I. was threatening Milan, so the Emperor visited Rome; when there strove to entice the great artist into his service, and then started for Florence, where after mass he visited the monuments of the San Lorenzo. In the year 1536, the second year of the painting of the 'Last Judgment,'—the association is very solemn, and

[1] Vasari makes it eight years; so Duppa, p. 83.
[2] This beautiful version of the Latin distich seems to imply that the bust was wrought at Florence. It was executed—to the present stage- at Rome.

pregnant with suggestions — Michel Agniolo witnessed the marriage of Alessandro with the Emperor's illegitimate daughter, the assassination of the bridegroom, and the final extinction of the old citizen life in Florence by the elevation to the Dukedom of Cosmo the First.

All this time underlying all the territorial questions was that dreadful question of the Reformation, and the General Council. Charles was anxious to conciliate the Protestants. Leo was more concerned to free Italy. But he was an unreal man, as pedantic and contemptible as our James I., without his learning. In Italy itself there existed a very earnest desire to restore religion and piety, without of course any abatement of the pontifical authority. Paul III. did not scruple to gather round himself Contarini, Pole, Sadolet, Morone, Bishop of Modena, men who were for winning back the Lutherans, who were still regarded as of the Church. The great artist was one of these. These men looked to a council as their great means of restoration, but Clement trembled at the idea of a council, for he was a bastard, and he must have known that the circumstances concerning a statement which he had procured to be made on oath, to the effect that his mother was married to his father, would not bear investigation. He had lost England, he had lost Rhodes, and ere the hour for a council had arrived, with importunate demands for which the Emperor daily was plying him, 'sorrow and secret anguish brought the wretched Pontiff to 'the grave.' Contarini wrote a special tract as an eirenicon on the subject of justification, and was congratulated by Pole on the disclosures of that holy and faithful and indispensable truth. Valdez, a Spaniard, and Flaminio revised a tract by a pupil of Valdez, 'On the benefits bestowed by Christ,' which made the doctrine of Contarini's tract very popular. The Bishop of Modena had it printed at his express command, and among the middle classes these doctrines were so widely spread that the Inquisition reckoned no less than 3,000 schoolmasters as attached to them. Ochino, the Capuchin, preached them, and Carnesecchi, the friend of Vittoria Colonna, lost his head for holding them. As early as the time of Leo X. had been formed the 'Oratory of Divine Love,' as an aid to a holy life. The first act of the Pontificate of Paul III. was to convene a synod of his Cardinals with the view of excogitating a plan of reform and reconciliation: and the prospect of reunion never seemed so feasible as at the Conference at Ratisbon, in which Contarini acted as the Pope's Legate; but Luther was opposed to the terms. The more courteous the Pope became, the more rude became the Reformer. He regarded the Italian proposals as mere patchwork. Francis was hostile to concession,

because the restoration of unity in the Germanic army would have exposed him to the full force of Charles's hostility. In the end, Contarini was discredited, and in the following year the Inquisition was established in Rome. But so widely had Reformation principles spread in Calabria, that in 1544 an unsuccessful attempt was made by the authorities to introduce the Inquisition. At Christmas, 1541, the 'Last Judgment' was finished, and the failure of the Conference at Ratisbon was known. The Reformation party little thought that soon the mere discussion of these points would be visited with an infamous death. Before matters came to this, Contarini died, unchanged to the last, but Pole was under suspicion; so was Vittoria. In 1538, her poems had been published. Ariosto had sung her praises; now she must fly from Rome, where Caraffa reigned. Twenty years after her death, a noble Florentine was burnt to death in Rome, and one of the principal charges alleged against him was that he had been a friend of Vittoria Colonna.

She was the dear and admiring friend, the spiritual guide, the earthly consolation of the solitary old age of the great artist. Her husband, the Marquis of Pescara, had been the conqueror of Pavia, and had left her now a widow. All the days of her desolation she had devoted to God: there is no more interesting chapter in the biographies than that devoted to the life of this saintly woman. Between 1541—1543, the correspondence between her and her artist friend was carried on, of which one letter is in the British Museum, and eight are kept back at Florence. It was for her he executed that unique Crucifix, a design of which is in the Oxford Collection—in which the Christ is represented, not as conventionally, with drooping head, but with joyfully-raised countenance, as if breathing out His spirit heavenwards. Under her influence he was softened and subdued, his 'fiere ardor,' his wild heart, had been restrained and taught. She was called to pass through much sorrow yet. The Colonna family had been too powerful for the Medicean Popes. The Farnese were resolved upon their ruin, and soon all their castles were seized. Vittoria then retired into a Benedictine convent for the remainder of her life. About this time, she was painted in oil, by Venusti, after a sketch by Michel Agniolo. He saw her to the last. Her executors were the leaders of the Reformation party, Pole, Sâdolet, Morone. Michel Agniolo was so affected by her death, that he almost lost his senses. It was the regret of all his after years that he had only kissed her hand, and not her forehead and cheeks. The last work he had executed for her was a Madonna at the foot of the cross. The cross is the shape of a Greek upsilon, the arms connected by a cross-beam, thus pre-

senting the mystical form of the Trinity. Upon the cross are engraved the words of Dante—

'Non vi si pensa quanto sangue costa.'
'No one reflects how much blood it has cost.'

She was only fifty-seven years of age when she died.[1] The following is a sample of the high sensibility and poetic power of Michel Agniolo, and of the admirable skill of the translator:—

'When she, the aim of every hope and prayer,
Was called by death to yon celestial spheres,
Nature, who ne'er had fashioned aught so fair
Stood there as bound; and all who saw shed tears.
O cruel fate! quenching her dreams of love!
O empty hopes! O spirit rare and blest!
Where art thou now? on earth thy fair limbs rest.
Thy holy thoughts have found their home above.
Yet let us think not cruel death could e'er
Have stilled the sound of all thy virtuous ways.
Lethe's oblivion could extinguish naught;
For robbed of thee a thousand records fair
Speak of thee yet; and death from heaven conveys
Thy powers divine, and thy immortal thought.'

The 'Tragedy of the Mausoleum,' as Condivi calls it, had not reached its final act. Paul III. required the services of the artist for the Capella Paolina. The Duke of Urbino, who hated the Farnese, required the monument to be finished. A final discussion ended in the Duke being content with the 'Moses;' and Michel Agniolo produced for the Chapel the 'Crucifixion of S. Peter' and the 'Conversion of S. Paul.' These paintings, unlike all his other works, do not seem to have created any excitement at the time, and they have now in effect perished. These were his last paintings. Grimm remarks pleasantly on the remarkable conduct of Aretino. It is a passage in the experiences of literary life well worth reading.[2] In 1545 Titian was in Rome, and he and Michel Agniolo met. The great Venetian was coldly received by the jealous artists there. Michel Agniolo was delighted with his colouring, but thought him very deficient in his drawing. There was one sorrow left for Michel Agniolo after the death of Vittoria. He had offered Francis I. to erect an equestrian statue to him at his own expense on the Piazza in Florence, if he would come and free the city. This seemed not impossible. Francis and the Pope had resolved on war against the Duke; but in the critical moment the King died, and the Emperor was devoted to the Duke. Besides, Valori had been beheaded, Guicciardini had

[1] Mr. Harford, in his second volume, gives an engraving from a picture of her, by Sebastian del Piombo.

[2] The artist sent Aretino a head of S. Catherine and an ear. Both lost.

been poisoned, Strozzi had been strangled, his sons remained at the French Court; but their aims were not the emancipation of Florence, but the aggrandizement of themselves, as had been the case with Ippolyto. Cosmo offered to Michel Agniolo, through Benvenuto Cellini, a place in the Forty-eight—the highest position a Florentine could attain to—if he would settle in Florence. Michel Agniolo excused himself, or evaded the summons. And now by the death of his opponent, Antonio di San Gallo, the office of director of the buildings of S. Peter was conferred on him. This was in 1546; and Michel Agniolo was now seventy-two, with eighteen years of work before him. The office had been held by Bramante, by Giuliano di San Gallo and Fra Giocondo, Raphael and Peruzzi. Antonio di San Gallo, the last, had undertaken the citadel of Florence, which Michel Agniolo declined; but in competition with him Michel Agniolo had carried off the commission for the Farnese Palace and the fortifications of S. Angelo. It had been proposed to give the post at S. Peter's to Giulio Romano, but he declined on the score of illness. Michel Agniolo accepted the post on the condition that his services should be unremunerated.

The rule of Leonardo that the less resistant the material the higher the art exercised in it, would seem to place painting above sculpture, and sculpture above architecture; yet, in fact, architecture may be accounted the parent art, by providing walls for the painter and sculptor, and area for musical processions. The least individual of the arts, it declines with the common power of the people. Michel Agniolo's architecture represents that period of excitement arising out of the disruptions and the unprecedented religious and political combinations produced by the Reformation, and the building of S. Peter's expresses the eminent efforts of the Church to reform and re-establish herself on 'the top of the mountains.' Michel Agniolo had already produced the façade of San Lorenzo, the library, and sacristy. These had established his school as an architect. His characteristic gift was that he first imagined the colossal in a colossal manner, not as the result of doubling or trebling the small, but as belonging to the form when devised. The only one who had the same spirit was Raphael. He too had discovered that architecture makes men feel commanding; that it approaches most closely to the works of nature.

The foundation of S. Peter's was laid by Bramante in 1506. A greal deal of work had been done in these forty years, for there are no pillars and arches in the world like these. Close by San Gallo's model may be seen Michel Agniolo's. The former cost 1000 crowns, the latter only 25, but it embodies the new style of architecture. The first work was to strengthen

Bramante's pillars, then to place on these the drum; and it was not till after his death that the double dome was placed upon this. The present façade, colonnades surrounding the squares, the obelisk, and fountain, were not designed by Michel Agniolo.[1]

'The columns surrounding the drum, and the windows between, and the position of the drum above them is a triumph of architectural beauty. All appears as light and architectural as if it had grown there. And yet we must not forget that even here the architect's model was not perfectly carried out; for these pillars, which placed in pairs do not touch the wall, but standing apart from it, form a kind of corridor round the drum, were intended to have their capitals, which now project boldly, adorned with pedestals surmounted with statues, which were to surround the dome like tapers. Many think to discover a fault here, because they do not know the architect's design. It is just in this, however, that he shows himself so great as an architect, that he did not regard sculpture work as an ornament to be introduced or omitted at will, but regarded it as an architectural element necessary to the harmony of the whole. Considered also from within, when, throwing the head back, we look up into the dome, it presents a marvellous view. Below the windows of the drum there is a circle of figures appearing upon a white ground in delicate grey shadow, and with golden lights. The ornaments below, including those of the arches, the facing of the columns, the statues and the paintings, belong to the later times.

'The endless ornament with which the entire church is filled, and which without regard to architecture is placed wherever there is room for it, is to blame for the fact that the building does not appear in its true grandeur at first sight. The eye that would like to wander freely over the mass is confused and diverted by countless things. By frequent visits to the church we become accustomed to this; we overlook the unimportant, and allow the proportions to bear their full effect. We then perceive the grand power of the pillars and arches, and the distances which could at first be scarcely estimated, become conceivable. I remember entering one afternoon. In front of where I stood a great stream of sunlight came through the side window, casting a broad light between the arches, across the ground, while behind it grew gradually more dusky up to the furthermost recesses where darkness reigned, and over the vault containing the bones of S. Peter, in the very centre of the dome, a corona of golden lights was burning. This appeared in infinite distance. The shadowy arches rose gigantically above it, and the organ, which accompanied the holy service they were celebrating, only reached me as a soft murmur. It seemed as if the church had increased twofold since I had last entered it. Walking round the roofs, between the roofs of the side chapels, which, towering above the flat surface, stood out by themselves as little temples, but which appear unimportant by the side of the drum supporting the centre dome, and which now rises mightily like the Pantheon, one might imagine oneself on an island in the air, which, forming a city in itself, made everything below appear small and distant. We look down into the long Vatican Palace as into an empty chest, and all around our gaze is limited by the pure blue mountains, and the glimmering streak of sea to the west, stretching out between the gentle slopes of the mountain range. And as we see the sea from this height, so from the sea itself we see the first sign of Rome hovering over the distant horizon. Or, approaching the city by

[1] Mr. Harford gives an engraving of what S. Peter's would have been, as the architect's plans would have made it; and another engraving of what *it is*. No plainer testimony could be needed to the predominant genius of Michel Agniolo.

land, we catch suddenly a glimpse of it in the remote distance through rock and tree, and we feel that the city is near. Rome is not conceivable in the present day without Michel Agniolo's S. Peter's, which in his day no eye saw but his own, when the work that he intended to build rose before his mind. Mighty as it appeared to him, it has appeared to none beside, for that which floated before his mental eye was not completed.'—Grimm, ii. 338—341.

There it stands in the beauty of its frozen music, a perpetual monument at once of the degradation and revival of the Roman Church; a proof how little that Church really won to itself the genius of Italy. How little she has ever understood it. Who so worthy to rank among her canonised, as that saintly genius Angelico, who has left so many miracles behind him? Had Buonarroti lived twelve years longer, he could scarcely have escaped an infamous death. The Roman Church has fallen short of the architect's wondrous plan, as she has fallen short of her own heaven-implanted purpose of reformation. She did not only not pay him for his services; Rome, by his infallible Holiness—yet the Popes cared little to be called infallible or thought holy in those days—cancelled his Chancellorship of Rimini, and charged the resources of S. Peter with an annuity which his vow forbad him to receive. But the inspiration of the great design in nothing is more strikingly displayed than in this, that the imitations of S. Peter, as Grimm observes, on a reduced scale have always a like effect.[1] It abides, and will abide, the symbol of a divine hope betrayed, and a great purpose shamefully abandoned. What else was the Temple of Zion in the midst of a recreant nation?

In this work he died. But he was called to additional labour —to restore the Capitol, to re-erect the statue to the last of the Romans, Marcus Aurelius, a labour worthy of this great Roman; and he planned his great, but unrealized design of a bridge over Tiber. It was his destiny to leave many of his works unfinished. Among the assistants of the architect were Gulielmo della Porta, Daniele da Volterra. His personal friends in daily life were his servant Urbino, Condivi, and

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[1] This will be acknowledged to be true of S. Paul's in London, although 'the general resemblance' between S. Peter's and S. Paul's is all that 'has established the grounds of a popular comparison :—

	St. Peter's.	St. Paul's.
Length within walls, from east to west . .	606 feet.	500 feet.
Width of entrance within walls	223	100
Length of each aisle and transept	450	223
Diameter of dome in the clear	139½	108
Height of church within	146	110
Height from pavement to top of lantern . .	412	330

The dome of the Pantheon is 144 feet. Duppa, p 184.

Tommaso dei Cavaliere; for whom, this last, Michel Agniolo would have done anything. For him he designed the two heads of Cleopatra, the 'Rape of Ganymede,' the 'Bacchanal of the Children;' and last of all, Pierino da Vinci, nephew of Leonardo, deserves to be named. Michel Agniolo's last work was a 'Pieta,' which he used to rise at night to work at, wearing a kind of a pasteboard cap in which he stuck a tallow candle. The group was left unfinished through a flaw in the marble. It is seen in Florence in the Santa Maria del Fiore. In 1550, the long-delayed monument of Julius II. was completed. It was set up in the San Pietro in Vincula, which was the title borne by Julius as Cardinal. This church is on the top of the Esquiline, with the façade turned towards the west. The figures were distributed among other artists,[1] and the 'Moses' only belongs to Michel Agniolo. He had chiselled at it for forty years—his forty years in the wilderness—one of the most glorious monuments ever erected to man. It embodies at once the powers and terrors of the Law. The beautiful cast in the Crystal Palace is shamefully placed; a figure, the original of which even Jews were willing to kiss, deserves a better place. The ill-will which denied the original a place in S. Peter's, brought about undesignedly a better arrangement. The monument would have been lost in the great church, in whose divine inclosure one cannot think of any one but Christ.

The years he spent over S. Peter's, were among the calmest of his life, but he was deeply interested in, and agitated by political affairs. There was the probable alliance between the Pope and Lutherans; then the defeat of the latter by the Emperor, when Charles proved his claim to be regarded as the later Charlemagne. In 1549, the Farnese died. In the matter of art he had something of the spirit of Julius. Who was to be Pope? Pole, as the reform party would have wished? or Ridolfi, the radical Medici? Caraffa got Pole excluded; and poison did its work on Ridolfi. Cardinal del Monte became Julius III. and among his first acts, one was to make a Cardinal of his son, a youth of seven, son of a beggar-woman of Bologna. There were also difficulties arising from among the profession, jealous of the architect, and from the government itself, owing to want of funds to carry on S. Peter's. Then ensued the final effort for the recovery of Florence, which ended in the defeat of the Strozzi. Michel Agniolo was almost willing now to accept the flattering request of the triumphant Cosmo, and repair to Florence; but at this crisis Del Monte died, and

[1] Mr. Harford affirms that the figures of the 'Active and Contemplative Life' are by Michel Agniolo, ii. 40

Caraffa was in the papal chair, whose first act was to deprive the architect of his pension. For this reason, and because he would not yield to the professional cabal, he resolved to remain at Rome. He was now eighty-one. He had just lost his beloved Urbino. Curiously enough, too, the persecuting Caraffa did more for the building of S. Peter's than any former Pope. But Paul IV. died; and then Pius IV. restored the forfeited pension. For him the artist designed the monument to his brother, the Marquis of Marignano, in the Cathedral of Milan. Paul IV. had draped the figures in the 'Last Judgment,' and Pius could not venture to rectify this. Michel Agniolo's last work at Rome was the transformation into a church of a large hall in the Baths of Diocletian. What he was most wanted in Florence for was to complete the never-to-be-completed library and chapel. He gave a new plan. The clergy had put an open fire-place in the chapel, and the dust and ashes lay upon the figures. Amid these last cares, that change came over Michel Agniolo which was ever present to his thoughts. It was on the 18th of February, 1564, when in his ninetieth year, that every mortal power of the great artist was frozen at its marvellous source; when that familiar presence, with the fervent hazel eye, spare form, and wrinkled forehead, would no longer attract the gaze of all in Rome and Florence; when the peace of the Divine Vision settled at last on that majestic intellect and unconquered heart. Upon his tomb might have been inscribed the familiar phrase:—

'Ubi sæva indignatio cor ulterius
Lacerare nequit.'

And albeit the 'untransmitted torch of hope,' of hope of freedom for his dear Florence, dropt at last from his hand, he is one of the few patriots who could justly address us from the grave—

'Abi viator, et imitere, si poteris,
Hunc strenuum pro virili Libertatis vindicatorem.'

It is by comparing him with his age, that we get most easily some faint idea of the colossal grandeur of this monumental man. Writers like Mrs. Jamieson speak of his sarcasm, his jealousy, his secluding himself from his family; and the terrible Pope Julius II. pronounced him *terrible*. The reader of Grimm's memoir will rise from the perusal of that work touched by a sense of the filial and domestic tenderness, the generosity and loyalty to his home, of Michel Agniolo (witness his letters, and his touching lines on the death of his father). Among the artists whom was he to be jealous of? Leonardo,

an illustrious egoist, impatient of a rival, abandoned Italy. Raphael, in the judgment of infallibility itself, had adopted the special style of the great artist. The rest were, as we say, nowhere. Alas! in too many cases they were men who, false to their Christian calling and intellectual instincts, were living a life of shame and degradation. Leonardo lived as a jolly and self-indulgent Sybarite, though God's grace visited him with compunction in his latter end. How can we but confirm the researches of latter and earlier days, as to the circumstances which shortened the life of Raphael? What was the life of Andrea del Sarto, the painter without a fault? And how did Holy Church regard all this? The story of Philippo Lippi, though of an earlier generation—but the Church knows no time—contains the answer. This friar, sixty years of age, seduced the beauteous maiden who was the model of the required picture. She eloped with him. His Holiness offered to release this grey iniquity from his vows that he might so marry the woman he had wronged; and this remedy (!) the criminal deliberately refused, Holy Church acquiescing; and her friends strangled him when he was sixty-nine years old. Then what was the life of the Pope, the mirror of the age, and the incarnation of the Holy Ghost? It is scarcely too much to say that the Popes were, individually, the most debauched, self-seeking, and reprobate rulers of the age, while their power or affectation of power made them responsible for all the crimes and divisions of Europe. What was there for Michel Agniolo to do, but to stand aloof? He was above his age, as his dome now rises above the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*. The intimate acquaintance of his daily routine testifies to the stainless chastity of his life, and to the invariable purity of his speech; and this, be it observed, in an age when holy cardinals and princes tried which should produce the most indelicate and fescennine verse. In presence of such uncontaminated virtue how could each infallible Simoniac but stand when *he* stood, and sit when *he* sat? When all others of influence and authority, by ways outrageously criminal, were pursuing their own interests, he alone, tenacious of his purpose, held right on. Earnest only about the glory of God, the triumph of art, the emancipation of his fatherland; he alone of his age blended all these objects into a great cause and aspiration. Against the freedom of Florence, all around him were conspirators, and he knew them to be such. He might have lived a Raphael in a palace, but he preferred to be alone, or to find comfort for his overburthened heart in the society of those pious ones that gathered round the ever-memorable presence of Vittoria Colonna.

'My soul to God, my body to the earth in Florence, and my worldly possessions to my relatives,' was his last will. Fearing opposition, they stealthily conveyed his remains from Rome, and the holy relics reached Florence on the 11th March. On the following day, Sunday, they were visited by the citizens. The funeral honours only ended in July. In the Ghibeline street still stands the house of Michel Agniolo, but Florence has raised no monument to him whose fame is everywhere. 'I 'should desire,' says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'that the last words 'which I should pronounce in this academy, and from this 'place, might be the name of Michael Angelo'—the name of him of whom Ruskin, with characteristic fervour, has said ('Landscape Painters,' vol. ii. 178) 'every fragment and atom 'of stone that he ever touched became instantly inhabited by 'what makes the hair stand up and the words be few.'

They did well to lay him on the banks of the Arno, where a grave was denied to the excommunicated Dante. This wrong was half cancelled in the obsequies of Michel Agniolo, for the immortal part within him was moulded by Dante. Even in his ashes there is a voice, a power, 'the wonted fire' to guide his people to freedom. One half of the work and burthen of his prophecy has been achieved. In Florence, where he sleeps, the Medici and their crimes are alike forgotten. And when shall the end be?

ART. II.—1. *The Iliad of Homer, with English Notes,* by F. A. PALEY, M.A. Vol. 1. Books I.—XII. London: Whittaker and Co. 1866.

2. *The Odyssey of Homer, edited, with Marginal References, various Readings, Notes, and Appendices.* By HENRY HAYMAN, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's, Oxford. London: D. Nutt. 1866.

ALTHOUGH, during the last twenty or thirty years, much has been done to redeem English scholarship from the charge of indifference to Homer, the effort has been expended rather on speculation and translation, than upon solid editions of the poet's works. Though public schools have kept the study of these alive by the help of German text and commentaries, and such borrowed light as the compilations of Kerchever Arnold and Anthon, and the edition of the Iliad by Trollope, have been able to vouchsafe, the coldness with which Oxford and Cambridge, as bodies, have till lately regarded Homeric studies, has operated as a powerful check to the production. through the English press, of really valuable editions of the Odyssey or the Iliad. It would be hard to point out any work of the kind, which comes up to the mark of modern scholarship and erudition. Perhaps indeed the harassing theories with which a former generation sought to exhibit its own speculative cleverness, while by the very nature of its arguments it cast aside all faith in a reverence for Homer, have had something to do with the slackness of capable scholars as to furnishing editions of Homer's works worthy to range beside Blomfield's Æschylus, Arnold's Thucydides, Blakesley's Herodotus, or Donaldson's Pindar. It must be a labour like that of Sisyphus, to toil lovingly at a critical commentary on the works of a poet whom 'piecers,' 'amplifiers,' and 'separators' have to the best of their several ability resolved into a myth or a monster. The enthusiastic epigram found inscribed in a copy of the Turnebus Homer,

> 'Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
> For all books else appear so mean, so poor:
> Verse will seem prose: but still persist to read,
> And Homer will be all the books you need—'

betokens a date anterior to the Wolfian heresy: for the writer of it, could he be conscious of the various doubts with which modern scepticism has confused the Homeric authorship, would

have no heart for his simple faith, though he would view its demolishers much in the same light as we view the improvers of child-literature, when, instead of Jack-the-Giant-killer and Guy Earl of Warwick, they would fain have our young ones realize no giant save 'steam,' no heroes except inventors or philanthropists. Yet, who is there, with any remnant of chivalry in his heart, or imaginativeness in his composition, but owes some little of it to his first perusal of Pope's Homer, and his after-study, as a schoolboy, of the Greek original? Happily signs of a good time coming have latterly appeared, in multiplied translations of both the works, which antiquity ascribed to Homer, as well as in the reaction, in favour of the ancient faith, which such treatises as those of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Mure have brought into fashion. One great inducement to undertake the editing of a poet's works must surely be a belief in him and a love of him. And so, if we are to have the scholarship of our generation marked by the appearance of 'thorough' editions of Homer, some of the credit will be due to the pioneers, who have not shrunk from the stigma of conservatism, when ultra-liberal views as to Homeric unity held an unquestionable vantage-ground. Among these, in a greater or less measure, may be reckoned the names of Thirlwall, Milman, and H. N. Coleridge; while their limited and hesitating faith has been succeeded by the thorough-going belief of Gladstone and Mure. These, to our modern editors of Homer, appeal for impartial consideration, as much as the earlier names of Wolf and Payne Knight, on the opposite side of the question.

Instalments of two editions, aiming at thoroughness, have marked the opening of the year 1866; to wit, Mr. Paley's first volume of the Iliad, in that useful if unequal classical series, the Bibliotheca Classica; and Mr. Hayman's elaborate, and, in the main, satisfying edition of the first quarter of the Odyssey. This latter book, on the score of its valuable preface (which not only takes into account the general views of the subject, but also gives a complete sketch of the ancient editors and commentators); of its minute and ample commentary, with the excellent novelty of marginal references; and of its appendices at the end of the volume on every imaginable topic of Homeric literature and language, goes far to fill up the gap which the want of a worthy edition of the Odyssey has left open, and to earn its editor a name and a fame among English scholars. Certainly it entitles him to the credit of exhaustive treatment of his subject, which constitutes his work an authority to be envied and admired by even German industry and research. There are of course differences of opinion as to editing Homer, not less than in all other matters, and the limits and objects of

the Bibliotheca Classica have no doubt confined Mr. Paley in some degree to a narrower range, while addiction to the tenets of his university would prompt him to make grammar and scholarship his chief study and labour. His aim, he tells us, is 'to explain the Greek of Homer.' 'Questions of ethnology, mythology, geography, pedigree, and a hundred others meet the reader everywhere, and demand his attention; but how can foot-notes treat of all these, without involving such a cumbersome mass of matters, as would deter the student rather than assist him?' (Pref. p. vii.) Mr. Hayman, as his practice shows, has not been deterred from taking a comprehensive view of his author by any such considerations as those to which Mr. Paley attaches so much weight. And this at least must be said for the view which the Oxford editor has adopted and carried out,—that, whereas it needs most rare perfection to compass an edition that shall run into neither extreme, the too-little or the too-much, still, if a choice between these must be made, that choice will more safely fall on the excess, which readers have it in their own power to prune, than on the defect, which it is not always so easy to supplement. It may be that the edition of the Odyssey before us is susceptible of condensations, excisions, and simplifications here and there, but these will come with a second edition. On the other hand, if, as must occur to most readers, the pruning-knife were applied to a superfluous excrescence in Mr. Paley's notes, his quotations from Lord Derby, Mr. Wright, and even Mr. Newman, we fear that the remnant of annotation that would survive would strike many as scanty, although we are far from saying that aught of importance, as bearing on the elucidation of the Greek, has been overlooked. It will be our duty, further on in this notice, to go a little into the relative merits of the two commentaries, and we reserve to that point all remarks on the scholarship evinced in each.

But, first and foremost, we are led, as it were by the editors themselves, to bestow a few passing remarks upon their modes of handling, by way of preface, those vext Homeric questions which no modern ingenuity can satisfactorily solve, yet which no modern editor thinks it safe to ignore.

The great stumbling-block of those who in later days have shaken the comfortable belief in a single and individual Homer has been the assumption, based upon a fair amount of probability, that the art of writing was unknown to the Greeks until very much later than the days when the poet is calculated to have lived. Upon this point, however, there exists, it must be allowed, great diversity of opinion, while there is an insufficiency of data for deciding the question. Wolf held that writing was unknown to the Greeks till Solon's date, and hereupon based his argument as to the impossibility of the Iliad or

the Odyssey having been the composition of an individual, who must thus be supposed to have retained in his memory some twenty thousand lines, to be recited, as occasion might require. It is true that there is in the poems of Homer so little internal evidence of writing being known at his day, and that little of so vague a character, that the question *so far* remains one of surmise. What the *σήματα λυγρά*, contained in the proverbial 'Bellerophon's Letter' (Il. vi. 168), were, it is quite impossible to ascertain. They may have been hieroglyphics: they may have been in private cypher, a system of dispatches private to a particular family, and unintelligible, so it would appear, to the uninitiated bearer. Paley and Hayman are pretty well agreed on this point; and perhaps Mure carries his championship a step too far in basing an argument for the existence of writing at so early a date on the passage referred to.[1] He surely strains the oft recurring phrase *θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται*, when he interprets it as alluding to a book containing 'the written degrees of fate,' for which we have not only no warranty, but not even the slightest vestige of authority in the works of Homer. But though the internal evidence is 'nil,' it seems to us that there is more of external, than either of the two editors before us would allow. It is not indeed necessary to adopt all Mure's arguments upon this matter, but we are forced to assign great cogency to the observation of another eminent Homeric scholar, which reminds us that on the question of writing we ought to take into account 'the apparent familiarity of Homer with 'Sidonian artizans: the long and strict alliance between the 'Sidonians and the Jews, and the indisputable possession and use 'of writing materials of some sort or other, by the Hebrews, 'before any of the probable dates of the Trojan War.'[2] It is undoubtedly 'easier' (to quote Bishop Thirlwall) 'to believe that the Homeric poems were written at first:' but it may be added also, that the belief is at least as reasonable as the denial of it. To the solution of this question Mr. Paley contributes little, except asseverations that '*it is simply impossible* that poems 'so long as the Iliad or the Odyssey should have been tradi-'tionally preserved intact without being written, and which (he 'adds) *I feel certain* they were not.' (Pref. p. ix.) Such 'ipse dixits' must be contrasted unfavourably with the calmer and more judicial handling of the subject by Mr. Hayman, in whose view of the whole matter there is originality as well as probability. In his opinion the Homeric poems had an unwritten existence for four hundred years—then a popularity through recitation, by help of written texts, for two hundred more, and

1 Mure's Language and Literature of Ancient Greece, vol. iii. Appendix L. cf. ibid, pp. 487, 488.

2 *Henry Nelson Coleridge.* Greek Classic Poets, p. 61.

thenceforward a life of continuous criticism. Of Wolf and Mure on the vexed question of 'writing' he is alike distrustful: but he can afford to run without the help of either, seeing that his argument rests on the marks of an oral character and tradition in the Homeric poems. Whereas others see in the repetitions, which so often occur in them, only the handiwork of rhapsodists, proud of an appearance of marvellous memories, and ministering to that pride by grafting and tagging upon a single passage once learnt a dozen different rhapsodies, Mr. Hayman recognises in the style of Homer, as he has come down to us, the tokens of an unwritten character, and sees in his 'iterative phrases, grafting of one set of words on another, 'fondness for formulaic cast of thought and diction, and dwelling 'on familiar cadences,' manifest signs of a recitative poet, drawing upon his memory, and managing his machine of language just as one might expect a bard, who had only his fund of memory to trade upon. There is much in the structure of the Iliad and the Odyssey to confirm this view; for example, its extreme simplicity of grammar, syntax, coherence, and rhythm. Virgil, it has been well remarked, could ill bear the same pulling about which has been applied to Homer; but Virgil represents high civilization and written poetry, not the earlier art of a bard who had to carry in his head his vast and less subtle compositions. And doubtless there is a great deal that bespeaks originally oral composition in the inexactness of detail, the occasional oversight, the singular variations which occur in different parts of the poems. A poet reciting his own poem might not unnaturally, as Mr. Hayman remarks, 'be 'unable to check the pullulation of fancy so as to retain identity 'of phrase. He would modify and recast, and try the effects 'of this or that version on his audience. Thus several variants 'might be equally genuine.' The date of a complete written text, so far at least as regards its constituent elements, Mr. Hayman would fix at the age of Solon, whose law *περὶ τοῦ ῥαψωδεῖσθαι*, requiring that recitation should follow a given cue, would argue a pre-existence of MS. copies of some sort. The date of an accurate and accepted text he agrees with most authorities in fixing as that of Pisistratus, though he adduces strong arguments to show that his influence on Homer has been overstated.

On the whole, it seems to us, that Mr. Hayman renders this service to those who hold a conservative view as to the Homeric poems, that he affords a second resort, if our first is found untenable. It escaped the Wolfian school of critics, that their argument was not exactly a dilemma. The early use of writing might be invalidated, and yet the oneness of Homer might be maintained: or if the assault were successfully directed against

the possibility of one head composing and retaining two poems of such vast dimensions, it still remained to the assaulted party to fall back on the probability of early use of writing. While Mr. Hayman has ably maintained the former view, he has incidentally thrown not a little light on the literary and grammatical phases of the question; and, for ourselves, we are well content that now we have two swords to fight with, upon either of which we may fall back at need. Thus, at any rate, we are spared the necessity of accepting the theory of Köchly, which resolves the Iliad into sixteen ballads (see Paley's Pref. p.xvii.) or the notion that the Iliad and the Odyssey are but an epitomized selection of Homeric or Cyclic poetry, wrought into shape about the time of Plato. It appears to us extremely probable that too much stress has been laid on the capacity or incapacity of one man to retain so vast a poem in his single head. We, who through reliance on the modern aid of books and writing, have let the godlike faculty of memory partially rust, can scarcely guage its strength and brightness in its lusty unaided youth. It is avouched by reliable testimony[1] that an Italian has been known to carry in his head for recitation the whole Gierusalemme Liberata of Tasso; and that this feat has been outdone by a poor blind Scotchman, who could repeat, after a few minutes' consideration, any verse from any part of the Bible: and surely it would have been an easier task, inasmuch as the labour would have been one of love, for an author to bear in mind his own progeny, how numerous so ever, than for an indifferent person to take unfailing charge of the offspring of a stranger. That interpolations may have crept in, and in some cases adhered, and these occasionally of considerable bulk, Mr. Hayman is wise in conceding. But this does not militate against an original Homer, simply allowing that he had in his early day no vested rights of authorship, and that reverence for his name and genius belong to a later age. Happy and nearly contemporary interpolations may have cohered, but this admission does not cover the introduction of whole rhapsodies. A safe test as to doubtful passages is found, says Mr. Hayman, in the ἦθος of a speaker. (Pref. p. xliii.)

A not unimportant feature in the same commentator's argument for the antiquity of Homer's language, and its substantially incorrupt preservation through a long series of rhapsodists, is his comparison of the word-forms and dialectic peculiarities in the Iliad and Odyssey with those of Hesiod and Archilochus. This comparison, too lengthy and full to bear analysis in our limited space, is calculated to defeat the advocates of the theory

[1] That, we believe, of Dean Milman, in the Quarterly Review, vol. xliv. p. 144.

that what has come down to our time is the handiwork of later compilers, however skilful.[1] The Homer we have contains, 'besides the germs of all the later dialects, many other germs 'of language which did not fructify, but fell away,' and this betokens early date; and the spontaneous redundancy of unfettered nature. But for this portion of the preface we refer the reader to the argument itself, which is spoilt if not given 'in extenso.' It is better that we should pass on to the other great question, the great "separation" question which the bare mention of the word χωρίζοντες recalls to Homeric students. Certain Greek grammarians started this bill of divorcement between the two poems, and though they found comparatively little favour, modern imitators laid hands on the idea, and expanded it to such an extent that it would scarcely be recognised by its originators. Separation with them meant the ascription of the Iliad to one author and the Odyssey to another; and it is to our thinking one of the strongest arguments against the tenability of their position, that Aristarchus and Crates, rival grammarians, who may be said to have spent their lives in disputing against each other every debateable inch of Homeric ground, give signs of not even a shadow of disagreement touching the unity of authorship. Modern critics, it is well known, have taken licence from the separators to go many steps further. If you admit two Homers, why not a dozen? And hence the resolution of each poem into a cento of epic scraps around two great centres of heroic song. Some of the proofs urged in support of this crotchet are extremely weak and slender, but it has been reserved to Mr. Paley to urge the weakest and least poetical. In two passages of his preface, but notably at p. xxxviii., he argues against the Iliad being a whole and uncompiled composition, because forsooth it 'begins abruptly and in the tenth year of the war.'[2] We used to fancy that Horace referred to this as an imitable feature, nor are we quite

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[1] Of the number of these advocates is Mr. Paley, who in his preface, p. ix. says, 'I think the Iliad is a skilful adaptation of the primitive Ionic, and perhaps other national heroic ballads—an epitome or compilation made for a definite purpose, and on a definite principle—and not the complete and genuine work of one poet: —a connected story made up of more or less disconnected materials; a story which has a harmony and a unity not the less admirable, because not contemplated by the original authors.' We need not ask which theory involves fewest improbabilities!

[2] This tendency of Mr. Paley to prosaic matter of fact, might be illustrated by his note upon Lord Derby's version of Il. iii., 363,

τριχθά τε καὶ τετραχθὰ διαρυφὲν ἔκπεσε χειρός.

'But shivering in his hand,
In countless fragments flew the faithless blade.'

'The literal sense' (says Mr. Paley), '*three or four pieces*, seems better: the other is an hyperbole!'

sure that Quinctilian does not say something about beginning 'more Homerico, a mediis vel ultimis.' (Inst. Or. vii. 10.) It is a misfortune that writers of prefaces travel out of the beaten track, or seek to repair an unsound road with such crumbling material.

But there is no limit to the minor arguments, on which the modern promoters of a joint-stock Homer are fain to rely. Grammar, costume, religion, morals, furnish grounds for dreaming of a dozen minds at work; while the ethical individuality of each greater character in each poem and throughout each poem is consistently overlooked. It is all very well for Mr. Paley to say that imitators could achieve this: that clever rhapsodists could easily catch and accurately reproduce the peculiar phrases or features of each hero. Is this, however, so clear? Is the 'wholeness of colour and symmetry of movement' indicative of the patchwork of a dozen taggers, or of the creation of one master-mind? The only point where Mr. Paley and Mr. Hayman come to anything like accord, is, where they each advance the utmost concession they are disposed to make from their respective standpoints. Differing 'toto cœlo, on the Wolfian theory, they approach each other in admitting—Mr. Paley, that 'a single rhapsodist, perhaps Homer, may 'have made a consistent whole out of a series of poems treating 'of the same engrossing theme in the same epic tone and 'spirit' (Pref. p. l.); and Mr. Hayman, that 'though the notion 'of a number of detached poems coalescing into an epic whole is 'against probability, and refuted by the unity of the greater 'characters, yet *Homer is in all probability the result of much pre-* '*vious progress;* that the Iliad, from its more highly episodic 'character, contains the results of earlier poets' efforts, recast 'and incorporated; and that Homer *is not the symbol for a series* '*of minds, but to be viewed as the last term in the series, greater* '*than all that had preceded it.*' (Hayman, pref. pp. xlv. xlvi.) Here they converge. As to all else, 'who shall decide, when doctors disagree?' especially since the mist of ages envelopes the subject, and each attempt to pierce it must needs be the vaguest conjecture.

As touching the unity of authorship in Iliad and Odyssey, there seems scarcely any valid plea for disturbing ancient faith. One cannot doubt what would be Mr. Paley's manner of regarding the question, if he did not mercifully spare us a discussion of what does not come within his province as an editor of the Iliad. In one place, indeed, he admits that the Homeric characters are very consistently drawn, both in their sayings and doings, but this consistency he holds to be within the power of a copyist or copyists. Credulity that can swallow

this, appears to us far greater than that required for any article of the old-fashioned belief about Homer. To us, as to Mr. Hayman, the strongest argument for the unity lies in the nice consistency[1] of the chief characters in each poem, not a bungling copy of either from other, but a masterly adaptation of each character to the circumstances and situations of the particular drama. This argument is excellently handled by Mr. Hayman in his preface and in Appendix E. Apparent discrepancies, such as the defensive and cautious attitude of Ulysses in the Iliad where he has Diomed for his 'executive half' are reconciled with his more aggressive character in the Odyssey. 'Even here,' says Mr. Hayman, 'his courage is 'ever cool, his daring kept well in hand, and his enterprize 'circumspect.' While upon the question of the ethical features, however, Mr. H. might with advantage have noted another cogent argument in support of his views, and one which, as it is that of K. O. Muller, may be supposed to have stood the ordeal of such searching criticism as that of Sir George C. Lewis and Dr. Donaldson: to wit, 'that in the Odyssey the 'conception of the chief characters always presupposes the 'earlier poem and silently refers to it; a consideration which 'also explains the remarkable fact that the Odyssey mentions 'many occurrences in the life of Ulysses which lie out of the 'compass of the action, but not one which is celebrated in the 'Iliad.'[2] Surely this could not have been so, had the authorship been dual. Surely this would point to one master-spirit, the creator and composer of the whole, the most capable interweaver of part with part, the jealous economist of materials, which, heaped up too profusely, would cumber rather than render graceful, the edifice.

Very rarely, however, does any argument deducible from wide reading and keen observation escape the vigilance of Mr. Hayman. An instance of this may be cited: the way in which he avails himself of Mure's refutation of the chorizontic argument from language put forward by Payne Knight, and adds to it '*en passant*' fresh props of his own. Another of Payne Knight's sure reliances, the argument that Hermes is not the messenger of Olympus in the Iliad but is so in the Odyssey, is disposed of by reference to Mure and Gladstone. It might be safer to content oneself with citing the former; for Mr. Gladstone, as he often does, refines over much, when he distinguishes between Iris the *personal*, and Hermes the *official* messenger

[1] Mr. Paley indeed suspects the famous episode in Il. Book vi. which follows the meeting of Hector and Paris, 'because the tone of the passage partakes of the feeling of the Odyssey, which is so remarkable for its sketches of female character.' But is he not hereby upsetting the chorizontic theory, in his anxiety to dismember the Iliad?

[2] Muller and Donaldson's *History* of the Literature of Greece, i. 83.

of Zeus, and when he argues that Iris still held her functions in the Odyssey from the lines in Od. xviii. 6—7.

Ἶρον δὲ νέοι κίκλησκον ἅπαντες,
οὔνεκ' ἀπαγγέλλεσκε κιὼν ὅτε πού τις ἀνώγοι.

Surely this is to be referred to the antecedents, not to the present functions, of Iris. Mure's argument is sufficient by itself; and between the staunch vanguard of former maintainers of unity, and Mr. Hayman, who is now added to them as an effective πρόμαχος, we see no reason to despair of upholding the ancient and popular ground, putting forward as our answer to all gainsayers the excellent canon of Mure, 'that the evidence 'of common authorship supplied by any large amount of re-'semblance in works of the higher order of genius is stronger 'on the affirmative side than that resulting from a proportional 'amount of discrepancy on the negative side of any such 'question.' (Mure, i. 126.)

And now,—to turn to what, but for the phantom ἔρις, which has brought together in conflict the mighty spirits of innovators like Bentley and Wolf, and the staunch upholders of the simpler and earlier belief, would be a delightful revisiting the most attractive fields of ancient minstrelsy—whereas, if our Homer is to be dealt with in a piecemeal fashion, the whole subject becomes a painful renewal of a grief we fain would bury, —we invite our readers to accompany us in a passing review of the merits of the commentaries themselves, so opportunely put forth by Mr. Hayman and Mr. Paley.

It would be presumptous to attempt to invalidate the claims of the latter to the praise of extensive scholarship, and yet when called upon to examine Mr. Paley's notes on the Iliad side by side with those of Mr. Hayman on the Odyssey we cannot shut out a feeling that he has hardly done himself herein such justice, as in his Æschylus and his Euripides. If we are not mistaken, the Homer of the Bibliotheca Classica has, through the coyness of more than one editor-designate, been near the fate which appears to have befallen the Tacitus of the same series, which we were led to expect at the hands, first of Mr. Bodham Donne, and then of Mr. George Butler. Dr. Kennedy was certainly talked of as the editor of the Iliad in the Bibliotheca. When nothing came of it, it was no discredit to Mr. Paley to have been installed in the place whence so competent a scholar had withdrawn. But there must be some inherent obstacles to turning out the work in a thorough style, either want of leisure, or of taste for the task; or we should never have the 'word of promise' kept so perfunctorily as it has been. We are smitten with a sense of incompleteness. Not but that there are bright beams of scholarship and genius up and down the *volume: but these* have some difficulty in bursting through the

clouds of supererogatory matter which pervade it. The space, for instance, occupied by a note on *καλλιγύναικα* (Il. iii. 75), to tell us it means 'other fair women might be found in Greece, if Helen were lost to it,' is space which might better have been devoted to fuller illustration of difficult phrases. And we must say, that the practice of interlarding the notes with so many and such lengthy quotations from English translators of Homer, good, bad, and indifferent, is a new feature in classical editions, and one which cannot too soon be put a stop to. The multiplication of good verse translations is a gain to scholars and to general readers—to the writers and readers of English and Greek verse alike. But surely, unless where the English rendering of a phrase is pre-eminently happy and idiomatic, it is mere cumbering the ground to swell the foot-notes with bits of Newman and Selwyn, as well as of Mr. Wright and Lord Derby, which can never throw more light upon the text than has in the first instance been taken from it. In this respect Mr. Hayman has acted a wiser and more useful part. We have not met in his pages with a single resuscitation of the English translators, old or new: but what we have met, and met with thankfulness and no small pleasure, is the collation of Homeric sentiments and phrases with parallels from standard English poets, so pertinent as to minister gratification to the advanced scholar, while they give hints as regards taste and diction to the younger. The ill-savour of the 'phocæ' (Od. iv. 442) is illustrated from Shakespeare's 'Tempest;' the view of the transformations of Proteus (*ibid.*), allegorizing the lessons from experience which danger teaches 'them that go down to the sea in ships,' is supported by a quotation from Longfellow. The phrase *ὑπερφιάλον ἔπος ἔκβαλε* (*ibid.* 503) is capped by Milton's Comus, (v. 760): 'I hate where vice can *bolt* her argument': and the artifice by which Homer, in Od. vi. 103, elevates the goddess Artemis in the well-known simile

ῥεῖά δ' ἀριγνώτη πέλεται, καλαὶ δὲ τε πᾶσαι,

is aptly contrasted with Pope's converse process, in his 'Windsor Forest' where, to dignify his nymph, he sinks the distinction to which Homer had given prominence:—

> 'Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
> But by the crescent and the golden zone.'

All save the last of these illustrations are within the space of two or three pages of each other, and fairly represent the ease and niceness with which the new is brought by Mr. Hayman to bear upon the old. Another instance of this might be cited from Odyssey i. 97, where the phrase *ἐφ' ὑγρὴν*, as opposed to *ἐπ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν*, is discussed in a concise note, and the

adjective is shewn, as in the case of such words as χέρσος and ἤπειρος, to have assumed a substantival force conventionally. Mr. Hayman brings to his support a parallel in Cowper's 'Time-piece,' 55, 56:

> 'When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
> Their ancient barriers, deluging *the dry*?'

On turning to the parallel phrase and passage, at Il. x. 27, we find no notice taken of the phrase in Mr. Paley's notes, though we think we could have excised one or two superfluous pieces of information from the page in which we looked for it. No doubt it is a puzzling question with editors with what amount of knowledge they ought to credit their readers. Mr. Paley, it would seem, allows them a liberal margin. But Homer perhaps demands more minute examination than has hitherto been accorded him amongst us; and so Mr. Hayman acts more wisely and safely in presupposing that almost every phrase in Homer will repay investigation. Very early in the Odyssey (i. 64), occurs the Homeric expression ἕρκος ὀδόντων which we need not say occurs also at Il. iv. 350, and at other places of the Iliad. Of this Mr. Paley takes no notice, seeing probably nothing to call for any, or else having long ago been so familiar with what Heyne had to say on the subject, that he deems the matter stale and unprofitable. But the question what the phrase imports has two sides, as Mr. Hayman has very usefully shown. It has been held by some to mean 'the fence round the teeth,' *i.e.* the lips, ὀδόντων being in such case an objective genitive: and this view has the strong advocacy of Porson, and of Damm in his Homeric Lexicon. But as Porson, to maintain this sense, had to throw doubt on the genuineness of a fragment of Solon (Schneidewin, p. 31, § 23), where the phrase clearly means what others take it to mean in Homer 'the fence of teeth,' 'the tooth-fence,' 'the pale of ivory'[1] as Chapman puts it, the teeth being as it were, the palisades of the fence, there is reason to think that our great critic's judgment was too hasty, especially as Aristotle in his Politics (vii. 14. 11), seems to allude to the passage of Solon, and Philo expressly quotes it. Hayman weighs the evidence, and decides in favour of the latter interpretation, which we think is the more probable, inasmuch as 'a word escaping the lips' is a more modern idea, and as such, is rather to be suspected. There is another phrase,

1 Chapman translates the words into the Latin *vallum* or *claustrum* dentium, and adds that 'the teeth are that rampire or pale given us by nature in that part for restraint and compression of our speech.' So far well; but it is hardly safe or necessary to endorse his theory that Homer in this phrase teaches, 'that our teeth are given us, not so much for the necessary chewing of our sustenance, as for their stay of our words, lest we utter them rashly.'! Od. i., note 116, p. 6. Chapman.

γουνὸν ἀλωῆς οἰνοπέδοιο, which is familiar to the student of Homer, but not very easy of interpretation. At Od. i. 193, the picture of aged Laertes 'creeping along a fruitful field set all with vines,' is hardly in keeping with the account we have elsewhere of Ithaca's barrenness. Yet γουνὸς ἀλωῆς is commonly taken for a 'fruitful field,' and derived from γόνος. Mr. Hayman does not, indeed, adduce anything new, when he adopts from Doederlein a suggestion, which he in turn took from Schweighaüser (Herodot. iv. 99), that γουνὸς is derived from γόνυ 'the knee,' and denotes elevation; local features, such as κνημὸς, taken for the slope of a hill, being often called by names taken from parts of the body. But he adds to this second-hand light something of his own, in quoting, to support it, Virgil, Georg. ii. 113, 'Bacchus amat colles,' and showing that a hill position suits vineyards. When we turn to Il. ix. 534, the only help vouchsafed us by Paley is as follows: 'γουνῷ, a word of uncertain meaning, but explained γονίμῳ 'τόπῳ, Hesych.'[1]

In like manner it will be found that Mr. Paley is content with far less accurate definition of Homeric terms, than the editor of the Odyssey. To see this in a single instance it would suffice to turn to Od. iv. 796, where, on the words εἴδωλον ποίησε, he bases an exhaustive note about the visions, phantoms, dreams, &c. of Homer, and shows that 'his conception of them 'was of human forms having for the time an objective reality 'and substance.' This is copiously illustrated from the Iliad and the Odyssey. Turning from this note to Paley's on Il. ii. 6, [οὖλον ὄνειρον] a likely place to find his lucubrations on this topic, all that we find is a discussion of the derivation of οὖλος, and a remark quoted from Doederlein that ὄνειρος is not here the God of dreams, but a dream conjured up for the special occasion. In cases of derivation, Mr. Paley is more communicative, though it is hard to conceive why he should say nothing of the epithet διάκτορος applied to Hermes in Il. ii. 103, as well as in Od. i. 84, where Hayman prefers Buttmann's derivation from δίω, διώκω, and the sense of 'runner,' to the notion of Nitsch and Loëwe, that it is from διάγω, to conduct. This

1 In one or two places where Paley and Hayman differently explain the same phrase, we are constrained to agree with the former. At Od. ii. 270, cf. Il. i. 343, Mr. Hayman translates ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω, 'As well for the past as for the future,' because, as he says, *Homer regards the future as behind, and the past as before.* Paley however translates, 'at once forward and backward,' *judging of the future by the analogy of the past.* Though there may be something in Hayman's statement that Homer's mode of regarding it is the real order of time itself, we profess a leaning to Mr. Paley's simpler interpretation. Again, whereas at Od. i. 284, the former renders ἐπ' ἤματι 'upon a day,' we concur with the latter on Il. x. 48, in regarding the words as meaning 'uno die,' 'in one day.' (Cf. Hesiod. Op. et D. 43. Soph. Œd. C. 688.)

latter derivation is clearly from a post-Homeric function of Hermes, as *ψυχόπομπος*. On the derivation of the word *ἀκὴν* in the Homeric phrase *ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ*, Il. iii. 95; iv. 429 (cf. i. 33), Paley has little to say, except in so far as he declares Buttmann's derivation of the word a failure, and recognises an old substantive, *ἀκὴ* 'stillness,' and a verb *ἀκέω* 'to be still.' Hayman devotes a short section to the investigation of this word, and, finding fault with Buttmann, as well as with Doederlein's forced derivation from a neuter form of *ἀκέομαι* 'to heal,' adopts the old substantive and verb, as Paley does, comparing *ἀκεώ* with the Latin 'taceo' as 'terra' with *ἔρα*, and 'traho' with *ῥυώ* and *ἐρυώ*, and conversely, *τλῆτος* with 'latus,' the letter *t* being moveable. See App. A. 16.

The two editors often differ in derivation of words. On *ἐπαλαστήσασα* (Od. i. 252; cf. *ἀλαστήσας*, Il. xii. 163), Hayman says that the derivation *ἀ-λανθάνω* may be rejected without scruple. Until, however, he can produce any more probable root, we shall be inclined to think with Paley and the Scholiast, that *ἀλαστεῖν* is the equivalent to *ἄλαστος εἶναι*, and is to be traced to *λανθάνω*. As to the compound word *ἐγχεσίμωροι*, we prefer Hayman's tracing it (after Eustathius perhaps) to *μείρομαι*, *ἔμμορα*, the short vowel becoming long, as *τρωπάω*, *τρόπος*, *νωμάω νόμος*, for the metre's sake, to Paley's adoption at Il. iv. 242, of *μῶρος*, *i. q. μάργος*, *mad*, *fatuous*, for its root. On the other hand, there is greater likelihood in Paley's derivation of *ὑπερφίαλος* from *ὑπὲρ*, and *ἰάλλω*, *Ϝιάλλω to overshoot*, than Hayman's from *ὑπερφυὴς*, though the latter has satisfied Doederlein and Buttmann. One of the happiest and most probable, however, of Mr. Paley's derivations is that of *ἠὺς* (iii. 167), the common epithet with *μέγας* of so many heroes, from *ἀΰτειν*, (root *ἀϜ*, *ἐϜ*) 'to shout.' He admits, indeed, that Dr. Donaldson traces *ἠὺς* to this root, but claims as his own the explanation of *ἠὺς* in the sense of *the shouter*; and in another note on Il. v. 628, proves, by the use of *ἀϋτὴ*, the shout, as a synonym of 'war,' of *βοὴν ἀγαθὸς* for a brave warrior and so forth, that early warfare associated the fray with the war-whoop and the shout of battle.

We are glad to note that both editors are commendably sparing of emendations of the text. What might have befallen it, had Bentley gone forward with his projected edition of Homer, can never happen now. This latter and more conservative age will neither brook such broadcast alterations, nor be invited to do so. But here and there, in the volumes under review, a slight change in a word or letter is introduced with more or less plausibility. At Il. iii. 419, we think Mr. Paley makes out a strong case for reading *κατασχομένη ἐανὸν ἀργῆτα*

φαεινόν instead of ἑανῷ ἀργῆτι φαεινῷ, which latter reading involves the necessity of taking κατασχομένη in a passive sense, literally 'possessed by, covered by a clear bright veil.' There is, as the editor observes, some difficulty in seeing the sense of κατέχεσθαι πέπλῳ, and by a happy comparison of Od. xxi. 65, ἄντα παρειάων σχομένη λιπαρὰ κρήδεμνα, and a similar passage in Hesiod's Theogony, v. 574, with the passage in question, he is led to suggest the conversion of the dative into the accusative, when κατασχομένη will mean, without any straining, *holding down before her face.* Mr. Hayman's essays at emendation (and let us say that neither editor ventures to disturb the actual text) are equally free from violence and irreverence. In Od. vi. 185, where μάλιστα δὲ τ' ἔκλυον αὗτοι is very obscure, unless we take Eustathius's explanation of ἔκλυον, ἐξάκουστοι ἐγένοντο, which is excessively doubtful,—a very ready way out of the difficulty is offered by Mr. Hayman's suggestion αὐτῶν or αὐτοῖν for αὗτοι. Ulysses has been praising concord. 'Nothing,' he says, 'can be better than when husband and wife 'are of one mind in a house: they are then a grief to foes, 'a joy to friends,' μάλιστα δὲ τ' ἔκλυον αὐτοῖν '*and men listen most to them*,' *i. e.* unanimity begets influence. At Od. ii. 348, he offers the alternative θαλάμου δὲ καλέσσεν, and 'called forth from the chamber' to those who are dissatisfied with the very improbable explanation that

τὴν τότε Τηλέμαχος προσέφη θαλαμόν δὲ καλέσσας

may be reconciled with what is said in v. 344, (namely that Euryclea was in the θάλαμος night and day) by supposing that Telemachus called her out of one compartment of the range which she never left, to another where he was. We think the first way out of this 'chamber' difficulty decidedly the wisest. In another passage, (iii. 33), his reading, κρέα ὤπτων, τἆλλα τ' ἔπειρον for Dindorf's κρέα ὤπτων, ἄλλα τ' ἔπειρον, may certainly be accepted. τἆλλα will represent the remnants, after the sacrificial portions had been disposed of, and yield a good sense, if you take the verse as a 'prothysteron.' 'They were spitting the remnants, and roasting steaks of them.' ἄλλα τε, 'other steaks,' is nonsense. By the way, the mention of this line leads us to notice a feature in this same sacrificial feast, upon which Hayman, following the Scholiast, has a note not unimportant, inasmuch as it connects, by way of undesigned coincidence, the Iliad and the Odyssey. At v. 7 of this passage, it is said of the Pylian population gathered for sacrifice to Neptune,

ἐννέα δ' ἕδραι ἦσαν, πεντηκόσιοι δ' ἐν ἑκάστῃ
εἵατο.

Now if we multiply the nine seats by the five hundred sitters on each, and then, turning to Iliad ii. 602, note that Nestor's armament consisted of ninety ships, and that the lowest complement of men for a crew in the Homeric catalogue is fifty, a curious agreement will result, 'based probably,' observes Mr. Hayman, 'on some political divisions familiar to the poet's hearers, but now lost.' It is just to this editor to add, that, while he records this coincidence, he does not press the natural inference. Herein he may be favourably contrasted with Mr. Paley, whose sound judgment in matters of scholarship is sometimes warped and distorted by strong advocacy of particular theories. For the slightest cause he suspects an interpolation at every turning of a leaf. Thus, in Il. vi. 401—3, where it is said by the poet that Hector's son was called Scamandrius by his sire, but by the rest of the Trojans Astyanax, *οἷος γὰρ ἐρύετο Ἴλιον Ἕκτωρ*; Mr. Paley rejects the verses in question, because the patronymic Ἑκτορίδης does not elsewhere occur, and because it is bad logic to call the son Prince-of-the-city, because his father alone protected Troy. This is indeed straining at gnats: a piece of scepticism which will generally be pronounced without foundation. Only a little above in the same book, the interpolater is detected by Mr. Paley, where Andromache is designated

θυγάτηρ μεγαλήτορος Ἠετιώνος,
Ἠετίων ὃς ἔναιεν, κ. τ. λ. *ibid.* 395, 396.

because, in his opinion, 'to explain Ἠετίων ὅς as equivalent to ὃς Ἠετίων is very forced.' But why, we would ask, need this slackness of construction be taken as damning proof of a later hand than Homer's? Why should not this repetition of the antecedent attracted to the case of the relative, be as Homeric as what we find in the simile of the stall-fed horse (*ibid.* 510,511)

ὁ δ' ἀγλαΐῃφι πεποιθώς,
ῥίμφα ἑ γοῦνα φέρει,

when the 'nominativus pendens,' and the rapid change of construction, betoken an early and unsyntactical form of expression, to be expected in an old-world bard. To us it seems that there are many similar tokens in Homer of early composition, and of style and language suited to primitive audiences, *e.g.* the constant explanation of some verb, or epithet, by a paraphrase immediately following, as in Od. iii. 383,

ἀδμήτην, ἣν οὔπω ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν ἀνήρ.
πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ
πλάγχθη. Od. i. 1.
ὤϊξεν ταμίη, καὶ ἀπὸ κρήδεμνον ἔλυσεν. Od. ii. 392.

in which cases the second clause is clearly exegetic of the first.

As to Mr. Paley's suggestion that we should distrust the genuineness of the passage (Il. iii. 168, &c.), where Priam enquires of Helen the names of the Greek warriors in the tenth year of the siege; and that we should accept it as a proof of the composite character of the present Iliad, we look upon it as one of those matter-of-fact, blunt-edged thrusts, which make no dint at all on old Homer's armour of proof. The poet would overstep a propriety or two, to introduce so effective a scene. Besides, Priam, and the elders around him, might be less conversant with the forms and faces of individual adversaries, than their sons and sons' sons, who were daily meeting them in the battle-field. The passage is one on which the casting of a doubt is a fair ground for wrath, a 'casus belli' as regards the doubter. Its power and influence captivated Euripides, who manifestly borrowed from it his idea of the conversation between Antigone and her 'pædagogus' in the Phœnissæ; whilst it possibly gave Sir Walter Scott his inspiration for the scene between Rebecca and wounded Ivanhoe, in which she pourtrays to the disabled warrior the besiegers of Torquilstone. To the searcher after instances of possible interpolation, of course there can be no lack. 'Trifles light as air,' will, to his predisposed divination, appear 'confirmation strong.' Diomed's disinclination, in his calmer moments (vi. 129), to contend with immortals, is taken as proof that the passage where it occurs must be spurious, because in the fifth book of the Iliad, he had wounded the deities. Yet, to argue on the other side, a hero even might shrink from doing, in cold blood, what, in the battle's noise and din, and especially with the very present aid and encouragement of Pallas, he had been spurred on to dare. Or, to take one other instance, it is a mere 'begging the question,' to argue the comparative lateness of the passage (vi. 444, &c.) *ἐπεὶ μάθον ἔμμεναι εσθλός, κ.τ.λ.* from an assumed allusion in it to the sophistical problem, *εἰ διδακτὸν ἀρετή.*

While we are referring to passages in the sixth book of the Iliad, it may be convenient to note that at v. 465,

πρίν γ' ἔτι σῆς τε βοῆς, σοῦ θ' ἑλκηθμοῖο πυθέσθαι,

Mr. Paley doubts, not, as is his wont, the genuineness of the verse, but the possibility of exactly rendering it into English. But surely to translate *πρίν γ' ἔτι*, 'or ever,' in the expressive language of our English version of the Old Testament, will express the reference to a future event with sufficient exactness.

We should tax our readers' patience, were we to prolong these minute criticisms. Our excuse for the space already afforded to them is, that they assist a candid estimate of the relative value of the works under review. It is not, perhaps, too strong a

saying, that Mr. Hayman's instalment of the Odyssey strikes us as what might be the solid work of half-a-dozen years; while Mr. Paley's first volume of the Iliad might be the easy occupation of a twelvemonth. Of course we credit both with much (and Mr. Paley perhaps with most) antecedent qualification for the task; but there are tokens of his having relied almost too much on this, whilst the other editor has spared no present pains or research, to make sure of his laurels. The edition of the Iliad might, with advantage, have more bone and muscle added to its body of notes; while that of the Odyssey is capable of but one improvement that we know of, the process applicable to jockeys, and occasionally to coin, which is vulgarly called 'sweating.'

Happy and quite at home in Greek authors and Greek scholiasts, Mr. Paley often hits off an apt corollary from some chance hint of Eustathius, or some others of his class: as for instance, where in Il. iv. 371, viii. 378, in explaining *πολέμοιο γεφύρας*, he is led to associate the phrase with the common use of *ῥεῖν, ἐπιῤῥεῖν*, of a mighty host in motion. His inspiration is clearly from those explanatory words of Eustathius, *τὰς διὰ τοῦ ῥεύματος τῶν αἱμάτων διόδους*· and it is not a little curious to see how acutely a practised scholar separates the wheat of them from the chaff. But he is not equal to Mr. Hayman in his treatment of subjects for annotation. Constantly one is left in doubt what the mind of the annotator is, so uncertain a sound does his trumpet give. This is not so, except on very rare occasions, with the editor of the Odyssey. Matters that cannot be exhaustively handled in the footnotes find a place in his appendices, and thus we get consistent and coherent ideas of the Homeric geography, the Homeric grammar, the Homeric galleys and palaces,—in fact, all the peculiarities that call for special illustration. Every attentive reader will be struck with the pains with which the whole arrangement and plan of the Homeric palace has been investigated in Appendix F. 2. Doubtless the house needs more thorough understanding by the reader of the Odyssey than of the Iliad, which is more concerned with the tented field. Yet there are one or two 'loci classici' on this subject, even in the Iliad, notably in Book vi. 243—247, &c. A comparison of Paley's note on that passage, with the ample treatment of the whole subject in Hayman's above-mentioned Appendix, cannot fail to result in an augmented sense of the erudition and research of the latter. Because in Il. vi. 247, *αὐλὴ* seems to Mr. Paley to mean the actual 'hall,' and not the 'fore-court;' while in Il. ix. 472, it cannot but be the fore-court or walled enclosure, he at once resorts to his usual solution: the two passages must needs be of different date and

authorship. A study of Hayman's views will bring most readers to the conclusion that *αὐλὴ* always represents the outer court before the palace, although it must be allowed that in some cases the constituent parts of the Homeric palace are classed together so loosely as to lead to a little confusion. This court had an outer wall (*ἕρκος*), whence its epithet *εὐερκὴς*, and sometimes its porticoes (*αἴθουσαι*) along its front wall, facing inwards, corresponding to those of the house. The large hall was doubtless the *μέγαρον*, and we think Mr. Hayman shows very satisfactorily that the woman's apartment or 'gynaceum' had no Homeric existence, though Eustathius, whom the German editors follow, thinks otherwise. Penelope would appear to have had a private *θάλαμος* on the ground-floor, and also a retiring-room upstairs, the *ὑπερῷον*, where the females of the family slept. He takes the fifty chambers of Priam's married sons, and the twelve of his sons-in-law, mentioned in the famous passage of Il. vi. above referred to, as standing, the former in the same block of building as the house, and the latter as within the *αὐλὴ* or court, detached from the main block, and having a separate roof. If he does not succeed to the full in localizing these latter, he proves at any rate that they must have been on the ground-floor; and that if we might strain the sense of *ἑτερώθεν* in *l. c.* they might represent two rows facing the two sides of the central block, with its contiguous *θάλαμοι*. There must needs be much uncertainty as to such minutiæ, but seldom is it so manfully grappled with, or so exhaustively met. Nor are the least details overlooked. The spear-stand or *δουροδόκη* (Od. i. 128, cf. Append. F. II. 21) is brought more clearly before our mind's eye, as 'a fluted column with spears set in the flutings,' and 'with something to catch and steady the one end of the spear.' 'Boarding-pikes,' Mr. Hayman appositely adds, 'used to be seen in a vertical 'rack round the masts of the ships, where, there being no grooves, 'they were secured by both ends.'

Enough has been stated to show the honest, patient research of this latest Odyssean critic, on these points. But even more interesting, and more thorough, are his delineations of the leading characters; upon which, as has been observed above, he bases his chief objections to the 'chorizontic' theory. As a test-point, let our readers take the trouble, with Iliad and Odyssey in hand, to accompany Mr. Hayman through his analysis of the character of Pallas, which he proves to be the same in both poems. They will perhaps discover a little tendency to prolixity, but seldom, if ever, a pointless instance, or an inapt comparison. And even if they should be tempted to doubt whether old Homer ever laid himself out to make each character so consistent with itself, 'totus teres atque rotun-

dus,' as he shows them to be, at least they will admit that, whether this uniformity results from accident or design, it points to a single authorship. The practical wisdom of Pallas in always doing her own work, and discrediting, in her own instance, the adage, 'Qui facit per alium, facit per se,' cannot but have been noticed by every observant student of the Iliad and the Odyssey. But, so far as we know, Mr. Hayman has first worked out this feature in her character, and illustrated it for our help in a striking and elaborate section of Appendix E. It is satisfactory, too, to find that in his sketch of Helen, as seen in both poems, he avoids and disapproves of the baseless theory of Mr. Gladstone, that this frail fair one was no sinner after all, and that her running away with Paris was a matter 'over which she had no control.' While showing infinite delicacy and refinement in his analysis of her character, which is one of the most exquisitely drawn among the Homeric personages, he rightly sets his face as a flint against the Gladstonian attempt to make her out 'a penitent, with nothing to repent of.' Herein lies indeed the value of the sections of this Appendix on the Homeric characters, that they are traced with patient, cautious steps: nothing is set down unless it has certain warranty; nothing is extenuated, unless the clue is given by Homer himself. In the case of the particular demolition of the attempted whitewashing which has been laid upon Helen, there is a certain latent humour in the appropriate quotation from the quaint old 'father of history,' *δῆλα γὰρ δὴ ὅτι εἰ μὴ αὐταὶ ἐβουλέατο, οὐκ ἂν ἡρπάζοντο* (Herod. i. 1), which settles the question what the ancients thought about Helen's complicity, or non-complicity. Mr. Gladstone has done service to Homer and his poems, in vindicating their oneness of authorship and general soundness of text; but when, under the influence of sentimentalism, he advances fanciful theories, it is well there are scholars like Mr. Hayman, with Homer at their fingers' ends, to expose their groundlessness.

The only drawback, if we except a little unnecessary prolixity, to Mr. Hayman's valuable edition, is his peculiar manner of using his mother-tongue. It is not the first time indeed that excellent writers of Greek and Latin prose have been less apt and perspicuous in the use of their own 'vernacular.' Certainly, in the present instance, Preface, Commentary, and Appendices would be read with more pleasure, and more surely win the favour to which their solid erudition fully entitles them, if they were written in simpler English. His manner of expression would strike us as savouring of pedantry, did we not detect everywhere such tokens of good scholarship as prove that he has no need of such self-assertion. But it is not the less a

drawback to full enjoyment, and cannot fail to try the patience of even friendly critics. This fault may be cured by a tithe of the pains bestowed upon the production of his excellent Commentary—a commentary, be it observed, showing such familiarity with the best English poets that its author cannot but be acquainted with the masters of English prose. We sigh to think how much more tellingly his notes would have read in Latin,[1] and hope that his second volume will eschew the main fault of the first, by a briefer, simpler, and more native form of expression. The volume now under review he will, we predict, have a speedy opportunity of pruning; and we look forward to welcoming in Hayman's Odyssey, revised, improved, and completed, an English classic, to be held up to foreign scholars with just pride.

For Mr. Paley, our best wish is, that in what remains of his Iliad he may rouse himself to more thorough exertion of the gift which is in him, and set less lightly by the importance of his task. It is not a case where it can avail to plead that he has not put forth half his strength; for the ambition to fill up the yet open space for a really good English edition of the Iliad is surely one which calls for energy. He has it in his power to make good his place amongst the foremost living scholars, if he will but be less careful of time and toil. We wish that, in the volume he has still to publish, he would supplement the imperfectness of the first, and, by the thoroughness of its completion, enable us to apply to him the language of Hesiod in his Theogony,—

> οὐδ' ἄρ ἔτι Ζεὺς ἴσχεν ἑὸν μένος· ἀλλὰ νυ τοῖγε
> εἴθαρ μὲν μένεος πλῆντο φρένες· ἐκ δέ τε πᾶσαν
> φαῖνε βίην.[2]

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[1] For example, in a note on Od. iv. 80, ἤ κέν τις—ἠὲ καὶ οὐκί, Mr. Hayman, writing in Latin, would have explained the grammar in a less ungainly fashion than in his actual English, which reads as follows :—

'The question is suggested without preponderance intended towards either alternative; the margin gives examples both of the force of the phrase, and of its use to show preponderance mostly, but not always, towards the first.'

[2] Theog. 687.

ART. III.—1. Dr. TREGELLES' *Greek Testament.* Part III. *Acts and Catholic Epistles.*

2. *The Gothic and Anglo-Saxon Gospels in parallel Columns with the Versions of Wycliffe and Tyndale.* Arranged, with Preface and Notes, by the Rev. JAMES BOSWORTH, D.D. &c., Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Oxford, &c., assisted by GEORGE WARING, Esq., M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Magdalen Hall, Oxford. London: John Russell Smith, Soho-square. 1865.

WE hail with pleasure the third instalment of the edition of the Greek Testament, over which Dr. Tregelles has now for some years been employed—first, because the appearance of Part III. is a sign that the learned and laborious editor's health is re-established; secondly, because the continuation of his work is a valuable contribution to Biblical criticism; thirdly, because we may now look forward to the completion of this edition. Those only who have been engaged in similar works can be aware of the amount of time, labour, scholarship, and judgment required to carry through a work of this kind; and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge may well feel somewhat jealous that such an edition of the Greek Testament as that of Dr. Tregelles has not issued from one of their own body. Indeed, we have looked in vain through the three parts already printed —but as yet, we believe, issued only to the subscribers, not delivered into the hands of the public at large—to find where they have been printed. No intimation appears. But wherever they were printed, whether at London or Plymouth, the typography, the general arrangements, the whole appearance of the volumes would do credit to the University Press either at Oxford or Cambridge.

The work is a small quarto. The Greek text is in a handsome legible type, occupying the centre for rather more than the top half of the page; the left hand of the Greek being a wide margin, to be described hereafter, the right hand containing the text of Jerome's Vulgate. 'The version of Jerome is given 'from the Codex Amiatinus at Florence of the sixth century. 'The variations of the common or Clementine text (except those 'which relate to mere orthography) are noted at the foot of each 'page, as well as the errata of the Codex Amiatinus itself'

(Part I. Intr. Notice, p. v.). The left-hand margin is thus described:—

'At each opening of the book is given a conspectus of all the authorities employed in that particular portion; the notation of the MSS. according to the list given appearing on the first page, and the versions on the other.

'When a document breaks off in any part of the opening, it is enclosed in a parenthesis; thus (C) or (Theb.): when it is defective at the beginning of the two pages, but commences in some part of the opening, it is enclosed in brackets; thus [D], [Goth.].

'‡ after the notation of a MS. is sometimes employed to indicate that it is much mutilated in that part.

'§ with the notation of a MS. or version, as § Z, or § Theb., indicates that the document in question begins after a hiatus at the place in the text where the same mark occurs.

'¶ with the notation of a MS. or version, as ¶ D or ¶ b, indicates that such a document breaks off where such a mark is placed in the text.

'A reading given in the margin without any mark is an *alternative reading;* that is, one as to which the authorities are divided between what stands in the text and what is thus placed in the margin. These alternative readings may in some cases require a more detailed consideration; some additional ones may need to be specified, and more definite conclusions may at times be given.

'Words in brackets in the margin imply that they are somewhat doubtful.

'A reading bracketed in the text and marked "*om*" in the margin is exceedingly doubtful.

'A possible or not improbable addition is given in brackets in the margin.'—(Part III. Intr. Notice, pp. i. ii.).

The left-hand margin also gives references to other parts of the Old and New Testaments. In the Greek text the variations from the common text are marked by certain symbols, the notes specifying where the Elzevir edition of 1624 differs from the third edition of Robert Stephens, 1550.

Thus, then, when the book is opened, the two pages present to the eye the Greek text and the text of the Vulgate in parallel columns on each page, while the head of the left-hand margin exhibits in the one page the principal authorities in the Greek manuscripts; in the other the principal authorities from the versions for the text contained in the two pages.

In the lower part of each page (occupying from about a third to a half of the page) are the notes containing a list of the authorities for and against every various reading; each verse is numbered separately, and each word or passage wherein are various readings is noticed separately, so that not only can any one verse be readily singled out for examination, but the eye can at once light upon any one word or passage for which the authorities are required. Such an arrangement involves, of course, greater space, and consequently more expense; but its advantages will be appreciated by those who have had the

wearisome task of hunting out the authorities for a reading in the more compressed form given in Professor Tischendorf's valuable edition.

The above remarks apply to Parts I. and II. of Dr. Tregelles' edition, as well as to Part III., the more immediate object of our present remarks.

In this Part the Introductory Notice is but short, occupying not more than three entire pages; but for a fuller account of the documentary evidence on which the text of the Acts and of the Catholic Epistles rests, Dr. Tregelles refers his readers to the account given by him in Horne's 'Introduction,' vol. iv. The Acts and the Catholic Epistles are all that are contained in Part III. issued by Dr. Tregelles; and we presume that in due time the text of the Pauline Epistles and of the Revelation will appear to complete the work; and we heartily wish that Dr. Tregelles may have health and strength to carry through his great undertaking.

Under the brief notice of the Codex Vaticanus, Dr. Tregelles mentions that some important verifications of that MS. have been made from personal examination by Dean Alford and the Rev. E. C. Cure. Under the head of the Codex Sinaiticus, Dr. Tregelles states that he 'had the opportunity of examining the MS. 'and of making a collation of the Catholic Epistles, by the kind 'permission of Dr. Tischendorf.' The New Testament portion of that valuable MS. has been published in common type by Dr. Tischendorf, page for page and column for column, in addition to the imperial edition of the whole MS. printed at the expense of the Emperor of Russia; and besides, Dr. Tischendorf has also put forth an edition of the New Testament according to the Sinaitic MS. with the words divided, accents inserted, and divisions into chapters and verses.[1] These editions of the entire MS., together with the collations made by Volbeding and Gerhardts, by Mr. Hansell and by Mr. Scrivener, have made the Sinaitic text of the New Testament accessible to all. We may add, that all competent judges appear now to acquiesce in the genuineness of this document. Professor Tischendorf brought the Codex Friderico-Augustanus (an undoubted part of the MS.) to England in 1865, where it was exhibited at London, Oxford, and Cambridge; and no one could entertain a doubt that those venerable vellum leaves, inscribed with their beautiful simple characters, were a real article and no forgery. It may be added, that Simonides has been for some time silent, and as the *onus* of proving the Sinaitic MS. to be his own manufacture rests with him, we may reasonably infer that, in the absence of all proof, his bare assertions will simply go for nothing.

[1] See *Christian Remembrancer*, April 1866, pp. 390, 391.

Assuming, then, that the Codex Sinaiticus is a genuine affair ; assuming, also, that the MS. belongs to about the period (A.D. 340) assigned to it by its learned and fortunate discoverer, we at once discern what a remarkable place it must hold in helping to determine the actual text of the New Testament. And it is encouraging to note how often its readings confirm the previously-formed conclusions made by the critical editors—encouraging, because the results of criticism are thereby shown to have a solid ground. At the same time this ancient MS., while in many cases it confirms the conclusions drawn by criticism, will in other instances correct them; and doubtless there will be many passages in the Gospels wherein Dr. Tregelles will modify the judgment which he had previously formed. In the Acts and in all the remainder of the New Testament, Dr. Tregelles has had the advantage of consulting the Sinaitic MS. We shall be anxious to see what alterations he will make in his text of the three first Gospels and of S. John's Gospel down to the twentieth chapter inclusive. In the last (April) number of this Review, attention was called to the new edition (*i.e.* the eighth) of Professor Tischendorf, now in the course of publication; we have good ground for believing that he considers the discovery of the Codex Sinaiticus to form an era in Biblical criticism, and it will be interesting to trace, as the work proceeds, how far his present recension now going on of the sacred text, based on the additional evidence which the Codex Sinaiticus affords, will lead him back to the text of Stephens or of Elzevir, or tend to establish a distinct family of text.

Dr. Tregelles mentions the excellent edition of the Codex Bezæ published by Mr. Scrivener with an approbation which is no more than its due. As some account of this edition of the Cambridge treasure was given in a previous number of this Review, we need not now bestow much time upon it, but will pass on to the next great witness among uncial MSS. to the text of the Acts, known in the critical editions by the symbol E, and commonly cited as the Codex Laudianus of the Acts.

It is to be regretted that as yet no edition of this MS. has appeared executed in a style similar to that of Mr. Scrivener's edition of the Codex Bezæ. Hearne's so-called fac-simile edition is a scarce book; only 120 copies were printed, nor is it up to the requirements of the present day. There are inaccuracies, nor is the text printed page for page and column for column, although it is printed in capitals, and line for line.[1]

[1] It is much to be regretted that in the edition of ancient texts recently published at Oxford the editor should have fallen into the same blunder as Hearne as to the reading in Acts v. 24. What Hearne and the Oxford editor exhibit in the Greek text as μεν τε after εθαυμαζον is really *mente*, and belongs to the Lati

According to Mr. Scrivener (Introduction to the Criticism of the Greek Testament, &c., pp. 128, 129), the size of the Codex Laudianus is a moderate quarto, measuring nine inches by seven and a half; it has 226 leaves, each of which contains from 23 to 26 lines, more usually 25 lines. The characters are uncial, of full size and of rounded form, with larger letters both in the Greek and Latin columns projecting into the left-hand margin at the commencement of each of the Euthalian sections and elsewhere. The divisions of the MS. are marked by Roman numerals in the left-hand margin of the Latin version, which here, as in the Codex Bezæ, occupies the left-hand of the two columns into which each page is divided. This arrangement would seem to indicate that the West of Europe was its country. Ordinarily, there are no stops or breathings; but occasionally punctuation has been inserted between the Latin and Greek texts, especially where the one runs close up to the other; and the initial ι and υ are generally marked with a double dot over the letter (Ϊ Ϋ). The date is variously assigned to the end of the sixth century or the beginning of the seventh. The Latin version is peculiar, and corresponds with the Greek, 'even in its interpolations and recent various readings.'

At the end of the volume are some curious additions on the blank leaves: the Latin Creed is well known; another of these additions is an edict of Flavius Pancratius, *dux* of Sardinia, and it appears that imperial governors ruled in that island with that title from the reign of Justinian A.D. 534 to A.D. 749. The note runs thus: Φλ . . . Πανκρατιος συν Θ . . απο επαρχης δουξ Σαρδινιας δηλα ποιω τα υποτεταγμενα επειπερ θεοστυγεις και κρ . . The name of Gregory the deacon is mentioned in another note, which runs thus: Θεωτωκε βοηθη του δουλου σου Γρηγωριου διακονου και επιφανου υπατησης διαπαντος αμην. Eupaxia, a deaconess, offers up her prayer to the Mother of God as follows: Θεοτοκε βοηθει της δουλης σου Ευπαξιας διακονισης αμην: and similarly John with his brother Ammias. But who these individuals were we have no further means of knowing.

It is thought that the MS. may have been among the Greek volumes brought into England by Theodore of Tarsus, who became primate of England A.D. 668, and died 690. There is, however, no evidence for this, nor does it appear how the volume came originally into England. The similarity of many readings in the Codex Laudianus with those which occur in Bede's

text; the Latin version running (in this and in other instances) into the space properly belonging to the Greek text. For this, as for other errors, the editor has mainly laid himself open to the severe but not unmerited rebuke of Professor Schendorf.

'Retractationes in Acta Apostolorum,' gives some probability to the supposition that this very copy might have been in the hands of the venerable presbyter; but it is of course obvious that the peculiar readings in Bede might have been derived from a text similar to that which the Codex Laudianus exhibits.

It may, however, be worth while to present in some detail a conspectus of the instances in which peculiar readings cited by the venerable Bede agree with the text of the Codex Laudianus. Bede, in his preface to his 'Retractationes in Acta Apostolorum,' speaks thus as to the source of the readings which he cites: 'Inquo [libello] etiam quædam quæ in Græco sive aliter, seu plus 'aut minus posita vidimus, breviter commemorare curavimus. 'Quæ utrum negligentia interpretis omissa vel aliter dicta an 'incuria librariorum sint depravata sive relicta, nondum scire 'potuimus. Namque Græcum exemplar fuisse falsatum suspicari 'non audeo: unde Lectorem admoneo ut hæc ubicunque fecerimus 'gratia eruditionis legat non in suo tamen volumine velut 'emendatos interserat, nisi forte ea in Latino codice suæ editionis 'antiquitus sic interpretata repererit.'

Acts ii. 37. At the end of the verse Bede remarks, 'In græco habet plus: Monstrate nobis.' Similarly after *αδελφοι* there is added *υποδειξατε ημιν* in E: but the addition is also found (see the note of Dr. Tregelles) in D. Codex Toletanus. Syr. Hcl. mg. Augustine.

Acts iv. 8, 10. At the end of the verse, Bede says, 'In græco 'habet plus, Et seniores Israel audite. Similiter in sequentibus, 'ubi dictum est, In hoc iste astat coram vobis sanus: in græco 'habetur, Coram vobis sanus hodie, et in alio nullo." Here (v. 8), after *του Ισραηλ* E adds *ακουσατε* with Vulg. *Cl.* Syr. Pst. Cypr. In verse 10 E alone adds *σημερον* after *υμων* besides Bede's codex; and this instance tends strongly to identify the two. In the same verse E adds *και εν αλλω ουδενι* with only *Cod. Bed.* and Syr. Hcl. mg.

iv. 31. At the end of the verse Bede says, 'In græco habet additum: Omni volenti credere.' Here, after *παρρησιας*, is added *παντι τω θελοντι πιστευειν* in D E *Iren.* (et Gr.) 195.

iv. 32. After 'anima una,' Bede says, 'et hic in græcis 'exemplaribus, quod nostri codices non habent, adjunctum est, 'Et non erat separatio in eis ulla.' Here after *ψυχη μια* E adds *και ουκ ην χωρισμος εν αυτοις τις*: D adds *και ουκ ην διακρισις εν αυτοις ουδεμια*, and similarly Cyprian.

v. 17. Bede says, 'Hæc lectio in græco ita incipit respiciens ad priora, Et videns hæc exurgens princeps sacerdotum.' E alone reads with Bede, *και ταυτα βλεπων αναστας*.

In v. 24, after *αρχιερεις* E alone with Bede adds *εθαυμαζον και*.

v. 30. Bede has, 'In græco habet Puerum suum Jesum.' After ηγειρεν E alone adds παιδα αυτου.

v. 38. Bede: 'In græco plus habetur, Non coinquinantes manus vestras:' after αυτους E adds μη μολυνοντες τας χειρας υμων. D has μη μιαναντες τας χειρας.

v. 39. Bede: 'Et in græco hic plus habet: Neque vos neque principes vestri.' After καταλυσαι αυτους E adds, ουτε υμεις ουτε οι αρχοντες υμων. The note of Dr. Tregelles also cites ουτε υμεις ουτε βασιλεις ουτε τυραννοι· απεχεσθαι ουν απο των ανθρωπων τουτων D. Syr. Hcl.* neque vos neque principes viri. Abstinete ergo vos ab eis. Cod. Lat. (ap. Matth.).

vi. 8. Bede: 'In græco habetur additum, In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi.' After λαω E adds, εν τω ονοματι του κυριου Ιησου Χριστου. D with two other authorities adds, δια του ονοματος κυριου Ιησου Χριστου.

vi. 10. Bede: 'In græco habetur plus: Et non poterant 'resistere sapientiæ, quæ erat in eo, et spiritui sancto qui loque-'batur: propter quod redarguarentur ab eo cum omni fiducia.' After σοφια E and D add, τη ουση εν αυτω; after πνευματι the same two MSS. add, τω αγιω; and after ελαλει E adds, διοτι ηλεγχοντο υπ αυτου μετα πασης παρρησιας επιδη ουκ ηδυναντο αντιλεγειν τη αληθεια.

vii. 1. Bede: 'In græco additum est, Stephano.' After αρχιερευς add, τω Στεφανω. D E. *Tol.*

vii. 16. Bede: 'In græco habetur, Pater noster Abraham.' After Αβρααμ E adds, ο πατηρ ημων.

vii. 17. '*Quam confessus erat Deus Abrahæ.* Melius habetur in græco: Quam pollicitus erat Deus Abrahæ.' In this verse for ωμοσεν (text of Stephens and of Elzevir) A B C have ωμολογησεν ℵ ομολ.; while D E *Tol.* read επηγγειλατο.

vii. 31, 32. Bede: 'In græco ita scriptum est. Facta est vox de cælo dicens ad eum, Ego sum Deus, &c.' Here, in verse 31, for φωνη κυριου E has φωνη εκ του ουρανου λεγουσα; and in verse 32 after εγω E Vulg. *Cl.* Arm. add: ειμη (= ειμι).

x. 41. Bede: 'In græco additum est, Per dies quadraginta.' After νεκρων E (Syr. Hcl.*) Æth. add δι ημερων τεσσαρακοντα while D. Theb. add ημερασμ.

xiii. 6. Bede: 'In græco habet plus, Quod interpretatur Elimas.' Here, after Βαριησους E adds, ο μεθερμηνευεται Ελυμας, while in *Lucif.* and a cursive MS. (209) the reading is 'quod interpretatur Paratus.'

xiii. 8. Bede: 'Et hic quoque in græco habet plus, Quoniam audiebat libenter eos.' Here at the end of the verse E adds, οτι ηδεως αυτων ηκουεν, while D.* Syr. Hcl.* add, επιδη ηδιστα ηκουεν αυτων.

xiii. 25. Bede: 'In græco plenius legitur, Non sum ego Christus.' Here after εγω E *Tol.* add ο Χριστος.

xiii. 26. Bede: 'In græco additum, Audite.' Here after θεον E alone adds, ακουσατε.

xiii. 43. Bede: 'Hinc in græco sequitur uersus, quem nostri 'codices non habent: Factum est autem per uniuersam ciuitatem 'diffamari uerbum.' Here E adds εγενετο δε κατα πασαν πολιν φημισθηναι τον λογον; while D. Syr. Hcl. mg. read εγενετο δε καθ ολης της πολεως διελθειν τον λογον του θεου.

xv. 26. Bede: 'In græco additum, In omnem tentationem.' Here after Χριστου E adds, εις παντα πειρασμον with D. Syr. Hcl. mg.

xvii. 6. Bede: 'In græco scriptum est, Et quosdam alios fratres.' Here after τινας E alone adds αλλους.

xviii. 28. Bede: 'In græco ita scriptum est, Publice et per domos ostendens.' Here after δημοσια E alone adds και κατ οικον.

xxi. 25. Bede: 'In græco habet distinctius: De his autem qui crediderunt hominibus nos scripsimus, &c.' Here for εθνων E alone has ανθρωπων.

xxii. 7. Bede: 'In græco et in hoc loco additum est: Durum est tibi contra stimulum calcitrare.' Here E adds, σκληρον σοι προς κεντρα λακτιζειν with Demid. Syr. Hcl. mg.

We have given these quotations from Bede *in extenso*, in order that the reader may have the evidence fully before him; it will be at once seen that while in some variations from the current text the MS. to which Bede had access is supported by the Codex Laudianus and by that alone, in other instances the variations are supported also by the Codex Bezæ and the Harclean Syriac with occasionally other authorities. But it is not a little remarkable that the MS. to which Bede appeals is invariably described by him as a Greek MS., and that he is silent about the Latin version which must have stared him full in the face every time he consulted the MS. On the other hand, Bede's citations for the most part agree with the Latin Version (e) of the Codex Laudianus. Sometimes Bede varies the order of the words or corrects the faulty grammar, as in iv. 10; e reads *Coram vos odie sanus* (σημερον υγιης); Bede has *Coram vobis sanus hodie.* In v. 17, e has *hæc uidens exsurgens:* Bede has *videns hæc exurgens.* But leaving these minor variations, the passages where Bede's citations depart most from the Latin Version are in v. 24, where e has *mirari coeperunt et confundebantur mente de is quinam uult esse hoc;* Bede has *mirabantur, et ambiebant de illis quidnam vult hoc esse.* In v. 39, e has *neque uos neque magistratus uestri;* Bede has *neque vos neque principes vestri.* In vi. 10, e has *poterat,* Bede *poterant;* e has spiritu

Bede *spiritui.* In vii. 17, e has *quod pollicitus erat*, Bede *quam poll. erat.* In vii. 31, e has *uox ex caelo*, Bede *vox de caelo.* In xviii. 28, e has *in domo*, Bede *per domos.* In xxi. 25, e has *de his autem qui crediderunt homines nos destinauimus* (επεστιλαμεν): Bede has *De his autem qui crediderunt hominibus nos scripsimus.* From these instances it is clear that whatever use Bede might have made of the Latin Version in the Codex Laudianus, he did not consider himself bound to follow its readings, and that Wetstein is not quite accurate when he says (speaking of Bede), 'Vocat eum [codicem] Græcum, licet nonnisi Latinam Versionem Textui Græco adjacentem producat.'

Was the Greek text in the Cod. Laud. a rendering from the Latin, or the Latin from the Greek? Wetstein, in speaking of the additions to the common text which this MS. has, remarks: 'Plurimæ illæ additiones huic Codici cum sola Italica communes, 'ita tamen, ut non Latina ex Græcis, sed Græca ex Latinis 'præpostere formata sint.' But the first passage quoted in support of this view seems hardly to bear it out. In iv. 32, after *μια* E adds, *και ουκ ην χωρισμος εν αυτοις τις*, for which e has *et non erat separatio in eis ulla;* but this last might as well have been rendered from the Greek, as the Greek from it. The same remark applies to x. 41, where after *νεκρων* E adds, *δι ημερων τεσσαρακοντα*, corresponding to which e has *per dies quadraginta.* In xiii. 8, there is a clear indication of the Latin Version being made from the Greek, for the Greek adds at the end of the verse, *οτι ηδεως αυτων ηκουεν*, corresponding to which the Latin text has *quoniam libenter eorum audiebat.* It is plain that, had the Greek been translated closely from the Latin, we should have *αυτους* corresponding to *eos*, not *αυτων* corresponding to *eorum.* The addition in xiii. 43 proves nothing, either way; the Greek adds *εγενετο δε κατα πασαν πολιν φημισθηναι τον λογον*: the Latin has *Factum est autem per universam ciuitatem diffamari uerbum.* Moreover the following passages seem to prove that the Latin translation was made from the Greek and not *vice versâ.* v. 28, *πεπληρωκατε τηνιλημ της διδαχης ὑμων*: *replestis hierusalem doctrinae vestrae.* vi. 11, *ακηκοαμεν αυτου λαλουντας ρηματα βλασφημα*: *audiuimus eo loquente uerba blasfema;* where it would seem that *αυτου λαλουντας* (error for *λαλουντος*) was taken for the genitive absolute. xii. 18, *τι αρα ο πετρος εγενετο*: *quidnam petrus factus est.* xiii. 8, *ουτως γαρ ερηνευεται τα ονομα αυτου*: *sic enim interpraetatur nomen eius.* xiii. 43, *επειθον αυτους προσμενειν τη χαριτι του θυ*; *suadebant eos ut permanerent gratiam dei.* xiv. 9, *προς ον ατενισας ο παυλος και ειδων οτι πιστιν εχει του σωθηναι*: *ad quem intuitus paulus et uidens quoniam fidem habet ut saluus fieret.* xv. 18, *γνωστα απ αιωνος εστιν τω θω*

παντα τα εργα αυτου: *nota a saeculo est Deo omnia opera eius.* xvi. 5, αι μεν ουν εκκλεσιαι εστερεουντο τη πιστει: *ecclesiæ quidem confirmabantur fidei.* xvi. 7, και ουκ ειασεν αυτους το τινα ιυ: *et non permisit eos spiritum hiesu.* xvi. 17, αυτη κατακολουθησασα τω παυλω και ημιν: *hæc subsecuta paulo et nobis.* xvi. 25, παυλος και σιλας προσευχομενοι ὑμνουν τον θν̄: *paulus et silas adorantes hymnum canebant deum.* xvii. 16, θεωρουντος κατἰδωλον ουσα την πολιν: *aspicientis circa simulacrum esse ciuitatem.* xviii. 10, και ουδεις επειθησεται του κακωσαι σε: *et nemo apponetur ut noceat te.* xviii. 26, ουτος τε ηρξατο παρρησιαζεσθαι εν τη συναγωγη ακουσαντες δε αυτου πρισκιλλα και ακυλας προσελαβοντο αυτον: *hic ergo coepit fiducialiter agere in svnagoga audientes autem ipsius priscilla et aculas.* xix. 40, περι της συστροφης ταυτης, *de congregationis istius.*

These instances, with others, which Woide has collected, seem to make it clear that the Latin Version in this manuscript was made from the Greek. To these may be added the fact that, in xix. 36, there occur three whole lines in the Greek without any Latin corresponding to them at all, a blank space being left in the left-hand column, as thus, fo. 168, b:—

dianae	αρτεμιδος
et iou iseprolis	και του διοπετους
	αναντιρρητων οῡ
	οντων
	τουτων
oportet	δεον εστιν
&c.	κ. τ. λ.

Moreover the Latin is often very faulty, which we should hardly expect if that had been the original version in this manuscript: *magis* for *magiis*, in viii. 7; *eretum* for *rectum*, in viii. 21; *remittur* for *remittitur*, in viii. 22; *magnicantes* for *magnificantes*, in x. 46, may possibly be mere clerical errors. But this can hardly be affirmed of *loquerentes*, xi. 19; *per manibus*, in i. 42; *Spiritum autem sanctum*, in v. 32, as a nominative case. *Spiritus sanctum*, in viii. 18; *coram tondentem*, in viii. 32; *de omni expectationis*, in xi. 11; *populum autem succlamabat*, in xi. 22; *Paulum autem et Barnabas morabantur*, in xiv. 7; *eum mortuam esse*, in xiv. 19; *tabernaculum quo cecidit*, in xv. 16; *placuit Sancto Spiritu*, in xv. 28; *per verbo multo*, in xv. 30. On these and other grounds Woide contends strenuously against the notion that the Greek text in the Codex Laudianus was a translation from the Latin. The history of the MS. seems veiled in obscurity. All that is really *known* about it is that it was given by Archbishop Laud, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to the Bodleian Library in 1636, as appears from an inscription on the first page in the MS., but how or from whence the MS. came into the Archbishop's possession does not appear. It was first collated for the

Oxford Edition of the Greek Testament in 1675; then by Mill for his edition in 1707, and edited in capital letters by Hearne in 1715; of this last there were only 120 copies printed: these (we are quaintly informed in the advertisement to the work) 'are sold (sticht) by the publisher, at Edmund Hall, in Oxford.' Hearne gives in his edition a fac-simile page, the letters of the Latin and Greek alphabets, and the Latin creed added at the end of the MS. also in fac-simile. But Hearne's edition is hardly commensurate with the requirements of the present day: it certainly has errors, some of them grave ones; and it is scarce. We have therefore dwelt the longer upon this valuable and interesting manuscript, in the hope that the authorities at the Bodleian Library, and at the Oxford University Press, will take speedy measures for editing the work, page for page, line for line, letter for letter. Mr. Scrivener, in his edition of the Codex Bezæ, has set an excellent example how such a work should be performed, in a way that will satisfy the most accurate scholar and palæographist, while, at the same time, his volume is published at a reasonable cost.

Among other ancient sources for the text of the Acts mentioned by Dr. Tregelles, are the Fragmenta Palimpsesta Tischendorfiana, now at St. Petersburg; but in the Acts these fragments contain only a few small portions.

Of the later uncials, 'The only MS. to be specified under this 'head is a palimpsest, which Tischendorf met with in the pos-'session of the Russian Archimandrite Porfiri. . . . It contains 'the Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypse; it appears to belong to the 'ninth century.' (Int. p. iii.) The text has not yet been published, but a few readings have been sent by Prof. Tischendorf to Dr. Tregelles.

Among the important MSS. in cursive letters, is mentioned the Codex Tischendorfii Actorum, numbered 20,003 in the British Museum. The MS. has been collated by Mr. Scrivener and Dr. Tregelles.

With regard to the text exhibited by Dr. Tregelles after his laborious and careful investigations, we observe that, in Acts i. 14, he omits *και τη δεησει* with Lachmann and Tischendorf (ed. 7ª). i. 24, 25, he agrees with the same two editors in reading *αναδειξον ον εξελεξω εκ τουτων των δυο ενα λαβειν τον τοπον της διακονιας ταυτης και αποστολης αφ ης παρεβη, κ.τ.λ.* ii. 1, *ησαν παντες ομου*, with Ln. Tf. ii. 13, *διαχλευαζοντες ελεγον*, with Ln. Tf. ii. 23, *λαβοντες* is omitted, and *δια χειρος ανομων* is given: so Ln. Tf. ii. 30, *το κατα σαρκα αναστησειν τον Χριστον* is omitted: so Ln. Tf. ii. 31, *η ψυχη αυτου* is omitted: so Ln. Tf. ii. 47, Dr. Tregelles, with Lachmann, omits *τη εκκλησια*, and joins with the end of c. ii. the *επι το αυτο* (written in three

words, not all in one, as in Stephens), which is the commencement of chapter iii. in the common text. Tischendorf (ed. 7) retains the common text: but as the Codex Sinaiticus omits *τη εκκλησια* and joins *επι το αυτο* with *καθ ημεραν*, it is probable that his revised text will agree with that of Lachmann and Tregelles. iii. 20, *προκεχειρισμενον* is exhibited for *προκεκηρυγμενον* by Ln. Tf. Ts. iv. 6, *Ανναϛ ο αρχιερευϛ και Καιαφαϛ και Ιωαννηϛ και Αλεξανδροϛ*, in the nominative instead of in the accusative case: so too Lachmann and the Cod. Sin. iv. 22, Ln. Tf. Ts. have the form *γεγονει*, but are not here supported by the Cod. Sin. iv. 25, Tregelles with Ln. reads *ο του πατροϛ ημων δια πνευματοϛ αγιου στοματοϛ*. iv. 27, after *αληθειαϛ* Tregelles, with Ln. Tf., adds *εν τη πολει ταυτη*. iv. 31, all three editors give *του αγιου πνευματοϛ*. v. 36, all three give *ω προσεκλιθη ανδρων αριθμοϛ ωϛ τετρακοσιων*. vi. 3, all three omit *αγιου* after *πνευματοϛ*. vi. 8, all three read *χαριτοϛ* for *πιστεωϛ*. vii. 3, all three add *την* before *γην*. vii. 26, Tregelles, with Lachmann and the Cod. Sin., reads *συνηλλασσεν* for *συνηλασεν*. It is generally agreed that viii. 37 is an interpolation in the sacred text: and the conclusion, which had been formed on critical grounds, is confirmed by the testimony of the Cod. Sin. In fact the Cod. Laud. is the only uncial Greek MS. which has the passage, where it occurs with variations from the text of Stephens. Similarly, in ix. 5, 6, the words from *σκληρον σοι* to *κυριοϛ προϛ αυτον* are now omitted: on this passage Tregelles quotes from Griesbach, 'Codices Græci quantum scimus nulli.' ix. 31, for *αι . . . εκκλησιαι* Tregelles with Ln. Tf. gives *η εκκλησια*, followed by *ειχεν . . . οικοδομουμενη . . . πορευομενη . . . επληθυνετο*. x. 6, the words *ουτοϛ λαλησει σοι τι σε δει ποιειν* are now regarded as an interpolation, there being no authority for the words in any uncial Greek MS. Nearly the same may be said of the words *τουϛ απεσταλμενουϛ απο του κορνηλιου προϛ αυτον*, which are found in one uncial MS. only (Codex Mutinensis of the Acts), and with some variations from the common text. x. 32, the words *οϛ παραγενομενοϛ λαλησει σοι* are omitted by Tregelles and Lachmann: Tischendorf (ed. 7) retained them, but with the evidence of the Cod. Sin. against them, he will perhaps eliminate them from his new text. In the much controverted verse, xi. 20, *ελληνιϛταϛ* is now replaced by *ελληναϛ*: but the uncial authorities are divided. B D^2 E H L have the common reading: A D^1 have *ελληναϛ*. The Cod. Sin. had at first *ευαγγελιϛταϛ*, but this was afterwards corrected to *ελληναϛ*. xiii. 18, Dr. Tregelles retains the common reading *ετροποφορησεν* with B ℵ C^2 D. Lachmann and Tischendorf (ed. 7) have *ετροφοφορησεν*. xiii. 19, 20, an important change is made, by transposing some of the words, and altering the punctuation.

The effect of the transposition will be best seen by exhibiting the common and the altered texts in parallel columns.

Common Text.	Dr. Tregelles.
19. *καὶ καθελὼν ἔθνη ἑπτὰ ἐν γῇ Χαναάν, κατεκληροδότησεν αὐτοῖς τὴν γῆν αὐτῶν.*	19. *καὶ καθελὼν ἔθνη ἑπτὰ ἐν γῇ Χαναὰν κατεκληρονόμησεν τὴν γὴν αὐτῶν.*
20. *καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα, ὡς ἔτεσι τετρακοσίοις καὶ πεντήκοντα, ἔδωκε κριτὰς ἕως Σαμουὴλ τοῦ προφήτου·*	20. *ὡς ἔτεσιν τετρακοσίοις καὶ πεντήκοντα· καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα ἔδωκεν κριτὰς ἕως Σαμουὴλ προφήτου·*

Thus the words *ὡς ἔτ. τετρ. κ. πεντήκ.* are made to refer to the statement contained in the 19th verse, instead of being coupled with the words *ἔδωκε κριτάς, κ.τ.λ.* Lachmann makes the same transposition, and it is supported by A B ℵ C.

xiii. 33, Tregelles with Ln. Tf. has *πρωτω* for *δευτερω*: yet it is to be remarked that D is the only Greek uncial which has *πρωτω*, while *δευτερω* is found in A B ℵ C E H L. xv. 17 fin. and 18, Tregelles reads, with ℵ[1], *λέγει κύριος ποιῶν ταῦτα γνωστὰ ἀπ' αἰῶνος.* With this agrees the text of Tischendorf, except that he retains *ὁ* before *ποιῶν*. xv. 24, Tregelles, with Ln. Tf., omits *λεγοντες περιτεμνεσθαι και τηρειν τον νομον.* xv. 34 is also omitted by all three. xvi. 13, Tregelles reads with Ln. *οὐ ἐνομιζομεν προσευχην ειναι.* xviii. 17, Tregelles, with Ln. Tf., omits *οι ελληνες.* In xviii. 21, a considerable omission is made, besides other alterations; the revised text standing thus: *ἀλλὰ ἀποταξάμενος καὶ εἰπών, Πάλιν ἀνακάμψω πρὸς ὑμᾶς τοῦ θεοῦ θέλοντος, ἀνήχθη ἀπὸ τῆς Ἐφέσου.* In this alteration Lachmann and Tischendorf agree. Acts xx. 28, all three editors agree in reading *ποιμαίνειν τὴν ἐκκλησίαν τοῦ κυρίου, ἣν περιεποιήσατο διὰ τοῦ* (printed by mistake *τοὺ* in Tregelles) *αἵματος τοῦ ἰδίου.* xxi. 15, all three give *επισκευασαμενοι.*

In xxiv. all three agree in omitting a passage of some length, from *και κατα* in v. 6 to *ερχεσθαι επισε* in v. 8.

xxiv. 18, Tf. reads *εν αις* with Ln. and ℵ. 23, all three editors omit *η προσερχεσθαι.* 26, all three omit *οπως λυση αυτον.* xxv. 7, all three read *αιτιωματα καταφεροντες*, and omit *κατα του Παυλου.* 16, all three omit *εις απωλειαν.* xxvi. 29, all three read *και εν ολιγω και εν μεγαλω*, and in 30 omit *και ταυτα ειποντος αυτου*, adding *τε* after *ανεστη.* xxvii. 41, Lachmann and Tischendorf omit, Tregelles brackets, *των κυματων.* xxviii. 16, all three editors omit *ο εκατονταρχος παρεδωκε τους δεσμιους τω στρατοπεδαρχη*, and read *επετραπη τω Παυλω* after *Ρωμην.* All three omit v. 29.

We do not propose to investigate the changes which recent criticism has made in the text of the Catholic Epistles. Enough has been brought forward to show that the text of the Acts in

common use admits of very considerable revision. The three editors whom we have had occasion so frequently to name have laboured independently of each other, and each according to his own principles: where the three are consentient, there can be little doubt that the reading which they unite in adopting is the true one: the evidence of the Codex Sinaiticus comes in as a most important evidence; and two of the editors are still alive to profit by its readings: we hope, therefore, that the time is not far distant when a recension of the Greek text may be made, and a real Textus Receptus formed which may be made available to all who can read Greek. Meanwhile we express our obligations to Dr. Tregelles for his conscientious labours, and thank him most sincerely for exhibiting, in so clear and complete a form, the evidence *pro* and *contra* in every passage where the readings vary.

From the fountain-heads of the Greek text we now turn to those of our own venerable version, and heartily welcome the appearance of the volume which Professor Bosworth, assisted by Mr. Waring, has brought out with so much care and ability. It is remarkable that both these gentlemen belong to both of our Universities, having been transplanted from Cambridge to Oxford, and we the rather wonder why their work was not published with some University sanction: it was printed, however, at Oxford, and does credit to the printers to the University. The fac-similes facing the title-page are beautifully executed: the work itself exhibits the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon Gospels in parallel columns, with the versions of Wycliffe and Tyndale, the Gothic occupying the first column on the left-hand page, the Anglo-Saxon occupying the second, while facing them, on the right-hand page, we find the version of Wycliffe, then that of Tyndale.

A short account of each of these versions will not be out of place; and the valuable Preface furnishes us with some well-arranged information.

It is truly observed in the Preface, p. ii. that 'these versions, 'extending from A.D. 360 to 1526, are not only of great value to divines, but deeply interesting to the philologist, who is here 'supplied with ample specimens of the earliest German, and of 'the Anglo-Saxon, as well as early English. . . . The English 'philologist will now be able to trace many words and phrases 'from the present time, 1865, to the translation of Tyndale in '1526, of Wycliffe in 1389, of the Saxon about 995, and of the 'Gothic about 360, a space of more than 1500 years.'

First, in order of time—first, too, in importance—is the Gothic translation of the Gospels made by Ulphilas. Ulphilas, a

native of Dacia, was born A.D. 318, seven years before the Council of Nice, and was at the earliest age (30) consecrated Bishop of the Goths in A.D. 348. It was a proverb among his countrymen, 'Whatever is done by Ulphilas is well done.' Conversant with Latin, Greek, and Gothic, he determined to translate into Gothic, for the benefit of his countrymen, the New Testament from the original Greek, and part of the Old from the Septuagint. It is thought that he had completed the translation before A.D. 360. He was Bishop for forty years, and died A.D. 388, at Constantinople.

Ulphilas has been claimed by the Arians, but Professor Bosworth remarks: 'We are certain of this; that, so far as the translation of Ulphilas has been recovered, there is not a trace of Arianism to be found. On the contrary, in passages clearly unfavourable to the doctrine of Arius, Ulphilas has honestly and plainly given the literal meaning of the Greek. The chief point in which we are now concerned, is this, that those who read the Gothic version of Ulphilas are not likely to be led into error, as it is a faithful representation of the Greek. This was the opinion of the learned Junius and Dr. Marshall, the first editors of the Gothic Gospels, and of Cardinal Mai, and the great body of learned men in the past ages, as well as the present.' (Pref. p. iv.)

Professor Bosworth gives some very interesting particulars relating to the celebrated Codex Argenteus, but it will be sufficient to quote the following passage:—'The Codex Argenteus, containing fragments of the Four Gospels, is supposed to be the work of Italians in their own country at the close of the fifth century, or the beginning of the sixth. The only MS. in exactly the same style of writing, is the celebrated Gallican Psalter, now in the Abbey of St. Germain des Près. It is of the sixth century, and is said to have belonged to St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, who died May 28, 576. The vellum is stained of a purple velvet colour, and the writing is in silver letters, and a few particular words in gold. This description would serve for the Codex Argenteus, the vellum of which, however, is purple, exactly as in our fac-simile, of a reddish, rather than of a violet tint.

'The Codex Argenteus was preserved for many centuries in the monastery of Werden, on the river Rhur, in Westphalia. In the 17th century it was transmitted for safety to Prague; but, Count Königsmarck taking that city in 1648, the Codex Argenteus came into the possession of the Swedes, who deposited it in the Library at Stockholm. Vossius, in 1655, when visiting Sweden, became possessed of it, and brought it to Holland. Puffendorf, as he travelled through Holland in 1662, found it

'in the custody of Vossius, and purchased it for Count de la 'Gardie; who, after having it bound in silver, presented it to 'the Royal Library at Uppsala, where it is still preserved.' (Pref. p. vii.)

The Gothic version by Ulphilas takes its place among the ancient versions which help in determining the text of the Greek Testament. A beautiful fac-simile of a short passage from the Codex Argenteus is given in Professor Bosworth's work: the ground is a light purple: the top and bottom lines are in gold letters; the five lines intervening, and the notes in the margin, are in silver letters. The Gothic text in Prof. Bosworth's work is based upon Dr. Uppström's edition of the Codex Argenteus published at Upsal, 1854—1857.

The next fountain-head of our English translation is the Anglo-Saxon version, and here we again encounter our venerable friend, Bede, whose name has been already so often mentioned in this article. It appears 'that among the many books sent by Gregory 'the Great to Augustine, two copies of the Gospels in Latin, of 'the same size, and written in the same Roman uncials, are now 'extant.' Of these one is now in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; the other is in the Bodleian. 'This Oxford 'Codex appears, from its history, as well as from its internal 'evidence, to have been the original from which numerous copies 'were made and spread over England, as far north as the resi-'dence of Bede in the Monastery of Wearmouth, Durham. The 'internal evidence is this, that all the Anglo-Saxon MSS. have 'the large interpolation given in the note upon Matt. xx. 28, 'with others which will shortly be mentioned.' The MS. of the 'Gospels sent by Gregory the Great, is not the Vulgate, but the 'old Latin version, the Vetus Italica, in constant use till the 'time of Jerome, who, guided by it, finished his Vulgate trans-'lation of the Gospels in A.D. 384. . . . We may cite one or 'two examples more in proof that the Anglo-Saxon was from 'the Vetus Italica, and not from the Vulgate of Jerome. In St. 'Matt. xxvii. 32, the Vulgate has "Invenerunt hominem Cyre-'næum," and omits "venientem obviam illis." The Anglo-Saxon 'is word for word from the Vetus Italica, as will be seen below. 'In this instance the Anglo-Saxon was evidently translated 'from the Vetus Italica.

'Invenerunt hominem Cyrenæum, venientem obviam illis.—'*Vet. Ital.*

'Dá gemétton hig cénne Cyreniscne man, cumende heom to-'génes.—*Ang-Sax.*

'A clause is also omitted in the Vulgate of St. Matt. xxiv. 41, 'when it is both in the Vetus Italica and Anglo-Saxon. "Duo 'in lecto, unus assumetur, et unus relinquetur."—Vet. Ital. . . .

'Sometimes a word is different in the Vulgate and the Italic 'Version, and the Anglo-Saxon then follows the Italic, as in St. 'Luke xv. 8:

'"Et *evertit* domum."—*Vet. Ital.*

'"And áwent hyre hús."—*Ang. Sax.*

'"Et *everrit* domum."—*Vulg.*

'The Vetus Italica sometimes omits a whole verse, and the 'same omission is observed in the Codex Augustinius, and in 'the Anglo-Saxon, when it is contained in the Vulgate, as in St. 'Matt. xxiii. 14.' (Pref. pp. x. xi.)

So much, then, for the Latin Version, from which the Anglo-Saxon was made. But when this last was made, or who made it, we have no means of determining. Cuthbert states that Bede was finishing his translation of S. John's Gospel immediately before his death, on the 27th of May, 735. But 'we 'have no satisfactory evidence to prove that this was the first 'translation of the Gospels, nor that Bede's version has come 'down to us' (p. xii.). The text, however, of the Anglo-Saxon version rests on fair documentary evidence. The MSS. are: I. A MS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, of the date between A.D. 990 and 1030. II. A MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, written about the time of the Norman Conquest. III. The remains of a fine MS. written on vellum before the Norman Conquest, and now in the Cotton Library, British Museum. 'St. Luke is nearly complete, and occupies 'fol. 39—93. St. John fills fol. 95—135, and is nearly perfect, 'especially in the latter part.' (Pref. p. xv.) IV. The Hatton MS. in the Bodleian, written about the time of Henry II. V. A MS. in the Royal Library, British Museum; 'the writing 'is somewhat earlier in date and less regular than the Hatton.' 'This Royal MS. belonged to St. Augustine's Abbey, Can-'terbury. It was also in possession of Thomas Cranmer, Arch-'bishop of Canterbury, whose name is written on the upper 'margin of the first leaf.' (Pref. p. xv.) VI. A MS. in the Bodleian, written before the Norman Conquest, and closely allied to MSS. I. II. III. VII. 'The Latin of the Lindisfarne 'Gospels, or the Durham Book, is said to have been written 'A.D. 687, by Eadfrith, a monk, and the interlinear and verbal 'Anglo-Saxon Gloss. by Aldred, a priest, between 946 and 968.' The MS. is one of the finest, and is in the British Museum. (Pref. p. xvi.) VIII. 'The Latin of the Rushworth Gospels 'appears to be written about the end of the 7th century, and 'the interlinear and verbal Anglo-Saxon Gloss. of the 10th.' The MS. is in the Bodleian.

The Anglo-Saxon text in Prof. Bosworth's works is taken from MS. I., while his notes give various readings, chiefly from MS.

II. Fac-similes of these two Anglo-Saxon MSS. face the title-page. 'One peculiar feature of the Anglo-Saxon version may be noticed 'before we speak of the next translation. Those terms which 'are adopted in other versions from the Hebrew, Greek, and 'Latin, are generally translated by indigenous Anglo-Saxon 'compounds, so descriptive as to be intelligible to every reader. 'For Centurion, they used hundred-man, similar to the Lat. 'Centurio:—Disciple, leorning-cniht, *a learning youth*:—Dropsy; 'a man with the dropsy was called wæter-seoc-man;—Parable, 'bigspel, *a near example*:—Repentance, dǽd-bót, an amends-'deed:—Resurrection, ǽrist, a rising again:—Sabbath, reste-dæg, '*a day of rest*:—Scribe, bóc-ere, bóc-wer, *a book-man*:—Syna-'gogue, gesamnung, *a congregation*:—Treasury, gold-hórd, *gold-'hoard*.' (Pref. p. xvii.) One may regret that some of these vigorous native compounds have not been retained and naturalized in the Authorized Version.

Wycliffe's translation was made from the Latin Vulgate, and in this work he was occupied till the day of his death, Dec. 31, 1384. His translation has been recently published at Oxford, at the University Press, 1850, having been edited by the late Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederick Madden. On this work Prof. Boswell remarks: 'This is one of the best, most laborious, 'and accurate editions of any early English author I have ever 'seen. The editors have examined and described 170 MSS. 'and selected and most carefully printed two of the best in 'parallel columns, the first written before 1390, and the second 'before 1420. The Prologues and every available and de-'sirable information have been given. A very excellent and 'ample Glossary is appended to the fourth volume.' (Pref. p. xxii.)

The text of Wycliffe's Gospels, exhibited in Prof. Bosworth's work, 'is founded upon the first version given in the 'Oxford edition of 1850, collated with the original MS. in the 'Bodleian, No. 369 of the Douce collection.' (Pref. p. xxii.) A fac-simile of this MS. is given in the plate facing the title.

A few specimens from this, the earliest English translation of the Bible, may not be out of place; they are taken from S. John's Gospel.

'i. 1. In the bigynnynge was the word, and the word was at God, and God was the word.

'i. 11. He cam in to his owne thingis (εἰς τὰ ἴδια), and hise (οἱ ἴδιοι) receyueden not him.

'i. 23. He seith, I a vois of the crying in desert, Diesse ȝe the wey of the Lord.

'ii. 3. And wyn faylinge (καὶ ὑστερήσαντος οἴνου).

'ii. 4. What to me and to thee?

'ii. 11. And his disciplis bileueden in to him (*ἐπίστευσαν εἰς αὐτόν*).

'ii. 15. And he schedde out the moneye of chaungeris.

'iii. 23. For many watris were there (*ὕδατα πολλά*).

'iv. 29. Wher he is Crist?

'iv. 46. And sum litil king was (*βασιλικός*).

'iv. 50. The man bileuede to the word.

'iv. 52. Therfore he axide of them the our, in whiche he hadde betere (*κομψότερον ἔσχε*).

'v. 35. Sothli he was a lanterne brennynge and schynynge.

'vi. 13. Twelue coffyns (*κοφίνους*).

'vi. 32. Verri breed (*ἀληθινόν*).

'viii. 58. Bifore that Abraham was maad, I am (*πρὶν Ἀβραὰμ γενέσθαι ἐγὼ εἰμί*).

'ix. 8. For he was a beggere (*ὅτι προσαίτης ἦν*, the reading of Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and Codex Sinaiticus).

'x. 1. Is nyȝt thef and day thef.

'xii. 7. Suffre ȝe hir, that in to the day of my birying sche kepe that (*Ἄφες αὐτήν, ἵνα εἰς τὴν ἡμέραν τοῦ ἐνταφιασμοῦ μου τηρήσῃ αὐτό*, according to the text of Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and Codex Sinaiticus).

'xv. 1. I am a verri vyne, and my fadir is an erthe tilier (*ἀληθινή—γεωργός*).'

With regard to Tyndale's translation, Dr. Bosworth says in his notes, 'Our text of Tyndale's version is taken *verbatim* from 'the very exact and beautiful fac-simile published with the fol-'lowing title, "The first New Testament printed in the English 'language [1525 or 1526], translated from the Greek by Wil-'liam Tyndale: reproduced in Fac-simile, with an Introduction 'by Francis Fry, F.S.A. Bristol: printed for the Editor, 1862." 'This fac-simile is a perfect representation of the earliest and most 'complete copy of Tyndale's version known to exist. It was 'printed by Peter Schöffer, at the free city (frei statt, p. 24) of 'Worms, and sold in Oxford "before the 7th February, 1526."... 'Every possible care has been employed to give the words pre-'cisely as the Martyr wrote them.'

We heartily commend to the study of all who are interested either in the philology of the English language or in the history and formation of our Authorized Version, the parallel columns edited by Prof. Bosworth, assisted by his coadjutor Mr. Waring. The pedigree of the Authorized Version is thus succinctly summed up from evidence given in the Preface:—'From this 'very brief detail, it appears that our present English Version 'was based upon the Bishops' Bible of 1568, and that upon 'Cranmer's of 1539, which was a new edition of Matthew's 'Bible of 1537, partly from Coverdale, of 1535, but chiefly from

'Tyndale; in other words, that our present authorized trans-
'lation is mainly that of Tyndale, made from the original
'Hebrew and Greek.' (Pref. pp. xxviii. xxix.)

In Prof. Bosworth's handy and readable volume Tyndale's translation of the Gospels made from the Greek may be compared with Wycliffe's made from the Latin, and both with their precursors, the Anglo-Saxon and the Gothic versions. The work is brought out in a scholarlike way, and is a valuable contribution to the materials for Biblical criticism.

ART. IV.—1. *Roberti Grosseteste, Episcopi quondam Lincolniensis, Epistolæ.* Edited by HENRY RICHARDS LUARD, M.A. London: Longmans. 1861.

2. *Royal and other Historical Letters illustrative of the Reign of Henry III.* Selected and edited by W. W. SHIRLEY, D.D. London: Longmans. Vol. I. 1862. Vol. II. 1866.

THERE is perhaps no personage of historical note and weight who has been more generally misapprehended and misunderstood than Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. In popular views of Church history he figures as the Wickliffe of the thirteenth century, as the precursor of the Reformation, the witness for evangelical truth in a dark age, but specially as the man who called the pope Antichrist, and thus raised the true Protestant watchword long before Protestant times. All these notions are founded on a misapprehension of the true facts of the case. Bishop Grosseteste never used the word Antichrist of the pope as to his office even in the wildest and extremest claims of spiritual supremacy, but only applied it to the unjust perversion of his power by one individual pope. Grosseteste's devotion to Rome indeed was unbounded; he was the most Ultramontane of the English bishops of his day, while he carried his views as to the power of the Church and its independence of lay control to a greater height than even Thomas à Becket. More than any man of his time, perhaps, he contributed towards riveting the fetters of Rome on the English Church by his constant and zealous support of the friars. A great and good man he was, earnestly desiring to reform the abuses and diminish the scandals of his time, but he sought to do this by other ways than those usually imputed to him. In learning, the first man of his generation, in zeal and devotion inferior to few, he was one of whom the English Church may well be proud. But his zeal was not always guided by discretion and justice, and in his endeavour to reform abuses he perhaps introduced the seeds of greater evils than those against which he contended.

The era in which Grosseteste lived—the troublous days of Henry III.—is one full of interest for the historian, whether secular or ecclesiastical. The bold stand made by many of our prelates against Rome, the spirit of independence which was working among the clergy, as well as the noble efforts of the more illustrious of the barons, may be said to have laid at that time the foundation of our liberties, both in Church and State. Bishop Grosseteste was not among the great churchmen who saw their

way to independence of the pope, but he was a conspicuous figure in that remarkable time, and deserves well our close and careful attention.

The period in question has had much light thrown upon it by the publications, made under the sanction of the Master of the Rolls, the names of which stand at the head of this article. The letters of Grosseteste have been carefully brought together by Mr. Luard, and for the most part well edited, though there are some inaccuracies in his work, and a little too indiscriminate laudation is given to the bishop's character. Dr. Shirley's difficult task deserves our thanks, though the prefaces with which he introduces his valuable materials of history are certainly meagre.

It is our purpose in the present article, taking for our materials the letters of Bishop Grosseteste as edited by Mr. Luard, to endeavour to illustrate the points in the character of this remarkable man to which we have drawn attention, and thus to present a juster view of him than has sometimes been taken.

About the year 1199, the famous divine and historian, Giraldus de Barry, better known as Giraldus Cambrensis, wrote a letter to William de Vere, Bishop of Hereford, to recommend to him a young scholar who would be useful to him in his household, and in all the various concerns with which a bishop had to deal. This letter, which is printed in H. Wharton's 'Anglia Sacra,' ran as follows:—

'He who intervenes for good men is (according to Simmachus) not more advancing their interests than commending his own judgment. On this ground I merely wish to suggest to your discretion with regard to Master Robert Grosseteste, whom, I have been glad to hear, you have lately received into your family and friendship, that the rewards which he receives should equal his merits. For I know that his help, in your various affairs, in your decisions of causes, and in the care of your bodily health, will soon be made doubly, ay, manifoldly, necessary to you. For, in his case, those powers which, in these our days, are wont to be beyond all others profitable in temporal things, have been raised upon the firm foundation of the liberal arts, and a copious acquaintance with books, and are illuminated and adorned by a most excellent moral character. It is often the case that those who are skilled in the faculties which I have mentioned are weak in the matter of trustworthiness, but I may say of Robert, that beyond all the rest of the good qualities in which he excels, he is conspicuous in trustworthiness and fidelity. And to put into a few words a great mass of praise, I know him to be of such a disposition and of such industry that you will find in him a man after your own heart, and one in whom your spirit will receive very great repose.' [1]

It is argued by Dr. Pegge,[2] from the title of *Magister* here

[1] Anglia Sacra, ii. 344.

[2] Life of Grosseteste, 4to, 1793. This book is said by Mr. Luard to be

given to Grosseteste, that he must have been a Master of Arts, and could not well have been less than twenty-four years of age at the time this letter was written. If this be so, it would place his birth in the year 1175. Abundance of testimony is forthcoming as to the rank from which Grosseteste sprang. He is described as of 'a very low family in Suffolk,' by Nicholas Trivet, nearly a contemporary, and by Matthew of Westminster. In the 'Lanercost Chronicle' he is called 'very low indeed in race,' and as 'sprung from plain ancestry.' Matthew Paris, who is our chief authority for the events of these times, and especially for those connected with Grosseteste, records the fact that in the bitter dispute carried on between the bishop and the chapter of Lincoln, the canons of the cathedral church expressed before him their deep sorrow that they had ever been induced to choose a bishop of so low a family. The place of his birth was doubtless Stradbroke, although Richard, the monk of Bardney, in his versified life of Grosseteste, which is chiefly remarkable as a tissue of the wildest fables, assigns his birth to Stow, near Lincoln. He came of a family which was not dignified by a surname, and the appellation under which he won so high a renown was doubtless due to a personal peculiarity. Dr. Pegge indeed would convince us that the word Grosse-têste had reference rather to the intellectual power of his brain than to his physical development; but, if even kings were commonly and without offence described by their personal peculiarities (as Charles the Bald, William the Red, Henry the Long-legged, Walter the Bearded), there is nothing unlikely nor unworthy in the supposition that Robert of Stradbroke acquired the name by which he was known, from the size of his head, just as an Archbishop of Canterbury contemporary with him, was called Richard le Grand (gradually changed into Richard Grant) from his tall stature. Matthew Paris calls him 'Robert who is known by the surname of Grosseteste,' or 'Robert called Large Head' (Grossum Caput). Richard of Bardney says that his *title* was Great Head (Grande Caput) and Robert of Brune, 'His toname is Grosseteste.' The usual Latin form of his name was Capito.

That a young peasant of twenty-four could have so distinguished himself at the university as to merit and obtain a testimonial so high from one of the first scholars of the day, is indeed matter for admiration, and makes us greatly regret that which is observed by Mr. Luard, that we really know nothing certain as to 'his early career at Oxford,' and that the fact of his having gone to study at Paris, which is freely asserted

among the rarest of modern books. It is a valuable and learned work, but with many faults of execution. A good modern 'Life of Grosseteste' would be a most welcome addition to our ecclesiastical biographies.

by the bibliographers, is extremely doubtful, no trace of it being found in any contemporary history (Pref. pp. 32, 33). However, at whatever seminary he obtained his learning, the fact at least of his having acquired it cannot be disputed. The panegyric of Giraldus was amply justified. The works of the great bishop, printed and unprinted, remain in vast abundance, and from them we can gather the wonderful acquirements of his brain. 'The 'particular sciences,' says Dr. Pegge, 'in which Robert more 'eminently excelled, as collectable from the testimonies of authors 'and the catalogue of his works, include the whole encyclopædia— 'logic, ethics, politics, economics, the various branches of natural 'philosophy, arithmetic, geometry, music and learned languages, 'medicine, ecclesiastical law, astronomy and metaphysics, theology, 'and a consummate acquaintance with authorities.'[1] With some portion of this formidable array of weapons the young scholar was already furnished for the battle of life; and joining, as he did, the highest moral qualities, indomitable courage, perseverance, and energy to his intellectual acquirements, it was evidently of chief import to the interests of the English Church in what direction this great force should be exerted.

The time when Grosseteste entered into life was a critical period in the history of our Church. Rome was labouring earnestly to establish her power and rivet fetters upon her, but her power had as yet by no means been established. The edifice of legatine authority which had been raised up by the skill of Pandulf, fell, when he fell, by the patriotic opposition of the barons. The hatred of Rome was bitter and universal. 'Taxed without mercy for objects in which she had no concern, 'deprived of her rights of patronage and election, compelled to 'a system of minute and vexatious appeal to a distant and 'venal tribunal, the Church of England led the way in the 'maintenance of those liberties in which she had the dearest 'interest.'[2] We would gladly assign Bishop Grosseteste a place among these patriotic churchmen, but truth compels us to say otherwise. We cannot hold him a good 'Protestant' with Milner,[3] nor a 'resolute opponent of the Papacy' with Dr. Hook.[4] Still less can we lend ourselves to the most remarkable mistake of all, which appears to have originated with John Foxe,[5] viz. that Grosseteste was the opponent and enemy of the friars, and did much to keep back the advance of their influence. We have seen him commencing life as it were

[1] Pegge's Grosseteste, p. 16.
[2] Dr. Shirley's Preface to vol. i. Royal Letters, p. 27.
[3] Church History, iv. 50.
[4] Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, iii. 12.
[5] Martyrs, i. 542.

in the household of Bishop de Vere, but this prelate died almost immediately after Grosseteste came to him. He then returned to Oxford, and there became both a scholar and a lecturer, daily adding to his vast stock of knowledge, and communicating it in lectures, of which we have abundant specimens left in the numerous *Dicta Lincolniensis Episcopi*, which still survive in manuscript. During the period between his return to Oxford and his taking his doctor's degree, a period of upwards of twenty years, he received several pieces of preferment in the Church, and held no less than four archdeaconries in succession. His constant patron was Hugh de Welles, Bishop of Lincoln, who advanced him from one dignity to another, until on a sudden crisis after a serious illness, and when he was probably meditating assuming the habit of a friar, Grosseteste resigned them all. It does not appear, however, that, in spite of his Church dignities, Grosseteste ceased to reside at Oxford. He was constantly employed in studying there during all this period. And in 1224 he took his degree of doctor of divinity. It was about this time that the circumstance occurred which gave an especial character to Grosseteste's after life, and tinged the whole of his labours for the Church with a peculiar colour. It was in the year 1224 that the Franciscan or Grey Friars obtained a settlement at Oxford, and established a colony of their order there. The Black or Dominican Friars had preceded them at the university by a few years, and the Franciscans were specially anxious to contest and rival their influence in this great centre of English education. With a view to this, Agnellus Pisanus, the provincial minister of the Franciscans in England, was eager to secure the services of the most learned and popular teacher in the university for the body which he directed. He made application to Grosseteste, and the new doctor readily consented to become the instructor of the Franciscans in philosophy and divinity, and continued to do so until he was made bishop. 'Under him,' says Eccleston, 'they advanced inconceivably in 'a very short time both in the power of delivering sermons and 'in the subtle moralities which are suitable to preaching.'[1] He became devotedly attached to his pupils, and would appear not to have confined his affection to the Minorites, but also to have held the Preaching Dominicans in equally great regard; in fact, it would almost seem from the records of the bishop's after life, that so strong was the affection he now imbibed for the friars, that henceforth the habit of the mendicant was a sufficient recommendation to him under any circumstances, while against

[1] Eccleston, De Adventu Minorum, p. 37. (Ed. Brewer.)

both monks and secular clergy he cherished an inveterate prejudice. The parochial clergy were occupied in doing all the petty official work of the country. They were attorneys, tax-gatherers, stewards, bailiffs, summoners, as well as doctors and clerks for the people.[1] They had greatly neglected the ordinance of preaching, and limited their labours generally to the hearing of confession and saying mass. The bishops even were heard but seldom, and were more secular politicians than pastors. A great amount of ignorance doubtless prevailed, although this is commonly much over-estimated by those who have no acquaintance with the vast mass of mediæval teaching by sermons and otherwise still lying in manuscript in our libraries.

Against this ignorance S. Dominic and S. Francis professed to undertake a crusade, the one by preaching, the other by the eloquence of an ascetic life; and many devoted men ranged themselves under their lead to carry out, amidst the most trying self-denial, their philanthrophic plans. But the great fault of what may very exactly be described, in modern phraseology, as the *revival* of the friars, was that it was irregular. It interfered with the ordinary organization, and provided no adequate substitute. It was essentially an intrusion, and needed to be supported by alien influences. Thus in every difficulty it fell back upon Rome, and in gratitude for the blind support given to it there, it put Rome in the place of Christianity. If the religion of the country before the friars' advent was dark, after it it was utterly perverted. Scholasticism reigned triumphant in the universities, and the grossest superstition in the parishes.

Hallam has suggested a parallel between the work of the friars in the thirteenth, and that of the Wesleyan Methodists in the eighteenth century. The parallel is a very striking one. The action of both was irregular, enthusiastic, spasmodic, unorthodox. Both sought to further their cause by every element of excitement. The friar did not confine himself to preaching, but still further intruded upon the domain of the parish priest with his portable altar, at which he celebrated the holy mysteries, his box to hear confessions, and all the apparatus of Divine worship exposed in the open air. He began upon the ground of assisting; he ended by

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[1] This is well brought out by Dr. Hook in his introduction to the mediæval volumes of his Archbishops of Canterbury; at the same time the Doctor entirely ignores the numerous proofs of a much greater amount of teaching having been prevalent in the Middle Ages than the usual superficial estimate of Hallam and others gives credit for. And we must protest most emphatically at the slight sketches of some of the mediæval archbishops being in any sense called their 'Lives.'

superseding and deriding the regular minister. Thus, too, the Wesleyan gradually grew to an attempt completely to displace the ministrations of the parish priest. Like the friar, he sought to lend attraction to his sermons by a wild subjectivism, a constant assertion of miracle, and a scant regard for sound doctrine, good sense and good taste. It was this irregular movement of the friars that Grosseteste adopted with all the zeal and eagerness of his nature. But could the work of reformation of morals, the need of which in the Church he so keenly felt, be carried out thus? Was there not a lack of judgment in not allowing for the vexed feelings of clergy intruded upon and degraded in their own parishes? Was there not a want of patriotic churchmanship in thus giving himself over, bound hand and foot, to the army of Rome? Was there not also, perhaps, proof of a tyrannical disposition which adopted these unscrupulous and skilful agents to enforce its will? If this learned scholar and divine had been led away by the first appearances of fervour and devotion in the Friars Preachers and Minorites, the rapid development of the worldly element in these bodies must have speedily undeceived him. 'It is indeed a terrible thing and of dire omen,' writes Matthew Paris, the Benedictine of S. Alban's, 'that for three 'or four hundred years or more the monastical order has not 'taken such a rapid course downward as their order, the 'brethren of which scarce twenty-four years ago erected their 'first houses in England,[1] the buildings of which now rise up 'to emulate royal palaces. These are they who expend on the 'constant additions to their sumptuous edifices and their lofty 'walls enormous treasures, transgressing without shame the 'limits of poverty and the basis of their profession. They 'diligently wait on great men when dying, and on the rich 'whom they know to abound in money, caring little for the 'injury and loss they inflict upon the ordinaries. In the eager 'pursuit of their gains they wring from them confessions and 'secret dispositions of their property, commending alone themselves and their own order, and putting this before all others. 'Out of their zeal to acquire privileges they act in the courts 'of kings and nobles as counsellors, and chamberlains, and 'treasurers, and arrangers of matches. They are ever the 'agents of papal extortions. In their preaching they are either 'flatterers or most bitter chiders. They scruple not to reveal 'confessions, or, at any rate, to make incautious allusions to

[1] This refers to the year 1259. In the year 1227 we find a grant from King Henry III. to the Friars Preachers of the portion of land called Kingestoftes by York. In the next year a grant of S. Mary Magdalen, at York, is made to the same body. See Shirley's 'Royal Letters of Henry III.' i. 316—323.

'them. They despise the genuine orders which were founded 'by the Holy Fathers, namely by Saint Benedict and Saint 'Augustine, and those who are professed in them; they put 'their own order before all. They consider the Cistercian 'monks as rude, simple, and half-laymen; they hold the Black 'monks as proud and Epicurean.'[1]

It may be said that this bad character given to the friars was prompted by the jealousy which plainly reveals itself in the latter part of the passage. But at any rate the Benedictine monk was not so entirely prejudiced against the new orders as to allow them no merit. When he is giving the account of their first establishment, he says of the friars:—

'They dwell in cities and towns by tens and sevens, having no possessions, living on the Gospel, choosing deliberately the extreme of poverty in food and clothing, walking with bare feet, and showing the greatest example of humility to all. On Sundays and holidays, going out from their dwellings, they preach the Gospel in the parish churches, eating and drinking such things as are set before them. These men are found to be more clear-sighted in the contemplation of heavenly things in proportion as they prove themselves to be estranged from the things of this world and from carnal delights. It is their custom not to reserve any sort of food for the morrow, that the poorness of spirit which has such strong hold on their minds, may, as it were, by outward action and demeanour become known to all.'[2]

We may gather the exalted opinion which Grosseteste entertained of the friars, from a letter written during his earlier connexion with them, and before he was made bishop. This was addressed to the Oxford convent of the Minorites on the occasion of one of their number, Adam of Oxford, having left them to go to preach to the Saracens in the Holy Land. After a good deal of sentimental writing about mutual love, the writer excuses himself for the tone he takes, it being only for the sake of the weak—'If any such there are in your holy 'college—not that I do not think that there are many in your 'holy society perfect enough to enter into the proper estimate 'of this journey—these will know how to persuade with effect 'the weaker brethren, and will be eager to do so. They will 'be able to show them that bodily separation does not constitute 'absence so long as souls are united; that the bright light of 'Brother Adam is most fittingly placed where the thickest 'darkness of unbelief is to be dissipated, and that his zeal is so 'great that it must needs melt the hardest heart. Their order 'could not be more decorated and honoured by so glowing a gem, 'than by his being opposed to the darkness of unbelief. He had

[1] Matthew Paris, p. 813. Ed. 1571.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 296. This passage is reproduced *verbatim* in Matthew of Westminster.

'this purpose before he entered their order, and he entered the 'order more readily because he saw thereby a more easy way to 'the fulfilment of his purpose.'[1] In 1235, Grosseteste was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln, and his first thought was for the friars. In the same year we find him writing to Brother Alardus, the provincial of the Friars Preachers in England, to prefer his petition that he will direct by his authority 'Brother John de St. Giles, who is about to come to England at 'Michaelmas, and Brother Geoffrey de St. Clive to be with him 'at least for the ensuing year, in order that they may be in those 'things which relate to the cure of souls my faithful counsellors 'and effective helpers, to support my infirmity, to strengthen my 'weakness, to raise up my feebleness, to prop me up when I 'waver, to support me when I stumble, to raise me up when I 'fall, to animate me when I tremble, to stir me up when I 'hesitate, to correct the morals of myself and my household, to 'detect errors and give directions so that what is good may be 'preserved.' So great is his eagerness for this boon that his burning desire forces him to pour out prayers. He throws himself at the feet of the holy provincial, beseeching him by the bowels of Jesus Christ and by the sprinkling of His blood, that he will not refuse his request. This is certainly a remarkable letter, testifying both to the zeal and humility of the bishop, and also to the excessively high value he set upon the help of the Dominican friars. But not content with this, he addressed another letter in the same year to Brother Alardus, and the chapter of the Dominicans at York:—

'Inasmuch as by the obligations of the office which has been imposed upon me, though unworthy, I am more strictly bound to purify the house of God, and cannot even moderately advance in that work without active and vigorous coadjutors; and inasmuch as I cannot find in these parts any coadjutors so efficacious as among the brethren of your order, whom "the zeal of the house of God eateth up," and vehemently urges and excites to cleanse it from the abomination of filth—with all the earnestness of devotion I prostrate myself humbly at the feet of your charity, and beseech your sincere affection that you would deign to give a kindly ear to my petition to have with me John of St. Giles and Geoffry of Clive. I have already addressed this petition to Brother Alardus, your provincial, and he will more fully explain it to you. I now desire to ask in addition to these a third of your brethren, who is well proved and skilled in the knowledge of the civil and canon law, whose wholesome and faithful advice I can use in more secret matters, as so many doubtful cases are continually occurring, and as there is so great a variety of sentiment among secular lawyers.'[2]

There appears to have been some delay on the part of the authorities of the Preaching Friars in answering the bishop's urgent request. Of this he complains in a letter addressed to

[1] Luard, p. 17. [2] *Ibid.* p. 61.

Adam Marsh (de Marisco), his great and constant friend at Oxford. Adam was now the rector of the Minorites at the university, and Grosseteste most earnestly begs him to come to him to give him his valuable help in drawing up various petitions and references which had to be addressed to the court of Rome. The points involved were delicate, and could not be discussed with many, and he greatly needed the skilful counsel of the friar. But not only did he desire the coming of Brother Adam, but he also earnestly besought him to procure for him the presence with him of some brethren of his order, inasmuch as their assistance was most especially necessary both for himself and the Church.[1] The next letter which touches the question of the friars is a very remarkable one, illustrating at the same time the impetuous character of Bishop Grosseteste and his excessive devotion to the new orders. He who has no terms of humility strong enough when writing to Friars Alardus or Adam, scruples not to write to a brother prelate[2] in a contemptuous and harsh strain, because, forsooth, the said prelate had shown a very wise discretion in trying to keep out an opposition settlement of the Minorites from the city of Chester, the Dominicans being already established there. At this time Grosseteste was only a bishop of two years' standing at the most, yet the style of the letter is quite papal.

'We have heard from those worthy of credit, that you, in the presence of the people of Chester and of certain magnates, scrupled not to speak so contumeliously of certain of the friars Minorite, that both the individuals in question, as well as the order itself, might very easily have been brought into contempt with those that heard you. This incredible thing, if indeed it be true, must have proceeded not from any fixed sentiment of your mind, but from some sudden passion. Your discretion must know how useful the presence of the Minorites is to the people—how they bring peace and enlighten the country, and supply to a certain extent the negligence of the prelates. We hope therefore that your abundant love of truth and your discretion will not only not repel the said brethren, but will eagerly use them for a help, and as much as possible multiply them in the towns of your diocese, dismissing all idle fear that their multitude will prove the occasion of want to others.'[3]

The Dominicans for whom he had so earnestly petitioned had now been granted to him, and it would appear that one at least of them had been found all that he had anticipated. His only fear now is lest he should lose him. Accordingly, in the year 1237, we find him writing to Brother Jordan, now become provincial of the Dominicans, earnestly to solicit in the usual terms of extreme humility that John of St. Giles may be

[1] Luard, p. 71.
[2] Alexander de Stavensby, Bishop of Lichfield.
[3] Luard, pp. 121—132.

allowed to remain constantly with him. 'His own inclination,' he says, 'is to pity our extreme need, and to entertain graciously 'our prayers if only your leave can be obtained. The diocese of 'Lincoln is the largest and most populous in England. We 'need, more than others, efficacious help in preaching the word 'of God, hearing confessions, and enjoining penances.' This passage is remarkable, as it shows that the friars had already got possession of the confessional—that great source and secret of their strength and influence. The most bitter complaint made against them was the way in which they manipulated this awful instrument for their own selfish purposes. In a short time after their spread in England, it was said that none would confess to any but a friar. The temptations to this irregular practice were obvious. The friar came as a stranger, and quickly went on his way. The past conduct of those who confessed was unknown to him, nor would he be on the spot to see if the penance prescribed was duly performed. The effect of this would plainly be to suggest to the friar a light and easy treatment of the penitent, and a convenient commutation of the penance, which was uncertain to be performed, into a money payment which was certain, inasmuch as he (the friar) duly received it for the benefit of holy Church. But, in the meantime, how did the parish priest fare who was thus superseded and as it were disgraced and degraded in his own parish? How could he obtain his dues if all were absorbed by the friar? or how could a bishop think it possible to reform a diocese, or work an efficient system, by this spasmodic and irregular action? At the same time that the bishop wrote, entreating for what we may call the loan of John of St. Giles, he also wrote to Brother Helias, the minister-general of the Franciscans, begging him to use the influence of the order in furthering his causes at Rome, and also desiring that as he (the bishop) loved the brethren of his order 'more specially and more 'earnestly than any other men, and as his diocese so much 'needed help, he would incline the ears of his compassion, 'and grant him two or four of the brethren, to be the support 'of his weakness, the supplement of his insufficiency, the 'awakening of his torpor, to hold him up when he slipped, to 'thrust him onward when he hesitated, to console him when he 'was in trouble.'[1] Deeply impressed as Grosseteste was with the value of the friars, he was ready, as might be expected, to befriend and uphold their cause wherever his influence extended. Accordingly, about the year 1238 we find him writing to Pope Gregory IX. to bespeak his interference in behalf of

[1] Luard, p. 134.

the Friars Minorite in England, whose interests appear at that time to have been threatened, and at the same time loading their order with most unqualified praise, as zealous in removing abuses, and taking away from the house of the Lord everything that doth offend. 'Your holiness may be assured that among 'our people inestimable goods arise through the friars. They 'illuminate the whole of our region with the bright light of 'preaching and doctrine. Their most holy conversation vehe- 'mently inflames men to contempt of the world and self-chosen 'poverty, to preserve humility even in places of dignity and 'power, to pay all obedience to prelates and to the Head of the 'Church, to be patient in tribulation, temperate in abundance, 'and in a word to all good works. Oh, if your holiness could 'see how devoutly and humbly the people run together to hear 'from them the word of life, to confess their sins, to be in- 'structed in the rules of good living, and how much the clergy 'and religion has profited by imitating them, you would surely 'say that "to them who dwell in the region of the shadow of 'death light has sprung up."'[1] One only other mark of Grosseteste's devotion to the friars we need to mention here, because this bears remarkably on the popular estimate of the bishop's character, and that determined spirit which he is supposed to have displayed towards Rome, in resisting the appointment of foreigners to benefices in England. It is remarked by Eccleston that Grosseteste desired a friar to provide six or seven clerks from abroad whom he could benefice in his diocese to preach by example, *though they could not speak English.*[2] Un-English clergy recommended by the friars were acceptable, but other foreigners, not connected with them, he could describe in their true character as 'those who only endeavour to tear off the 'fleece but know not the faces of the flock, who do not 'understand the tongue of the people, who neglect the cure 'of souls, and nevertheless collect and carry off money, to 'the great depauperization of the kingdom.'[3] It would seem, however, that Bishop Grosseteste's clergy did not altogether share his blind devotion to the friars. In the year 1244, he addressed a circular to the archdeacons of his diocese, in which he charges them to a more strict surveillance of the parish priests, by themselves their rural deans and bedells. 'There are certain rectors and vicars and priests who not 'only contemptuously refuse to hear the sermons of the friars 'of both orders, but, as far as they are able, maliciously

[1] Luard, p. 180.
[2] Eccleston, *de Adventu Menorum*, p. 64. (Ed. Brewer.)
[3] Luard, p. 443. See Mr. Luard's note, Pref. p. xvi.

'hinder the people from hearing them preach or confessing 'to them.' Just so might the old orthodox and stiff parson of the last century object to the irregular poaching on his preserve of John Wesley or George Whitfield. The modern anti-sensationist would, however, have been certainly supported by his bishop, whereas, under the sway of the learned Grosseteste, there were no words hard enough for the parish priests who ventured to think they had any right to claim the exclusive instruction of their parishioners. 'Compel the priests,' he bids his archdeacons, 'to induce the people to listen attentively to the sermons of the friars, and humbly to confess 'to them.'[1]

We have probably illustrated more than enough this objectionable peculiarity in Grosseteste's views and character, having dwelt the longer on it on account of the popular misapprehension on the point. We can easily understand how under such vigorous and powerful patronage the influence of the friars must have increased, and their hold on the country become stronger and stronger. It was not long before they began to show their disinterested sanctity and their intense zeal for removing abuses in the way described by Matthew Paris:—

'The Minorites, forgetful of their profession, secretly intruded themselves upon the possessions of certain noble monks under pretence of performing their office, and on the undertaking to retire the day after their preaching. But making the pretence of sickness or something else, they remained, and having fabricated a wooden altar, and placed upon it a little consecrated altar made of stone which they had brought with them, they celebrated clandestine masses in a low voice, and received the confessions of many, even those belonging to parishes, to the prejudice of the parish priests. (They alleged that they have received this power from our lord the pope, in order that the faithful may confess to them those things which they are ashamed to confess to their own priest, or which they scorn to confess to those who are themselves guilty of the same sin, or which they fear to confess because their priest is a drunkard; and that they may enjoin slighter penances and absolve them). In the meantime they sent a hasty and active emissary to the Roman court, and, to the prejudice of the religious on whose land they were sojourning, obtained the grant of a site for a building, with the addition of some endowment.'[2]

The reign of Henry III. was a continual struggle between the barons, who were bent on carrying out the principles of Magna Charta, and the king, who would gladly have revoked and nullified them. Among the barons there were men of high and noble character and disinterested patriotism: in the king, together with some amiable qualities, there was weakness, waywardness, and treachery. The cause of the barons was so good, and their influence so great, that the king would have had

[1] Luard, p. 318. [2] Matthew Paris, p. 560.

but little chance of holding his ground against them had he not been backed by the pope, the ever ready friend of tyranny and injustice. The pope wanted English gold, and supported the king that he might have access to the purses of his subjects. His method of supporting him was not over-creditable. It was by dispensations to perjure himself and retract and nullify solemn promises. The prelates of the English Church were thus placed in a difficult position. Either they must offend against their allegiance to Rome, or they must sin against the liberties of their country. In this difficulty some of them nobly distinguished themselves. To Archbishop Langton was chiefly due the fall of Pandulph.[1] Archbishop Rich (S. Edmund) withstood the gross exactions of pope and king; but, finding himself unable to maintain the position which he saw to be the right one, he retired from his arduous post. But how did the learned and influential Bishop of Lincoln act in this crisis, and what was his view as to the relations of the English Church to the papacy? The illustrations which we are about to bring on this subject from Grosseteste's letters will probably represent him in a different light from that in which he has been hitherto regarded by some of our readers. It will be seen that, so far from being 'a Protestant,' he is one of the strongest asserters of papal powers and privileges, and the most vigorous upholder of the claims of the spiritualty for immunity from lay jurisdiction. As in the case of his support of the friars, so here also, we believe that his views were both unpatriotic and impolitic. But in both cases his motives were pure and noble, his zeal was for the Church, for the effectuation of discipline, for the spread of enlightenment. In this sense he was essentially a reformer, and though, as we shall show further on, sometimes hasty and unjust in his measures, yet ever zealously working towards what he held to be the proper object of a bishop's office, the improvement of morals, the salvation of souls. The principle on which Grosseteste acted in the matter of the spiritual and secular power was the same which guided Thomas à Becket. This is clearly laid down by him in a letter written the year after his consecration to William de Raleigh, Treasurer of Exeter:—

'Let no man deceive himself by thinking that secular princes can ordain anything and observe it, or cause it to be observed as a law, which opposes a Divine law or a constitution of the Church, except they would sever themselves from the unity of the body of Christ and the Church, and bring themselves to everlasting condemnation. For secular princes receive

[1] 'That the fall of Pandulph was occasioned by the joint action, or the tacit understanding, of Archbishop Langton and Hubert de Burgh, may be safely asserted as a fact.'—Dr. Shirley's Preface, i. 24.

from the Church all the power ordained by God and the dignity which they have, nor can he who receives rebel against him from whom he receives, by that very authority which he receives. Secular princes ought to know that both the swords, the temporal and the spiritual, are the swords of Peter.[1] The princes of the Church, who are Peter's vicars and Peter's representatives, use the spiritual sword, and the princes of the Church also use the temporal sword by the hands and ministry of the secular princes, who are bound to draw and to sheath the sword which they bear at the will and direction of the princes of the Church. . . . Thus also both forms of peace and both forms of law are committed to the sovereignty of Peter and of those who hold the place of Peter. . . . Temporal princes in their control over peace and law are the ministers of God, and thereby the ministers of the Church. They cannot therefore uphold anything which is contrary to the laws of God or the laws of the Church.'[2]

To this letter William de Raleigh answered in somewhat of a bantering vein, complaining that Grosseteste wished to set aside the laws of the kingdom by appealing to the Old Testament. (The matter in dispute was as to the legalization of bastards by the after-marriage of their parents.) The bishop replies in a serious and injured tone, bidding the treasurer, as he values the salvation of his soul, not to make light of his doctrine. In a memorial which he addressed soon after this to Archbishop Edmund, Grosseteste applies his high doctrine not only to laws but also to persons ecclesiastical:—

'There is another usurpation which has become the practice in the kingdom of England to the violation and impairing of ecclesiastical liberty, namely, that ecclesiastical persons, when they are impleaded in any cause touching the person, and especially when they are alleged to have done anything against the tenor of a royal prohibition, are compelled in this matter to submit themselves to lay judgment. But as Jerusalem which is above is free, with regard to that which is yet militant on earth, so that part of it which is militant on earth, which consists of ecclesiastical persons, is free with regard to that part which consists of faithful laymen.'

But laymen are not free with respect to ecclesiastics: —

'How then shall the one who is more free be judged by the one who is less free, or rather who is not free at all? . . . Secular judges therefore

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[1] 'They take on hem royall powere,
And say they have swordes two,
One curse to hel, one slee men here;
For at his taking Christ had no mo.
Yet Peter had one of tho;
But Christ to Peter smite gan defend,
And into the sheath had put it tho,
And all such mischeves God amend.
Christ bad Peter keep his sheepe,
And with his sword forbade him smite;
Sword is no toole with sheepe to keepe
But to shepheards that sheepe wol bite.'
Complaint of the Ploughman—Wright's Political Songs, i. 321.

[2] Luard, p. 92.

who judge the clergy, lifting up the neck and the heel against God, usurp as theirs that which God has reserved to Himself as belonging to Him. . . . It is a sin in judges to attempt this. It is a sin in clerks to submit to their judgment. It is a sin in prelates not to oppose so great a violation of the liberty ecclesiastical. . . . Who could hear with patience of God and the angels being judged by beasts of burden?'

The secular judges are guilty of sin in venturing to determine what causes are ecclesiastical and what are lay. This is for the spiritual judge to determine. Neither may the king or his judges interfere in any way with the ecclesiastical judges, by inhibiting them from hearing a cause or by commanding them to hear it. Nor are the ecclesiastical judges bound to give any account to the secular power of the way they exercise their jurisdiction. Let the king beware lest he resemble Uzziah and meet a similar punishment.[1] The memorial which contains these high-flown views is headed *Domino Cantuarensi directum*, 'A direction to my lord of Canterbury,' and can scarcely be said to evince much modesty or humility in the writer, a bishop at that time of one year's standing!

With these principles, we may easily imagine how Grosseteste would regard the pope, the head of this spiritual power on earth, the great judge armed with both the swords of Peter. Accordingly, we find him, soon after his consecration, writing to Gregory IX.; and, after saying that the whole human race owes subjection to him, and that without the payment of this none can be saved ('sine cujus solutione nullus salutem consequitur'), and loading him with the most elaborate and fulsome flattery, desiring him graciously to impose some task upon him that he may show his complete devotion to him and to the Roman see.[2] And this overflowing devotion led the bishop not only to invest the pope with the attributes of an angel, but also freely to bestow these attributes on the cardinals of the Roman Church. The 36th letter printed by Mr. Luard is addressed to Cardinal Giles, and is a truly painful specimen of the way in which a great and good man could pervert his ingenuity and disparage truth and sincerity by contemptible flattery, conveyed in mawkish fine writing, utterly unworthy of the high character of Grosseteste. The letter is full of grotesque absurdities, and the writer is strangely puzzled how to reconcile the simile of the sun of the world, which must be kept for the pope, with that of the hinges of the world, which properly belongs to the cardinals. In order to pay an extra compliment to the cardinals, it is assumed that the world is supported on hinges, and just in the same way it is said the Roman Church reposes firmly on the hinges of the cardinals. 'These are they

[1] Luard, pp. 205—232. [2] *Ibid.* p. 123.

'whom the Psalm calls "the foundations of the round world." 'These are they of whom it is written in Job, "Under which 'they who bear the globe are bent." In the orb of the Church 'the chief pontiff occupies the place of the sun, by the light of 'his doctrine and virtues purging the world from the darkness 'of error, and illuminating it to the knowledge of truth..... 'The state, the beauty, the order of the universal Church are due 'to its sun and to its hinges; that is, to the chief pontiff and 'his assistant cardinals; and, therefore, to the holy Roman 'Church there is due from all the sons of the Church the most 'devoted obedience, the most humble reverence, the most fervent 'love, the most lowly fear,' and especially is it due from those who approach nearer than others to their sublime exaltation, namely, from the bishops.[1] We are loth to impute unworthy motives to a man like Grosseteste, but it must be observed that, immediately on his elevation to the episcopacy, he despatched a proctor to the Roman court, and that these excessively adulatory epistles are assigned by Mr. Luard to the same date. Nor was he content with fair words alone. Knowing well the old proverb, 'omnia Romæ venalia,' when he wrote to Ranfredus, the pope's notary, besides praising his supernatural virtues, he takes the liberty to add a *munusculum* as a proof of his love, and with a view to the efficient progress of his proctor. About the date of this last letter, Cardinal Otho arrived in England as legate from the pope. He was the third legate who had appeared in this reign, and he, like Gualo and Pandulph, came to help the king to conspire against the liberties of his subjects. Dr. Hook, in his 'Life of Archbishop Edmund,' has given an excellent sketch of the object of the legate's coming, and the conduct which he pursued; but he appears to misapprehend Bishop Grosseteste's share in the transactions of these times. We fear that there is no fair ground for joining him with Archbishop Edmund in a patriotic resistance to king and pope. The devotion of the Bishop of Lincoln to pope and cardinals was indeed unlimited, and, though a strong spirit of opposition was afterwards developed in him when his own favourite designs for reform were crossed, yet, throughout, the principles which we have already delineated from his letters remained the same. In his view, *all* power properly belonged to the spiritualty, and the holy Roman Church and its bishop were the lawful governors of the world. Had there been anything of that patriotic feeling in Bishop Grosseteste which he is sometimes represented to have had, or had he in fact held any but extreme Ultramontane views, he would not, considering the circumstances under which

[1] Luard, p. 125.

Cardinal Otho came to England, have at once hastened to welcome him, and professed his devotion to his will. The occasion which called forth Grosseteste's first letter to the cardinal-legate was characteristic of the office which Otho bore and the work he came to do in England. He had desired Grosseteste to institute to the benefice of Rand, in Lincolnshire, a son of Earl Ferrers, who was a mere lad, and not in holy orders. With all his devotion to the 'hinges' of the Church, a bishop like Grosseteste, who was really in earnest about his work, could scarcely accept such a recommendation as this. Yet in what terms does he write to a man whose presence in England was an insult and a scandal to the English Church, and whose recommendation of an unordained boy to a benefice was a still grosser insult to a Christian bishop? 'God knows,' he says, 'that we 'desire effectually to fulfil the prayers and commands of your 'fatherhood with the greatest promptness and obedience; we 'are confident, also, that you do not recommend us to do any-'thing which, to any considerable extent, touches our conscience; 'but, as your holiness knows, that which does not touch a wiser 'and more fervent conscience often touches a more timid one; 'and thus, that which a more perfect man can well do, a more 'imperfect man cannot even attempt without being branded. 'As, then, we are unfortunate enough to have a timid con-'science, and especially in the institution of pastors, we dare not 'admit the aforesaid Thomas in his present state to the pastoral 'care. No prudent man would, in temporal matters, entrust a 'difficult office to one unskilled, only in the hope of his becoming 'skilled, and the cure of souls is of infinitely more importance 'than any temporal trust. We beg you, therefore, to obtain a 'better nomination to this church, or else, as your holiness can 'do lawfully many things which our imperfection can only do 'unlawfully, we give up to you all our power in this matter, 'concerning the admission of the aforesaid Thomas into the 'said church, believing firmly that you will ordain all for the 'good of souls. As, however, we feel responsible for the souls 'of this people, we trust you will give them a suitable vicar, or, 'what is better, a proper pastor, and make an assignment to 'Thomas out of the revenue of the benefice.'[1] Dr. Pegge, in giving the account of this transaction in his 'Life of Grosseteste,' observes that, as Rand still continues a rectory, he presumes that the latter method suggested by the bishop was the one adopted, and of this plan of 'quartering young gentlemen upon rectories,' he observes very justly, that it

[1] Luard, p. 151.

was 'a measure very scandalous and injurious to the Church.'[1] But the miserable contest between the bishop's Ultramontane principles, and his high sense of what was fitting to the pastoral office and the rights of patrons, comes out more strongly still in another letter. In the case just mentioned, the legate had acted through the bishop of the diocese. But he did not always care to observe this moderation. Grosseteste received, without any previous warning, the appointment of a clerk named Acton, one of the cardinal's retinue, to a prebend at Lincoln. At this it is difficult even for the extremest devotion to Rome to keep down the rising ire. His devotion to the pope, he writes, is so great, that he would readily go, weak as he is, to preach the Gospel to the Saracens if he bid him. Nothing would be too hard for him to show his devotion. Yet in a matter which touches the highest interest of souls, he must speak. 'I know,' he says, 'and know truly, that the power of our lord the pope 'and the holy Roman Church is such that it may freely ordain concerning all ecclesiastical benefices!' but this power must not be abused; and when ecclesiastical benefices are conferred by the primary authority ('auctoritate potestivâ') without first seeking the assent of the patrons, especially when it might be easily had, the most bitter ill feelings arise. 'Your holiness ought 'not so to have put me to shame as to have conferred a prebend 'in my church without asking me, especially as *I always was, and still am, ready to provide for any of your people* to the 'value of that prebend and more, not by compulsion, but volun-'tarily, although since my consecration a nephew of my lord 'the pope has been promoted to one of the best prebends of the 'church at Lincoln.'[2] It is clear in the face of this, that when Grosseteste is represented, as he frequently is, as the consistent opposer of the crying abuse of the appointment of foreigners to benefices in the English Church, such a representation of him is made from a very limited knowledge of the subject. We have already seen how he was ready to benefice clerks, recommended by the friars who could not speak English. Even in the famous case when he made his indignant protest to the pope against the appointment of Frederick di Lavagna, it was not (as Mr. Luard well observes) upon the ground of his being a foreigner and the Pope's nominee that he protested, but because he was a youth and unfit for the post. Biographers are naturally inclined to sketch the subject of their memoir as near perfection as possible, but how, in the

[1] Pegge's Grosseteste, p. 77.

[2] Luard, p. 145. This letter is placed by Mr. Luard before the one last quoted, but it seems evident from the internal evidence that it was later in date than the one relating to Rand.

face of the letters which he himself has printed, Mr. Luard can say of the bishop that 'no one could have acted in 'this matter with greater straightforwardness or determina-'tion,'[1] it is difficult to understand. It is not as though the whole Church of England, at this time, fully and freely admitted the authority claimed by the pope, and the right of the legate to interfere in English dioceses. On the contrary, most of the influential churchmen of the day refused to admit these claims. At the head of these was Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, a saintly and learned man, with the true feelings of a patriot. It is impossible not to be struck, in reading the letters of Bishop Grosseteste, at the difference of tone with which he addresses the English primate and the cardinal-legate. To the one he is plain, straightforward, and sometimes almost abrupt; to the other, he is courteous, humble, full of soft words and flattery. He hears that Otho is offended with him. If this be the case, he should indeed grieve: 'for we know that the serene 'and sweet irradiation of your love over us is the purging away 'of our darkness, the warming of our coldness, the enlivening 'of our deadness, the bringing back of our barrenness to fructi-'fication. The darts of the rays of sincere love dissipate the 'powers and attempts of the adversary. How, therefore, could 'we fail to grieve if we could think ourselves deprived of so 'great a good?' Compare this with Letter 83, where he writes to Archbishop Edmund, about some irregularities in canonical elections, in the tone of one censuring the remissness of the primate, although he concludes his letter with an apology.

We have said enough to illustrate the turn of Bishop Grosseteste's mind as regards Rome, and more than enough to show that he cannot fairly be described as 'the precursor of the Reformation,' 'a Protestant,' or 'a consistent opponent of the Papacy.' To the whole Roman system he was thoroughly devoted. He loved the friars who upheld it, and bent in humble submission before the pope and cardinals who were at the head of it. Of his principles there can be no doubt. But, like many another men, he was destined to have his principles practically confuted, and, by being brought to see and feel the enormous abuses to which the Ultramontanism which he defended, directly led, to be made to raise his voice against it.

The history of the dealings of the Roman pontiff with the Church of England in the Middle Ages is one unvarying record of usurpation, spoliation, and abuse. In the early part of the

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[1] Luard, Pref. p. 18. *Ibid.* p. 311.

reign of Henry III. the papal spoliations had become a completely organized system for diverting the whole revenues of the Church of England to the use of foreigners. The pope and his legates had actually issued prohibitions to patrons both lay and ecclesiastical, forbidding them to present any clerk to a benefice, till five Romans, who were not so much as named, were provided with livings of the amount of one hundred pounds a year. Of these incumbents very few dreamt of residing in England, so that the plan of the Roman court amounted to nothing less than diverting the whole of the great tithes and endowments of England to an alien use. In the year 1231, when this enormous abuse was at its height, mysterious letters began to be handed about among influential laymen and monasteries whose cause was the same, purporting to come from the *common council* or from the *council of the great men.* These letters were sealed with a device representing two swords, and with the legend 'Behold here are two swords.' Soon, all over the country, and at a great many different points at once, the foreign ecclesiastics in England, or their farmers, found with dismay their full barns invaded by parties of strange men in masks, who, after having emptied the barns, opened a market and sold the corn cheap to the poor. When the authorities interfered, the masks showed what they called the king's letters patent, which, being accepted as good warrant, probably without much inquiry as to how they were come by, enabled the unknown spoilers to proceed quietly and systematically in their work. The men in disguise obtained the name of *Lewythiel*, probably (as Pegge suggests) from the assumed name of their leader, who called himself William Witham, but whose real name was Sir Robert de Twenge or Tuinge. They are said not to have exceeded eighty in number; but so well were their plans laid, and their small forces made available in so many places at once, that they kept the foreign incumbents throughout England in a state of abject fear, and effectually relieved them of their ill-gotten gains. No attempt was made to stop the levellers until the pope threatened the king with excommunication and the kingdom with interdict; and then, when an inquiry was made into the matter, almost everybody of importance in the land seemed to be involved in it. Sir Robert de Twenge, who had a good cause of grievance in his own person, went boldly to plead his cause at Rome, and so powerfully was he supported that the pope was forced to yield, and not only allow him the exercise of his patronage, but also declare by letter that no further interference with the rights of lay patrons should take place. Ecclesiastical patrons were, however, still left as a prey to Rome; and in the year 1244, as Matthew Paris informs us, the revenues of the foreign eccle-

siastics in England amounted to 70,000 marks per annum, which was more than equal to the revenues of the Crown. Innocent IV. had practically exemplified the principle laid down by Grosseteste, that the pope had 'the right to dispose of all ecclesiastical benefices as he pleased.' But, in spite of his principles, the Bishop of Lincoln, whose heart was fully in his work as a Christian bishop, could not see with equanimity the application of this licence to do wrong, which he yet theoretically conceded to one whom he called the vicar of Christ. Whatever reforms he tried to carry, whatever abuses to correct, he was met and thwarted at every turn by an antagonistic authority. An alien clergy appealing to an alien bishop could not be checked or controlled by their merely nominal pastor. He could neither reward merit by promotion nor punish licentiousness by deprivation. In everything the pope intervened. It was in vain to write or remonstrate—in vain even to keep a proctor constantly employed at the corrupt and venal court of Rome. Justice went but for little there, and the whole system was built upon the trampling down of the rights of bishops. At length, therefore, the Bishop of Lincoln spoke; and, like the stream long dammed up when it bursts forth and carries all before it, his words were vehement and eager. But, even yet, in the midst of his denunciations of the abuses wrought by Rome, he did not change his tone upon first principles; and, in order to reconcile his remonstrance with them, he appealed as it were from the Roman see acting unjustly to the Roman see as it ought to act,—from the individual pope to an ideal pope. Very far was he in his opposition to the pope from taking the Protestant tone of denouncing the pope officially, or branding him as Antichrist. Neither would any such tone have been possible to him in view of his own conduct in these matters. The occasion of his visit to Lyons in 1250, when at the end of his stay he caused his famous pamphlet to be read denouncing negligent teachers as Antichrists, has been, as it seems to us, much misrepresented. It has been spoken of as though Bishop Grosseteste appeared at the head of a deputation from the English Church before a *Council* at Lyons, and boldly censured the Roman court. The real fact of the matter was this. The bishop in his visitation of monasteries (of which more will be said below) found himself checked at every turn by exemptions granted by the pope. He went to Lyons to try and induce the pope (*i.e.* to bribe him) to override these exemptions in his favour. But the money of the monks had been before him, and was too strong for him. Then, and not till then, finding that he could do nothing with Innocent IV. did he cause his long declamation against abuses to be read. But was Grosseteste himself guiltless in this matter? Very far from it.

Not only had he consented to be tax-gatherer for the pope in England, but in *his former visit to* Lyons in 1245, which the admirers of his Protestant zeal seem entirely to overlook, he had basely truckled to the very worst pretensions of this same Roman court which now he denounces. It was by his sole influence that Roger de Weseham was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry at Rome, without the pretence even of an election by the chapter, or any consultation with the king; and when the instrument of the cession of England to the pope which had been signed by King John was destroyed by fire—that *charta detestabilis* as Matthew Paris fitly calls it—Bishop Grosseteste, in company with the other English prelates, was actually induced to sign a new document to the same effect.[1] '*Quod ipsi episcopi timore inexcusabiliter effeminati, non sine enormi regis et regni, proh dolor! fecerunt prejudicio,*' (Matthew Paris). Dr. Pegge, who is a most faithful panegyrist of the bishop, acknowledges that he does not know how to exculpate him on this occasion.[2] In fact, Grosseteste's conduct throughout as regards Rome was just such as one would expect from a man, however eminent and virtuous, who had unfortunately allowed himself to adopt a system both false in its principles and scandalous in its operation. The appointment by Innocent IV. of his nephew Frederick di Lavagna to a canonry at Lincoln has been already spoken of. This was after Grosseteste had been for eighteen years a bishop, and had been compelled to submit to many a degradation of the same sort. He then addressed his famous letter to the pope's delegates:—

'Your wisdom knows that I obey the apostolical mandates altogether devoutly and obediently, with a filial affection; and in the same way, out of zeal for the honour of a parent, I oppose and resist those things which are contrary to the apostolical commands. To either course I am similarly and equally bound by the divine law. For apostolical mandates neither are nor can be any other but those which agree with the doctrine of the Apostles and of our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, the Master and Lord of the Apostles, whose representation and person our lord the pope especially bears in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. . . . . The tenor of the aforesaid letter is not agreeable with the apostolical sanctity, but very much opposed to it. . . . . After the sin of Lucifer, with which the sin of Antichrist, the son of perdition, whom the Lord Jesus will destroy with the breath of His mouth, will be the same, at the end of time, there neither is nor can be any form of sin so opposed and contrary to the doctrine of the Apostles and Evangelists, so odious, detestable, and abominable to the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and so pernicious to the human race, as to put to death and destroy, by defrauding them of the pastoral office, those souls which are designed to be quickened and saved by the duty and ministry of the pastoral care. And this sin, as is plain from Scripture, is committed by those who, having the pastoral charge, only have an eye to satisfying their own carnal and temporal wants and needs from the milk and wool of the sheep of Christ,

[1] Pegge's Grosseteste, p. 195. [2] *Ibid.* p. 127.

and do not administer the due functions of their office, to bring about their eternal salvation. For the failing in the administration of the pastoral care is, as the Scriptures bear witness, the slaughter and destruction of the sheep.'

And in this sin those are even more involved, and more near to 'Lucifer and Antichrist,' than the actual committers of it, who, being placed in situations of power, allow and encourage this neglect:—

'It is not possible, therefore, that the most holy apostolical see to which, by the holy Jesus, the Lord of saints, there is committed every sort of power, as the Apostle testifies, for edification and not for destruction, can either commit or enjoin anything approaching to this sin. For this would be evidently a failing and corruption of its most holy power, a mighty severing from the throne of glory of Jesus Christ. . . . . Nor can any one, truly subject and faithful in unspotted and sincere obedience to this see, and not cut off by schism from the body of Christ and the holy see, obey such commands and precepts, nor any similar attempts coming from any quarter, even should they proceed from the highest order of angels, but must necessarily contradict and contend against them with all his strength. Wherefore, reverend sirs, I, according to the debt of obedience and fidelity in which I am held to the most holy apostolical see, as to both father and mother, and from my love of union in the body of Christ with it, out of filial obedience refuse to obey, nay, contradict and contend against, those things which are written in this letter, inasmuch as they evidently tend to this vile sin, of which I have spoken, and are contrary to Catholic unity. Nor on this account can your wisdom determine aught harsh against me, inasmuch as my words and actions in this matter are not really a contradiction and rebellion, but a filial and fitting honouring of father and mother. In a word, the holiness of the apostolical see cannot ordain things except they be for edification, and not for destruction, for this is the fulness of power to be able to do all things for edification. But these provisions, as they are called, are not for edification, but for most manifest destruction. The apostolical see cannot therefore entertain them, inasmuch as flesh and blood, which shall not possess the kingdom of heaven, has not revealed them, but the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is in heaven.'

The reader will judge for himself whether this letter is an abnegation of Grosseteste's principles as to the see of Rome, and whether the remark of Milner upon it, 'that if we set 'aside the prejudices of his education, he argues altogether 'on Protestant principles,[2] is not simply absurd. The fury

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[1] Luard, p. 432—437.

[2] Milner, Ch. Hist. iv. 50. It seems doubtful whether Milner had ever seen this letter in the original, otherwise he could not give as part of his version of it the expression, 'the two princes of darkness,' and then put in a note, 'he seems to mean the devil and antichrist,' whereas the latter phrase occurs in the letter, but the former does not. Nor could he say that it was doubtful whether the letter was addressed to the pope or his deputies, when the expression *domini reverendi*, which is in the letter, as well as the beginning of it, *discretio vestra*, clearly shows that it was addressed to the latter. Mr. Luard has also fallen into the mistake of heading the letter in his list 'To Pope Innocent IV.' Another extraordinary mistake of the same editor may also be noted here. At p. 440 he puts in a side note, 'He had intended to *resign*, but has been prevented by superior authority.' What Grosseteste says in the text is, that he had intended

which Grosseteste's letter excited in the pope, the excommunication which he hurled at him, and from which the bishop is said to have appealed to the Great Judge of all, are told in all ecclesiastical histories.

We pass on to another point which has generally escaped the notice of writers on these subjects, a curious illustration of the subtle policy of Rome, and in which Bishop Grosseteste was the instrument of that policy, but whether conscious or unconscious, is somewhat hard to determine. We are struck, in reading the bishop's letters, at the excessive vigour with which he denounces all employment of ecclesiastical persons in secular affairs. This quite agrees with our modern notions, but as we know that the state of society in the Middle Ages almost necessitated the practice, and as, in particular, all the vast structure of the Curia Romana and its far-reaching ambition was built upon it, we are somewhat surprised to find a thoroughly Romanizing bishop taking such strong exception to it. In this, at any rate, we are ready to say Grosseteste was beyond and above his friends, the pope and cardinals. But let us look a little deeper. The cardinal legate Otho had been sent over to strengthen, by his subtle policy, the tottering power of the king, and well did he play the part assigned to him. The English party was strong and active, but it was gradually dispossessed of power, and of the means of resistance:

'The mercenary troops of the king were under the command of foreigners; the strongholds of the country were in foreign custody; the object now was to dismiss the clergy from all public offices, and to supply their place by partisans of the court. Otho's line of policy is clear. What he proposed was that pluralities should not be held, and that the clergy should not be engaged in secular pursuits *except under a dispensation from Rome*. The higher clergy of the Church of England were much too clear-sighted not to see the object of the legate, and in their opposition to his proposal they were backed by the nobles, who resented this deep design on the part of the papal authorities to obtain for the pope *the virtual appointment to all the chief civil offices in England*.'[1]

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to hold a visitation of them (his clergy), but had been called away by higher authority. The story given in the *Lanercost Chronicle*, about his resignation, is evidently a fabrication. See Pegge. Mr. Luard also repeats the common error of attributing the 'Manuel des Pechiez,' expanded in English by Robert de Brune, to Grosseteste. This is the more inexcusable, inasmuch as the writer takes care to tell us in the poem his name, state, and birthplace:—

'En Engleterre fu ne,
E norri ordiné et alevé,
De une vile sui nome,
Ou ne est burg ne cité.
De Deu seit beneit chescun hom,
Ky prie pur *Wilham de Wadingtoun*.'

This poem has been published by the Roxburghe Club.

[1] *Hook's* Archbishops of Canterbury, iii. 190.

Did Grosseteste, the friend and supporter of the cardinal legate, lend himself to this deep design, or was the reforming zeal of the bishop made use of by the wily cardinal to further his projects? It seems only fair to adopt, at least in part, the latter supposition, inasmuch as we have letters of Grosseteste objecting to the secular employment of ecclesiastics before or just about the time of the arrival of Otho, and certainly before the holding of the Council of London, when the legate's policy was fully developed. He may, however, have continued to insist upon this very unusual restriction on the liberty of unemployed ecclesiastics out of deference to the cardinal, and with the view of helping his projects. But though the Bishop of Lincoln could be so terribly scandalized at the employment of abbots as justices itinerant, which seems very much the same thing as clergy in the present day acting as justices of the peace, he yet could not only sanction, but himself perform, a purely secular employment, and, what is more, an unpatriotic and scandalous one, when the great object of his reverence, the pope, was in question. There are few more iniquitous transactions in papal history than the preaching of the Holy War by Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. against the Emperor Frederick. Yet for this vile purpose the Church of England was sorely taxed, and Bishop Grosseteste was one of the tax-gatherers. The king naturally felt indignant at the matter. Not that the bad application of the money would much vex him, but the abstraction of it from the kingdom when it might have been got possession of for his own use, was a thing to be deprecated. He wrote, therefore, to the Bishop of Lincoln on the subject, and Grosseteste's answer strikingly illustrates both his own extreme views on the supremacy of the spiritual power, and also his conception of the loyalty and obedience due to his king:—

'Your reverend majesty has written to me that you wonder not a little, and are indignant that I propose to hold courts and collect the tallage for our lord the pope from the religious men and clerks by my own authority. May your wisdom then note that I do nothing in this matter by my own authority, nor am I alone in it, inasmuch as my fellow-bishops are doing the same, or have already carried it out according to the form given them by Master Martin, the pope's nuncio. I, as they, am compelled to this by the authority and precept of the supreme pontiff, whom not to obey is as the sin of witchcraft and idolatry. What we are doing in this matter ought not to excite wonder; but it would be indeed matter for wonder and indignation if, even without being asked or commanded, we would not do this, or more than this. For we see our spiritual father and mother, whom we are bound to honour, obey, reverence, and help infinitely more than our fleshly parents, banished, persecuted, and oppressed,[1] spoiled of their patrimony, and having nothing wherewith to support themselves as is fitting. If, then, we should not help them, surely we trans-

[1] *i. e.* Obliged, or preferring, to hold his court at Lyons.

gress the command of the Lord concerning honouring our parents. . . . . Your royal clemency will not inhibit or impede children desiring to honour their parents, but rather commend, assist, and advance their purpose. Whoever counsels you otherwise has no regard for your kingly honour.'[1]

We willingly turn from the disagreeable subject of the subserviency of the great Bishop of Lincoln to the schemes and extortions of the papal court, to consider him from a more pleasing point of view as an administrator in his own diocese, and as the zealous promoter of discipline and efficiency among his clergy. He did himself much honour by constantly keeping in mind the great object of the ministry, the cure of souls, and stedfastly refusing to be a party to any scandalous neglect.[2] Indeed, sometimes he pushed his strictness so far that it became severity and injustice. We will consider his administration with regard to the parochial clergy, the monasteries, and the chapter, in succession, inasmuch as each class presents distinctive points of interest. And first with regard to his institution to livings. This was a point on which the bishop was uniformly and laudably conscientious. He steadily refused to commit the pastoral charge to those who could not perform it. Immediately on his appointment to the bishopric (before his consecration), a monk brought him a young deacon without the tonsure, dressed in scarlet clothes, and altogether more like a soldier than an ecclesiastic,[3] to be instituted to an important place. The monk got such a lecture for his pains, that he was

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1 Luard, p. 340.

2 The only instances we have observed to the contrary are the one mentioned above when he made the concession to Cardinal Otho, as to the nominee of Earl Ferrers, and the case of Jordan, Clerk of the Prior of Ware, sub-deacon, who was presented to the church of Charlton, A.D. 1242, under a reservation of ten marks, payable annually to Roger, son of Roger, Earl of Winchester, clerk.—Pegge's Grosseteste, p. 104.

3 The adopting the gay dress of the layman was a common transgression of the younger clergy both in this century and the next. We have abundant allusions to it in contemporary poetry. In Robert de Brune we have a story of a deacon who loved a 'cote of pride,' and was burned to ashes for his vanity. He also speaks of the clergy refusing the tonsure. Thus, also, in the 'Complaint of the Ploughman,' written, according to Mr. Wright, in the fourteenth century, the clergy are satirized—

'Of scarlet and grene gaie gounes,
That mote bee shape of the newe,
To clepen and kissen they counten in tounes
The damoselles that to the daunce sewe;
Cutted clothes to shewe her hewe,
With long pikes on her shone—
Our Godde's gospell is not true,
Either they serven the devil or none.
Now ben pristes pokes so wide
That men must enlarge the vestiment,
The holy gospell they doen hide
For they contrarien in raiment.'—*Polit. Songs*, i. 332.

not likely to approach the bishop quickly again, and the smart deacon was ignominiously rejected.[1] Soon afterwards we find Grosseteste rejecting another presentee on account of youth, speaking of him contemptuously as one yet in his Ovid.[2] The claims of friendship had no power over him in this matter. Walter Blunt, Chancellor of York, an old and valued friend, cannot obtain institution for a relation because he is illiterate,[3] and to John Romanus, Subdean of York, also a friend, he writes in the most solemn strain, extolling in eloquent language the greatness of the pastoral office, and refusing, on the ground of his incompetency, to institute his nephew to Stratford-on-Avon.[4] It would seem, even, that he did not scruple to remit a clerk sent to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the ground that he knew nothing of him,[5] and the language which he uses in doing this impresses us strongly with the tremendous sense of responsibility with which he felt himself weighed down. 'In 'delivering a cure of souls we are altogether convulsed by fear, 'lest perchance we should expose them to slayers and murderers 'instead of givers of life, and lest we ourselves in the tremendous 'judgment should be condemned for this together with the homi-'cide.' The prelate to whom these solemn words were addressed (Boniface) needed a caution as to the responsibilities of his office as much as any bishop of his day, and he may have been somewhat inclined to regard Grosseteste with anger and annoyance, inasmuch as we find that his palace was thronged by applicants for redress who thought themselves aggrieved by the severe discipline of the Bishop of Lincoln. Grosseteste, writing to him about the burden which these numerous appeals were to him, says that he knows well that, in his wide diocese, there are many who have been visited by ecclesiastical discipline whom he has had to strike with the rod of correction much more severely than they liked.[6] The rod began to be applied immediately that the power to use it was put into his hands. The bishop at once wrote to his archdeacons, telling them to correct certain abuses,[7] and shortly afterwards, having arranged his plans for a personal visitation of his diocese, he addressed a letter to the

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[1] Luard, p. 50. [2] *Ibid.* p. 63. [3] *Ibid.* p. 68.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 203. [5] *Ibid.* p. 273. [6] *Ibid.* p. 275.

[7] These are very curious, but Mr. Luard is either unwilling or unable to tell us much about them. The things to be prohibited were (1) Scot-ales, which Mr. Luard insists on writing as a Latin word, but which is of frequent occurrence in old English. Thus Robert de Brune (1303):—

'At talys, and festys, and at *the ale*,
Men love to listen trotevale;'

and frequently in 'Piers Plowman.' They appear to have been drinking bouts, in which the strongest head won the prize. Dr. Hook says that the clergy sometimes gave notice of them in church. In the 'Complaint of the Ploughman,' they

Archdeacon of Lincoln, which may be said to be the foundation of episcopal visitations as they have continued down to the present day. In this letter, he acknowledges his duty of preaching to all the clergy in his diocese, but, on account of their number, he desires the archdeacon to cause them to be assembled in their deaneries, 'that he may preach to them the word of God, 'instruct them how they ought to teach the people committed 'to them by word, and edify them by the example of their 'conversation, and thus in a manner fill his place.' The rural deans are to summon the clergy, and prepare everything for the bishop's charge. All churches which had not been consecrated were to be got ready. The bishop does not desire to be oppressive in the matter of procurations, and asks the archdeacon's advice as to the amount he should require. The last clause of the letter is characteristic of the times: 'Signify also 'to us what beneficed men or priests, or in any degree of orders, 'there are who have been either convicted of incontinence or 'who have confessed it before you, and have bound themselves to 'resign their benefices, or to some other canonical penalty, if 'they should chance to relapse into the same sin, and send to us 'their bonds, or copies of them.'[1] It is evident that these obligations would not be suffered to remain a dead letter.

In a paper printed by Wharton, in the 'Anglia Sacra,' we have the bishop's own account as to how this visitation was carried on :—

'At the commencement of my episcopacy I began to make a circuit to each archdeaconry, and caused the clergy of the several deaneries to be

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are said to be 'chief chauntours at the nale.' (2) Tiltings [with wooden rams upon wheels, which no doubt must have been a dangerous sport, but which is not very sensibly forbidden by the bishop on account of its *heathen* character. All other games are also to be discouraged, which is in accordance with the asceticism of the day. (3) Vigils and funeral feasts are to be strictly watched, to prevent them from being occasions of debauchery and sin. (4) Games are not to be played in church or churchyard. That this was a frequent practice we gather from Robert de Brune—

> 'He may yn the cherche thurghe thys resun,
> Play the Resurreccyun—
> And he may play withoutyn plyghte
> How Gode was borne in Zolé nyghte;'

but no other plays are to be allowed either in church or churchyard; and 'carolling' in churchyards is set down as a great sin. (5) Mothers and nurses, (as in the constitutions of Archbishop Edmund published about the same time), are warned not to overlay their infants. (6) Private marriages are forbidden; and (7) parish processions, where contests arise between the standard-bearers of rival parishes, frequently leading to bloodshed. (8) Lastly, the great abuse into which it seems some of the clergy had fallen of refusing the communion till their Easter dues were paid, is severely condemned.—Luard, p. 72 *et seq.*

1 Luard, p. 147.

summoned by the rural deans on a certain day at a fixed place, and the people to be warned to come at the same time and place with their children to be confirmed, and to hear the word of God and confess. I myself addressed the word of God to the clergy, and some friar, either preacher or minor, to the people. Meantime four friars were occupied in hearing confessions and enjoining penances. After confirming the children, I and my clergy gave our attention to inquisitions, corrections, and reformations. In my first circuit some came to me finding fault and saying, "My lord, you are doing a thing new and unaccustomed." To whom I answered, "Every novelty which does good to a man is a blessed novelty."'[1]

The visitation was preceded by articles of inquiry addressed to the laity as to the conduct of their pastors, a precedent which is still followed, and was followed up by certain constitutions or canons. There are not wanting indications of the extraordinary severity with which the bishop carried on his work; and, without crediting all the statements of Matthew Paris, as to his coming down like a hammer, to break everything in pieces, we may easily imagine that he was betrayed in his zeal into some acts of injustice. For instance, it was a manifest grievance to oblige the laity to accuse one another upon oath, and the fact that the king actually forbade the laity of Hertfordshire to attend the bishop, shows that this was severely felt.[2] The bishop, indeed, did not stand upon trifles in these matters. A clergyman named Ralph had been deprived and degraded by him for incontinence, and then, upon his refusing to resign his living, excommunicated. The bishop then ordered the sheriff of Rutland to apprehend the unfortunate clerk. The sheriff refused, and the bishop excommunicated him, thereby flatly offending against the Constitutions of Clarendon, which ordained that recourse was in the first place to be had to the king. The king was angry, but could do nothing except through Rome, and the pope, for a consideration, made a sensible order in this matter.[3] The Bishop of Lincoln, like other ascetic disciplinarians, thought that he could repress incontinence, that is to say, prevent the marriage of the clergy; but this was more than he was able to do. Both at this period and throughout the Middle Ages, the marriage of priests was very common.[4] The visitation of the bishop was continued at various periods during his episcopate, and the scope and object which he proposed to himself, and which, without doubt, he in some measure carried out, may best be judged from his 'Constitutions,'

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[1] Anglia Sacra, ii. 347. [2] Pegge's Grosseteste, p. 46. [3] *Ibid.* p. 170.
[4] There is a curious letter in Dr. Shirley's collection concerning the Vicar of Mundham, who had *two wives*, and alleged a dispensation from the pope to allow him: i. 277.

a document which throws the fullest light of any that we know upon the condition of the parochial clergy of England during the thirteenth century.

'THE CONSTITUTIONS OF ROBERT, BISHOP OF LINCOLN, DIRECTED TO THE RECTORS OF CHURCHES, THE VICARS THE PARISH PRIESTS OF THAT DIOCESE.

'Being bound to give a good account of the performance of our duty to you, to do which, as S. Augustine says, we must speak and not hold our peace, and when we speak and are not listened to, lament; we cannot be silent on the things which we believe necessary for you to know and observe. Inasmuch then as without the keeping of the commandments the salvation of souls cannot be, we exhort you in the Lord and firmly enjoin you that each pastor of souls and every parish priest should know the decalogue—that is the Ten Commandments of the Mosaical law—and should frequently preach and expound the same to the people placed under him. Let him also know which are the seven chief sins, and these let him in like manner charge his people to avoid; let him further know, at least in a plain manner, the seven sacraments of the Church, and let those who are priests especially know what is required for the sacrament of true confession and penance and the form of baptizing; let them often teach the laity in the vulgar idiom; let each of them also have at least a plain understanding of the faith as it is contained in the Greater and Lesser Creed, and in the treatise which is called *Quicunque Vult*, which is sung every day in the church at prime. Let the Eucharist, which is the Sacrament of the Lord's Body, be always placed with reverence in a special place, clean and well protected, and be devoutly and faithfully kept. Let every priest frequently teach his people that when the blessed Host is elevated in the celebration of Mass all should reverently bend, and that the same should be done when the presbyter carries it to one sick, which he is to do in a fitting dress with a clean covering placed over it, in open and honourable fashion, carrying it before his breast with reverence and fear, with a taper always going before it, inasmuch as it is the brightness of eternal light, so that thus faith and devotion may be increased among all (as is written in the General Council). Let a bell also together with the light always go before the venerable Host of the Body of Christ, that by the sound of it the devotion of the faithful may be stirred up to the due adoration of so great a Sacrament. Let priests also take care that the Holy Eucharist do not, by any carelessness or over long keeping, become damp and mouldy, so as to make it either foul in appearance or disagreeable to the taste. Let the priests be most ready and prepared not only by day but also by night, to visit the sick when they are needed, lest by their negligence, which God forbid, a sick man should die without confession or communion, or extreme unction. Let the super-altars be handsome and of sufficient size, and firmly fixed in the surrounding wood, so that they may not be moved from it, nor be taken for other uses besides the celebration of the divine offices, as for instance the grinding of colours upon them or other similar purposes. Let the chrism cloths[1] not be converted to profane uses. In the Church also let the divine office be celebrated entire and with devotion; that is to say, let the lessons, psalms, hymns, and the other things which are recited in the church to the praise

[1] These were the cloths which were wrapped round the head of the infant after baptizing and anointing had taken place, the notion being to preserve as long as *possible the* holy elements used in the sacrament.

of God, have a perfect and full sound given to the words[1] and a devout attention paid to the meaning, lest (which God forbid) instead of a perfect and living victim there be offered a mutilated or dead one. Let all who have cure of souls, and parish priests, when they have finished in the church the divine offices, apply themselves diligently to prayer and the reading of Holy Scripture, that by understanding the Scripture they may be ready, according to their office, always to give satisfaction to every one who asks them an account of their hope or faith, and that they may be always firmly fixed in doctrine and the application of Scripture like bolts in the rings of a chest, that by diligent reading, as by daily food, their power of prayer may be nourished and increased. Let the rectors of churches and parish priests also take especial care that the children of their parishes should be diligently taught and made to know the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ave Maria, and how to sign themselves rightly with the sign of the cross. [And, inasmuch as we have heard that even some adults are ignorant of these things, we enjoin that when the laity come to confession they should be carefully examined whether they know the forementioned, and should be instructed in them by the priests in the fitting manner. And because, as Esaias says, "They who bear the vessels of the Lord ought to be clean, and not to touch anything polluted," we exhort and enjoin that all beneficed persons, and all in any degree of orders, should avoid the sin of lust and all voluntary filthiness of the flesh, preserving the purity of continence; and that none of them should take a wife; and if any were married before he was in orders that he shall not hold a benefice, nor presume to minister in holy orders if he shall have received them afterwards. And since we ought to abstain, not only from evil, but from all appearance of evil, we strictly forbid clerks frequenting nunneries without reasonable and manifest cause; and we order that no priest should keep a woman in his house, whether related to him or not, with respect to whom any evil suspicion could reasonably arise concerning himself. And because in the Book of Leviticus the Lord says to Aaron, "Drink not wine, nor anything that can inebriate, neither thou, nor thy sons, when thou shalt go into the tabernacle of the Lord, lest ye die;" since Aaron and his sons the priests of the old law are the type of the priests of this time, and wine and intoxicating drinks are the type of drunkenness, and that priests ought also day and night to remain mystically in the tabernacle observing the watches of the Lord lest they die, as is written in the same book; we strictly forbid any beneficed person or persons in holy orders from being drunkards, or gluttonous, or frequenters of taverns, lest they die the eternal death as the law threatens; but by the practice of abstinence and sobriety let them render themselves skilful, according to the doctrine of God, to know how to discern between the holy and profane, the polluted and the clean, and teach the people all the law of the Lord which he spake by the hand of Moses. Because also it was told the Levites that they should not have their portion of inheritance among the children of Israel, by which means there is cut off from the ministers of the Church every temptation of covetousness; we exhort and strictly order that no beneficed man, or men in holy orders, shou'd exercise trades, or lend anything at usury, but, as the Gospel enjoins, should give one to another, hoping nothing in return. To cut off also every appearance of covetousness, we strictly forbid not only by our ordi-

[1] Any one conversant with old Latin mediæval hymns will know that the rhyme is often taken from the *contraction*, not from the expanded word. This proves that the Latin words were often read by the priests, probably through ignorance, in their contracted form.

nary authority, but also by special apostolical authority, that any beneficed men, or men in holy orders, should be sheriffs, or secular justices, or hold places as bailiffs, with the obligation to give account to lay authorities of their administration of them. We also strictly forbid any rector of a church making an agreement of this sort with his priest, namely, that the priest, besides other pay, may receive the annuals and tricennials;[1] for an agreement of this sort is a manifest proof that the priest receives too small a stipend, it must needs be necessary either that he should not complete the annuals and tricennials which he had undertaken, or else that he should not fittingly perform the divine offices in the parish church; but let a sufficient and honourable maintenance be given to the priests by the rectors of the churches, lest through the smallness of the maintenance it should become necessary that the churches should be without divine offices, or the priests themselves be gaping after base gains, or begging for a livelihood. We also strictly forbid the entrusting to laymen to farm free lands of the domains of churches, unless perchance the same laymen be the servants of the churches, and then this ought to be done by the licence of the diocesan. And let not rectors or vicars use the goods of the church to erect buildings on a lay fee beyond the property of the church; and in like manner let not tithes be stored upon a lay fee, but on the property of the church itself. We also enjoin that the rents assigned by the devotion of the laity for lights or for any other honourable uses in the churches themselves should not be converted by the rectors into their own use and emoluments. We also strictly forbid the receiving the oblations of the laity on the day of the holy Passover after the Mass when they communicate, because this is a clear proof of covetousness, and an evident injury to the devotion of the communicants. We exhort also and enjoin that the clergy should not frequent mimes, jesters, or actors, nor play at dice, nor sit with those who are playing, because, though these things seem to some trifling matters, nevertheless, according to the doctrines of the holy fathers, those who do such things offer sacrifices to devils. And because in the clergy nothing ought to be conspicuous except the humility of Jesus Christ and evangelical perfection which bids us, "If any man strike thee on the right cheek, offer him also the other," we advise and enjoin that clerks should not bear arms, but have the corona and tonsure fitting to their order, and a dress suitable to their calling, both as respect themselves and their followers, as the Holy Councils determine. We enjoin also, not only by our own authority, but also by the special apostolical authority (of the pope), that none who have not received a dispensation from the apostolical see retain more than one cure of souls; also that the sons of late incumbents should altogether resign the churches in which they immediately succeeded their fathers, and that the patrons should present suitable persons to the same churches. We heard also and greatly lament that some priests extort money from the laity for penance or the ministration of the other sacraments, and that some enjoin penances which bring base gain to them . . . . such things we altogether forbid, as well as the enjoining annuals and tricennials with like covetousness—namely, that the priest may get profit thereby. We have heard also that some priests make their deacons hear the confessions of their parishioners, and how absurd this is we need not say, seeing that it is evidently true that to deacons is not given the power of binding and loosing, and that the priests in doing this only seek for ease and leisure to apply themselves to secular business. Wherefore we strictly forbid deacons to hear confessions, or enjoin penances, or minister the other sacraments, which it is only lawful for priests to

[1] Apparently private masses which were enjoined as a penance to be provided for certain periods of one or three years.

minister. We desire also and enjoin that all beneficed men should be promoted to the degree of orders which the cure which they have undertaken requires. With a view to this by special apostolical authority we direct that all rectors of churches and vicars reside on their benefices, observing a laudable and honest conversation in them, unless they shall be dispensed from residence for a reasonable cause. In every church where there are means sufficient, let there be one deacon and one subdeacon ministering in the same as is fitting; but in other churches let there at least be one clerk suitable and honourable to wait upon the priest in a fitting dress in divine service. We order also strictly by the authority of the Gospel, and by the special indulgence of the apostolical see, that no trading be carried on in holy places, seeing that the Lord cast the buyers and sellers out of the Temple that the "house of prayer" might not be made "a den of thieves;" also that the churchyards be well enclosed and the churches and the buildings belonging to them fittingly built according to the means of the churches, and the churches decently furnished with books, holy vessels, and vestments, and that the ornaments and sacred vessels be at night in safe and honest custody, and be not laid up in the houses of lay people, nor be in their charge except of necessity. We altogether inhibit an execrable custom which has been wont to be observed in certain churches—namely, the making a "feast of fools,"[1] that the house of prayer may not become the house of games, and that the bitterness of the circumcision of our Lord Jesus Christ may not be unduly celebrated by plays and pleasures. We forbid also priests celebrating with vinegar; and inasmuch as every workman ought to pay special attention to his own art, we enjoin those who have cure of souls to apply themselves vigorously to this art, for it is the art of arts, as says Saint Gregory, and that they may not be turned away from it we strictly forbid any of them attending lectures in the schools, or teaching the secular laws. We order also that in every church the canon of the Mass should be carefully corrected. Also we order that in each church it should be solemnly forbidden to all to raise rams upon wheels or institute any other games in which there is a contest of daring; and that no one should be present at games of this sort. Similarly we prohibit the compotations which are commonly called *Scotales;* all games also and all secular pleadings are to be altogether banished from holy places. Let a warning be frequently given in sermons that mothers and nurses do not place their infants near them in bed. Let clandestine marriages be strictly forbidden, and let not the rectors of churches and the parish priests allow their parishes at the annual visitation of the mother Church strive for the precedence with their banners, inasmuch as battles and even death are wont to come from this. We order also that in all churches it be solemnly forbidden to all knowingly and wittingly to receive

[1] It seems that the head quarters of this Feast of Fools was Lincoln Cathedral. Thus, writing to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln, Grosseteste says:—'Inasmuch as the house of God is, as the Son of God beareth witness, the house of prayer, it is an infamous thing to turn it into a house of joking, scurrility, and trifling, and to desecrate a place dedicated to God by diabolical inventions. And inasmuch as the circumcision of our Lord Jesus Christ was the first beginning of His Passion, and that not a little bitter, and is also the sign of spiritual circumcision, by which the foreskins of our hearts are taken away and all carnal pleasures and sensual lusts are cut off, it is an execrable thing to profane the venerable feast of the circumcision of the Lord with the filth of libidinous pleasures. Wherefore we command you, in virtue of your obedience, and strictly enjoin you, that you should by no means permit to be holden this Feast of Fools, since it is full of vanity and defiled with pleasures, in the Church of Lincoln, on the day of the venerable feast of the circumcision of the Lord.' (Ep. 32.)

with hospitality the concubines of clerks, except perchance when making a journey; then also taking prudent precautions that the clerical fornicator be not lodged in the same house. To this we add that the laity should not stand or sit in the chancel when divine service is being celebrated there,[1] except perhaps this be allowed to patrons out of respect, or some other rational and manifest cause. And because in many churches, as we believe, the orders of the Oxford Council are not written, the beginning of this, concerning excommunications made in the same Council to the terror of those who have a bad conscience, and for their restraining, we have thought it right to cause to be added here in the same words in which it was written in the same Council; and we enjoin that the said excomunications be each year renewed in the several churches.'

We have not left ourselves much space for noticing the many interesting details connected with Grosseteste's visitation of the monasteries. For some reason or other, a monk was an abomination to the bishop. He certainly treated both monks and nuns with even greater harshness than he did his parochial clergy. We think the explanation of this is the bishop's great love of power and somewhat overbearing disposition. He could not tolerate the exemptions which the monks claimed. The *imperium in imperio* was hateful to him. Hence he came down with the sledge-hammer blow, described by Matthew Paris, wherever he could, and where the dispensations were too strong for him, he fought the battle against them in their stronghold at Rome, and went back terribly dejected when he found he could not prevail. Now if we are called upon to strike the balance of praise and blame between monks and friars, we should probably give the preference without much hesitation to the former. Everybody knows that luxury [2] and licentiousness invaded many of the monasteries; but, even when they were most corrupt, they were not public nuisances as the friars

[1] This is also one of the forms of sacrilege mentioned by Robert of Brune in his 'Handlyng Synne;' as also the games in churchyards, law cases in church, and the want of care for graveyards.

[2] 'That a man should a monke lord call,
Ne serve on knees as a king;
He is as proud as prince in pall,
In meat and drinke and all thing.
Some weareu mitre and ring,
With double worsted well ydight,
With royal meat and rich drinke,
And rideth on courser as a knight.

With hauke and with hounds eke,
With brooches or ouches on his hood;
Some say no masse in all a week,
Of dainties is her most good.
They have lordships and bondmen—
This is a royal religioune—
Saint Benet made never none of him,
To have lordshipe of man ne toune.'
Complaint of the Ploughman—Wright's Polit. Songs.

were. And we have to set against the corruption of some monasteries—chiefly the smaller ones—the great and splendid services rendered to the Church and the country by the general body of monasteries, the asylum that they offered in troubled times to devout souls, the splendid architecture which grew out of their system, the glorious manuscripts by which they perpetuated a wisdom which perhaps they did not always understand, the magnificent worship of their churches by which they edified the faithful. But what have the friars done for humanity? Some of them were acute schoolmen, and gave their greatest names to both Nominalists and Realists; but what have all the Nominalists and Realists done for literature compared with the work of even one convent of Benedictines? To the friars much more than to the monks is the mediæval corruption of Christianity due. They it was that stretched to the most monstrous extent the power of the pope. They it was that placed the Virgin in the stead of Christ, and traded upon false miracles and lying legends. For gross corruption they soon became a byeword, and far exceeded the monks.

> 'The freres of al the foure ordres
> Prechynge the people for profit of the wombe,
> And glosynge the Godspel as hern good lykede,
> For covetise of copes contrariede the doctours—
> Theire monye and marchaundise marchen togeders,
> Ac such charyte hath be chapman and chef to shryve lordes,
> But Holy Church and charyte choppe adown swich shryven.'—
> *Piers Ploweman.*

Yet Bishop Grosseteste, while he delighted beyond all things in the friars, could not tolerate the monks. We confess that we think Matthew Paris, the monkish historian, who has generally been censured for gross partiality, has in the matter of the bishop's visitation of the monasteries been quite as impartial as he could be reasonably expected to be. To have this overbearing potentate, with his train of friars, coming violently into the monastery, summoning the monks before him, putting them to their oath, inviting accusations against them, and sometimes trying their virtue in a most insulting manner,[1] was enough to make the literary tendencies of the monk of St. Alban's take a peculiar turn. Probably great abuses had crept into many houses; but such a sweeping measure as the deposition of seven abbots and four priors in one year was certainly a very violent remedy.[2] Why could they not have been first admonished and

[1] A most atrocious way of testing the chastity of the nuns is mentioned by Matthew Paris.

[2] The Abbots of Leicester, Owston, Torrington, Nutley, Bourne, Dorchester (Oxf.), and Messenden. The Priors of S. Frideswide, Coldnorton, Bradwell, and De-la-land.—*Dunstable Annals*, quoted by Luard, p. 38.

desired to amend? And not only did he eject in a most summary manner, but he tried hard to get the appointment to the chief places in the monasteries into his own hands, and thus firmly establish his rule therein. Some of these appointments had passed out of the hands of the monks, either to the king or some noble patron, in gratitude for favours received. But we have Bishop Grosseteste coolly writing to one Philip de Kyme to inform him that he has passed over his nominee for the Priory of Kyme, and has appointed a man of his own. No wonder Philip bore this *graviter et asperè*, for we cannot see that it was much different from the pope's action in the matter of Frederick di Lavagna. The bishop, however, tells him that upon Christian principles he ought to be very well satisfied that a good man was appointed, though he was not consulted in the matter; and further informs him 'that he has quashed many 'elections in monasteries which are under the patronage of the 'king, and that, without in any way communicating with him, he 'has appointed superiors over them, who, having been sent with 'his letters, had always been readily received by him.'[1] This was no doubt the fact, as Grosseteste's conduct towards the king was always as independent, as towards the pope and cardinals it was subservient. At the same time it does not appear to us to settle the justice of the question. If a visitor rejects a presentee on the ground of unfitness, he assuredly has no right at once to institute a selection of his own, but is bound to refer the matter back again to the patron. The harsh and severe way in which Bishop Grosseteste always regarded monks is well illustrated by his conduct towards the priory of Hertford, as told us by Matthew Paris. Having occasion to go to Hertford, the bishop wished to lodge in the priory, but not being able to bring himself to ask hospitality from those who he was conscious regarded him with no friendly eye, he demanded it as a matter of right. The monks very naturally resisted the demand. There could, in fact, be no right in the matter. But the revenge of the bishop was most extraordinary, and as indiscriminating as any act of his favourite pope's. Because the monks had denied his claims, he proceeded to lay all the churches of the *secular clergy* under an interdict. Such a proof of wild and unreasoning pique must needs have given great scandal, and the bishop was soon induced by his friend the legate Otho, to withdraw his ban.

Within ten miles of the bishop's cathedral city stood the rich Abbey of Bardney, which enjoyed many exemptions and special privileges. The Archdeacon of Lincoln, thinking

[1] Luard, p. 116.

himself a better man then the Abbot of Bardney, on some dispute about a debt, cited him into his court. The abbot declined to appear. Then the archdeacon called in the heavy artillery of the bishop. Grosseteste, only too happy to have a recalcitrant abbot to work upon, cited the abbot. The abbot again declined, and was instantly excommunicated. This retort being only too common in those days, did not much move the abbot, and he remained contumacious. But the bishop had other weapons in store. He at once sent off visitors to the abbey, choosing secular clergy, who, he knew, would be disagreeable to the monks. The monks, outrageous, could scarcely be kept from laying violent hands upon them. Grosseteste's wrath now waxed hotter and hotter. He convened some of the Benedictine abbots of his diocese at Peterborough, and deposed the Abbot of Bardney without asking him for any defence of his conduct. Then the king seized on the temporalities. But he favoured the deposed abbot, and allowed him a maintenance and access to the Church. Grosseteste, who appeared to wish to ruin him body and soul, was indignant at this. He wrote the king a letter, which is one of the most remarkable in this volume. He is astonished at what the king has ventured to do. The king's authority is only for right, but how can it be right to support rebels, and especially those who rebel against spiritual power? No power non-ecclesiastical ought to intervene in this matter. Let the king beware of acting like Uzzah.[1] We think that if this letter had been addressed to the son and successor of Henry instead of to himself, Bishop Grosseteste would speedily have had cause to discover that some sort of deference was due even from a bishop to a king. It seems to us, indeed, that in all matters connected with monasteries the bishop was constantly acting as a man in a passion. Doubtless the objects he had in view were not private or selfish ends, but the advancement of religion and morality. But confident in the goodness of his aims, and eager to bring them about, he was too ready to seize the readiest means, without sufficiently weighing whether they involved undue severity, injustice, and tyranny. One praiseworthy object, which to a great extent he accomplished by his visitation of the monasteries, was the permanent establishment and endowment of vicarages. The monks had often absorbed the tithes and rents of a living without making any fixed provision for the performance of divine service in the Church—one of their number probably taking it according to his convenience. Grosseteste insisted on vicarages being regularly settled and endowed, and clerks appointed to them.

[1] Luard, p. 308.

We now turn to the bishop's famous dispute with the Chapter of his cathedral church, upon whom he was resolutely determined to exercise the same visitational power which he had applied so vigorously to the secular clergy and the monks. A great deal of information on this dispute is brought together in Mr. Luard's volume, and, in particular, the bishop's long pamphlet, in which he elaborately argues the case, is given. We have however only the bishop's side of the question, and are left to inference to gather the replies that were made by the chapter. It is very observable that some of Grosseteste's most intimate and devoted friends did not quite hold with him in this matter. Adam de Marisco writes to him telling him that many with reason take ill this terrible dissension between the bishop and his subordinates.[1] It is also very observable, with reference to Grosseteste's bitter complaints against the pope in after years, that when he decided to visit the Chapter he informed them that he acted both by his own authority, and also by the special authority of the pope.[2] It appears indeed almost certain that whether the visitatorial power of the bishop over the chapter were right or not, at any rate it was a new claim. All the canons in England, we are told, were watching the proceedings with interest, knowing that their own state depended upon the result; and Matthew Paris distinctly asserts that 'The 'bishop never did visit, nor can he cease who has never begun, 'any more than Diogenes can lose the horns he never had.'[3] The dean and canons appealed to the people, and would appear to have had public opinion completely on their side. They discussed the matter much in the pulpit of the cathedral, and on one occasion one of them exclaimed, 'If we should hold our peace the stones would immediately cry out.' Whereupon the centre tower of the great church fell with a terrible crash.[4] The letter which Bishop Grosseteste addressed to the chapter by way of proving his right is a long argumentative composition, in which great use is made of Old Testament illustrations. Among others the pope is compared to Moses; and as Moses called in the seventy elders to help him, so the pope calls in bishops, and 'of the fulness of his power gives them power.' If the bishop allows prejudice to the power which he has received of the pope, he does wrong. He must therefore visit all

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[1] Monumenta Franciscana, p. 146. [2] Luard, Pref. p. 43.

[3] Matthew Paris, quoted by Luard, Pref. p. 44.

[4] This story is told by Matthew Paris. Mr. Luard adds, in a note from the 'Dunstable Annals,' that the part of the church which really did fall was the wall behind the dean's stall. The whole of the choir would seem to have been in a dangerous state. Matins and vespers were said at the high altar until the repairs were finished.—Luard, Pref. p. 45.

his diocese. The dean being properly the *visor* or immediate pastor of the cathedral church, cannot be properly its *visitor*, which implies a more remote power. This power must reside in the bishop, except there be a special dispensation from the pope. Moreover the power of the bishop is for edification. The pope is the sun, the bishops the moon and stars which draw their power to enlighten from him. When therefore the chief luminary does not shine they must shine; and, if there be no special exemption from the pope, the bishop must visit. The bishop is the ruler of all souls in his diocese, and his is the highest art. Discipline as well as exhortation is required of him. He is the head watchman in the vineyard, the spiritual physician who must inspect the physicians under him. Moses after he had appointed assistants still exercised jurisdiction. Bishops are to have 'eyes before and behind,' and to omit nothing in the pastoral care. The commission given to inferiors does not take away the bishop's power any more than Christ's commission to His Apostles took away His. Neither can any law or custom interfere with this divine obligation. The greatness of the bishop is shown by the custom of ringing the bells whenever he comes to his cathedral church. He stands in the light of father to the dean and canons, and is a power 'ordained of God' which they ought to obey.[1] These few heads only serve to give a very inadequate idea of the long and elaborate paper, extending over eighty closely-printed pages, which the bishop addressed to the chapter. In spite, however, of this formidable document the chapter continued contumacious. The matter had to be carried to Rome, as almost all similar disputes were carried, and we wish we were able to clear either party from very grave suspicions of underhand dealing in the progress of the dispute. With regard to the chapter, there is no doubt that they forged a document by way of upholding their claim; and with regard to the bishop, there can scarcely be a doubt that he made use of the friendship and devotion to him of the man who had been appointed dean during the progress of the dispute, to procure a surrender of the claim which was never authorized by the chapter.

'It is difficult' (says Mr. Luard) 'not to suspect unfair dealings between the bishop and the dean. In the first place, the dean, Roger de Wesceham, is Grosseteste's intimate friend. He is sent by the chapter to represent them, and plead their cause. He has not been at Lyons more than a few weeks, when, by Grosseteste's influence, without the king's consent, he is elected Bishop of Lichfield, and immediately afterwards Grosseteste gains from the pope a bull giving him all he asks for against the chapter. It is difficult not to suspect that a bargain was struck between these two. If Wesheam really felt that the

[1] Luard, pp. 357—432.

claims of the chapter were altogether wrong, why did he go out as their representative?'[1]

We have left ourselves no space for speaking of Bishop Grosseteste's learned writings, the mere enumeration of which is in itself a considerable task. Neither are we able here to enter into his relations with the University of Oxford, or with the Jews, both of which are points of great interest. We have confined ourselves to the chief topics brought before us in the volume of letters lately published; and if, in doing so, we have appeared to bear hardly upon the bishop,' it must be remembered that indiscriminate panegyrics are seldom true; and that it seems to us that both Dr. Pegge, and Mr. Luard who closely follows him, are too much inclined to fall into this besetting sin of biographers. That Bishop Grosseteste was a great and a good man no one can doubt. But he started upon principles altogether different from those which are usually imputed to him, and only when he was made to feel personally the bitter effects of papal interference did he begin to declaim against its practice, though still adhering to it in theory.[2] His zeal was burning, his activity untiring, his devotion to the great ends of the ministerial office complete and sincere; but he too little recked of the means which he used to procure an acknowledged good, and, though not the *immanis persecutor* represented by Matthew Paris, he was, without doubt, sometimes guilty of harshness and injustice. Corrupted by the atmosphere of Rome he did not scruple to use bribes to obtain his objects, and his dealings with Roger de Weseham are open to the gravest suspicion. Yet the absolute power which he thus sought to establish was to be used for no selfish ends, but to purge away abuses, and to promote the honour and glory of God. His temper was choleric, his spirit high and unflinching; and the demeanour and language which he sometimes used towards the king were unbecoming a subject. But he nobly supported the pope's excommunication, though so terrible on his own principles; and when he saw that the nuisance of foreign appointments to English churches was really unbearable, he did not scruple to say so, and to say it with power. Of his natural ability and his vast acquirements we must form the very highest estimate. He was certainly among the most learned men of his day, and his day was not quite so *dark* as some would have us to believe. Mr. Luard says very well, 'His wonderful knowledge of Scrip-

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[1] Luard, Pref. p. 62.

[2] The death-bed scene and last dying speech of the bishop as given in Matthew Paris are evidently as much manufactured for a purpose as the story of the bells in the sky. We wonder how Mr. Luard can complacently retail them.

'ture might, perhaps, be the object of remark in our day, 'though in his own it was probably not more than was pos-'sessed by almost all theological students, at least by such as 'at all approached to his stamp. His reverence for it as the 'ultimate appeal in all controversies is unbounded.'[1] We take leave of him with feelings of admiration of the many great qualities whereby he has made for himself a conspicuous name among the worthies of the English Church.

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[1] Luard, Pref. p. 90.

ART. V.—*Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

'WHO is he? What is his duty? What has he written? To 'whom has he written? And what motive induced him to 'write?'

Such were the divisions of that beautiful speech of Erskine, on behalf of his earliest client, which at once exalted him to the foremost rank among British advocates. They are queries that have more than once occurred to our minds in connexion with publications of our time; even when the subject has been widely different from that discussed by the eloquent orator, and of a nature infinitely more solemn and enduring in its character. But they strike as being specially applicable to the remarkable volume now before us, and we proceed without further preface so to apply them.

1. '*Who is he?*' He is a person who prefers to conceal his name: nor have we the slightest wish to offer any conjectures respecting it. There can, however, be no breach of propriety in venturing to supply on this head so much information as seems to be vouched for by internal evidence. The author of 'Ecce Homo' is, we imagine, a layman—a man of high, and most probably academical, education. He is one who has read and thought deeply and earnestly upon a large number of social, philosophic, and religious problems. We should not, however, gather from his work that he has dived very profoundly into theological lore. But he has much power of combination, and no small portion of originality. The arrangement, the conciseness, the form of expression, all seem to point to the pen of the practised writer. It is only just to add that the book is calculated to leave upon the mind of an unbiassed critic the conviction that he has been brought into contact with a spirit of remarkable purity and honesty.

2. '*What is his duty?*' This is a question which, in the case before us, it is impossible to answer satisfactorily. Whether it was our author's duty to publish such a work at all, before he had made up his mind on the most important point of the entire subject; or whether, if he *has* made up his mind, it was his duty to omit all announcement of his decision; whether one who declares that he has 'but little time for theological study,'[1]

[1] Letter to the *Spectator* by the author of 'Ecce Homo.'

was warranted in giving to the world the fragmentary result of unfinished meditations, of which the completion cannot be produced 'for some time to come;'[1] whether his sense of duty has led him duly to estimate the grave responsibility of the whole proceeding: these are questions which we should, we own, find it difficult to answer. But it certainly does, in our judgment, seem to be a duty incumbent on one who has said so much to say something more, to let society understand distinctly which set of his critics is in the right—those who believe that he intended to lead men onward from a recognition of the perfect Manhood of the Redeemer to the Godhead which it veiled; or those who conceive him to take no loftier view of Christ than that of a mere man, unique indeed in character, and unique in his achievements, but still a creature, like the rest of the sons of men. If any statement of reasons for a desire on our part to see this answer be needed, we trust that it will be, at least virtually, supplied in the course of our argument.

3. '*What has he written?*' This is, after all, the question to which the largest portion of our criticism must be directed. We propose, in the first place, to epitomize briefly the contents of 'Ecce Homo'; and then to point out what appear to us to be its merits, its omissions, and its positive faults.

In the preface (to which we must again recur) the author announces that 'he has endeavoured to furnish an answer to 'the question, What was Christ's object in founding the Society 'which is called by His name, and how is it adapted to attain 'that object?' The volume is divided into two portions of very unequal length; the second part, which is entitled 'Christ's Legislation,' occupying nearly thrice as much space as the former part, which has no specific title. This earlier part may, however, be said to be at first mainly occupied with the personal claims and actions of our Lord: especially in certain chapters concerned with the Temptation, the Royalty, and the Credentials of Christ. But it passes onward into themes closely connected with the second portion. Among the leading features of this latter section may be named—the comparison of our Lord's legislation with philosophic systems, and the discussions concerning the laws of philanthropy, mercy, resentment, and forgiveness.

The author has written from *his* point of view; we proceed to criticise his pages from *ours*. But then it must be observed, that *we* shall simply assume the truth of what has been taught for centuries by the Church Universal. There is nothing in the book before us which, in our judgment, disproves that

[1] Preface.

teaching: there is abundance which, in our opinion, inferentially at least, corroborates it. We have at least, then, this advantage, that our position is that of the wise and good for countless generations: whereas his position is, to all appearance, almost peculiar to himself. That we may incidentally learn much from one who occupies such a 'stand-point' as his we would not for one moment seek to deny: but we do not think that it will be found, on examination, to be (as it stands) sound, or logical, or ultimately tenable.

For if we descend, for a short time, into the region of merely secular and human illustration, we shall indeed find a number of cases in which it is possible to disentangle certain aspects of a character from others; but there will remain a vast number in which such a course is wholly impossible. Let us take a specimen of each position.

The great German chemist, Baron von Liebig, published in an English serial,[1] some few years since, a serious attack upon the reputation of Lord Bacon, considered as a philosopher. To the Bacon of the woolsack, the Bacon who wrote the Essays and the History of King Henry VII., there is scarcely so much as a passing allusion. In making this severance, the critic was, we conceive, fully justified. To any remonstrance made on such a score, he might fairly reply, that he had earned the right to hold and to express his own sentiments on a question relating to the history of science; that he did not profess to have examined the political or legal annals of Great Britain; that the adverse criticism of a Macaulay and a Campbell, or the favour shown by Basil Montagu and Hepworth Dixon to the *politician* did not affect the question of the merits or the demerits of the *man of science*.

But let us turn to a different case. In A.D. 1400 there appeared in Scotland a fugitive from England. He claimed from the highest state authorities a degree of compassionate respect, which is only paid to those who, having held a lofty station, have been overthrown. Such respect he appears actually to have received from King Robert III. of Scotland; and, after that sovereign's death, from the regent Albany. The great majority of historians believe the man to have been a sheer impostor. But Tytler,[2] who is no mean judge of evidence, thinks that a reasonably strong case may be made out on behalf of the fugitive's claim to be accounted as the deposed monarch of England, the unfortunate Richard II. Now let us suppose the case of an Essayist who should attempt to give an account

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[1] *Macmillan's Magazine* for 1863 (vol. viii. pp. 237, 258).
[2] History of Scotland, vol. iii. (Appendix.)

of the life and doings of this suppliant while in Scotland, and finally to form an estimate of his character. Let us imagine that he waived or, at any rate, postponed the entire question concerning the truth of the claimant's story. The natural comment would at once occur to every reader, that the omission of so essential a feature must be fatal to the formation of a right judgment. For it is obvious that, if he were an impostor, he was guilty of one of the very worst kinds of deception—guilty of trading, under false pretences, upon some of the holiest feelings of our common nature, upon that sentiment of reverential pity which is almost invariably accorded to fallen greatness. But if he really were the royal fugitive, he was in that case receiving nothing more than what was properly his right.

The unique character of One Life spent upon this earth—an uniqueness, as it has been remarked, most fully impressed upon the readers of 'Ecce Homo'—renders it impossible to adduce anything like competent illustrations from the biographies of other men. Yet theology may fairly point to indications arising out of such instances as those to which reference has just been made. In what manner we proceed to show.

The Christology of the Catholic Church teaches that the Second Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, God of God, the Eternal Son, did of His infinite condescension, at a certain point in time, take unto Himself a human soul and body, which soul and body had never been united, until they met in His adorable Person. From this time forth, though remaining One Person, the Son of God has had two natures—the one perfect with the illimitable perfections of the Creator; the other perfect with the limited perfections of the creature. Now, although it is impossible for us to assign to these two natures the precise boundaries of their separate functions, yet we are certainly warranted by Holy Scripture, by the teaching of the Church, and by sound reason, in doing this to a certain extent, and in reverently meditating upon the probabilities of such assignation on other points. Thus, for example, when we say that Christ is the Eternal Son, we necessarily refer to His Godhead, because His Manhood has not been eternal in the past; when we proclaim His passion and death, it is indeed the suffering and dissolution of Him who is God, but it is according to His human nature that He is described as suffering these woes, because the Divine nature is impassible. Again, it is as Man that He is the Head of the Church; and 'we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.' Some points are open questions. Thus, *e.g.* names of weight may be quoted on either side, if it be maintained when He twice appeared in the room among the disciples,

though the doors were closed,[1] that He effected this as Man, by the power of His risen and glorified body, or that He accomplished it by the might of His Divinity. There may be other marvels (such as, for instance, His insight and sympathy) which, seeming at first sight to belong to the Godhead solely, may be more intermixed with the Humanity than has generally been supposed. For we do not rightly know the extent of the attainments and capabilities of our nature in the case of One wholly unstained by any spot of sin, original or actual. Lastly, there are certain occasions on which Christ appears as the Head of our race, as the Second Adam; in sympathy, and yet in contrast, with the first Adam: and there are others in which we may regard Him as the Prophet of prophets, the greatest teacher whom the world has seen, and through whom mankind has received its last and highest culture.

Now, a writer who should only regard Christ as the ablest of all instructors, who should discern and point out to others some of the points of difference between His teaching and practice, and the teaching and practice of heathen sages and statesmen, might be engaged in speaking truth so far as it went. If he had paid especial attention to the records brought into contrast with the Holy Gospels, he might be doing very real and substantial service to the cause of Christianity. In this way very striking contributions to our perception of the greatness and the glory of Christ's religion may be culled from the lectures of Channing, and even from the 'Emile' of Rousseau. Not less valuable, in their way, appear to us to be the chapters of 'Ecce Homo,' which bring before us in a very vivid and original manner some of the features of that moral revolution which Christianity has effected in the civilized world.

Thus, for example, in his two chapters, entitled the 'Law of Mercy,' our author shows, with great force, how unknown to heathendom was that condition of mind which can condemn the sin and yet feel pity for the sinner. He points out the novelty of the course taken by our Saviour in associating with the publican and the sinner; a novelty rendered infinitely more impressive by the intensity of His abhorrence and detestation of all evil. He forces on our attention that condemnation of a merely negative morality which breathes throughout the words and actions of our Lord, and the unceasingness of His endeavours not merely to avoid and reprove, but also to amend whatever was wrong. 'He who thought most seriously of the 'disease held it to be curable, while those who thought less 'seriously of it pronounced it incurable. Those who loved their

[1] St. John xx. 19, 26.

'race a little made war to the knife against its enemies and 'oppressors; He who loved it so much as to die for it, made 'overtures of peace to them. The half-just judge punished the 'convicted criminal: the thoroughly-just judge offered him for-'giveness' (p. 231). The gradations of sentiment are then traced: the utter want of sympathy which regards vice with simple indifference; that measure of fellow-feeling which calls forth only the anger of justice; and, lastly, the combination of wrath duly tempered by comparison. For an exhibition of the first stage the author refers us to the 'Tale of Troy' as it appears in Homer:—

> 'We have in the Iliad an interesting record of the stage of insensibility. In that poem the distinction between right and wrong is barely recognised, and the division of mankind into the good and the bad is not recognised at all. It has often been remarked that it contains no villain. The reason of this is not that the poet does not represent his characters as doing wicked deeds, for, in fact, there is not one among them who is not capable of deeds the most atrocious and shameful. But the poet does not regard these deeds with any strong disapprobation, and the feeling of moral indignation which has been so strong in later poets was in him so feeble, that he is quite incapable of hating any of his characters for their crimes. He can no more conceive the notion of a villain than of a habitually virtuous man. The few deeds that he recognises as wrong, or at least as strange and dangerous—killing a suppliant,[1] or killing a father[2]—he, notwithstanding, conceives all persons alike as capable of perpetrating under the influence of passion or some heaven-sent bewilderment of the understanding.'—*Ecce Homo*, pp. 233, 234.

Perhaps here, as in some other portions of the book, the case is slightly overstated. Colonel Mure, Mr. Gladstone, and others would probably interpose a word in favour of degrees of excellence among the Homeric chieftains: and certainly no intelligent reader of the 'Iliad' can doubt but that Homer had a keen sense of the immensity of the difference between the fallen Helen and a virtuous matron like Andromache. Nevertheless we conceive that the statement of the writer is substantially true, and forms a fair illustration of the position he had laid down.

The next stage, that of a stern justice which separates the bad from the good, so far as is possible, by a string-line of de-

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[1] Δμωὰς δ' ἐκκαλέσας λοῦσαι κέλετ' ἀμφί τ' ἀλεῖψαι
νόσφιν ἀειράσας, ὡς μὴ Πρίαμος ἴδοι υἱὸν
μὴ δ μὲν ἀχνυμένῃ κραδίῃ χόλον οὐκ ἐρύσαιτο
παῖδα ἰδὼν, Ἀχιλῆϊ δ' ὀρινθείη φίλον ἦτορ
καὶ ἑ κατακτείνειε, Διὸς δ' ἀλίτηται ἐφετμάς.—XXIV. 582.

[2] τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ βούλευσα κατακτάμεν ὀξέϊ χαλκῷ
ἀλλά τις ἀθανάτων παῦσεν χόλον, ὃς ρ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
δήμου θῆκε φάτιν καὶ ὀνείδεα πολλ' ἀνθρώπων
ὡς μὴ πατροφόνος μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν καλεοίμην.—IX. 458.

marcation is well described and criticized. Our author shows that while such a state of society is favourable to the preservation of good dispositions, it weighs heavily upon the fallen, whom it may too often drive to despair. It is likewise calculated to exercise a most injurious influence upon the children of the criminal, who are, as it were (to adopt the forcible expression of the author), 'received into the Evil Church by infant baptism,' and trained up in a tainted atmosphere.

The position assumed by Christ, and by His truest disciples of all time, is admirably contrasted with both of these imperfect views:—

'Christ, representing all who are possessed by the Enthusiasm of Humanity, does not regard crime with less anger, is not less anxious for the punishment of it, than the legalists. But when it is punished, when the claims of the injured party are satisfied, he does not dismiss the matter from his thoughts. He considers that the criminal also has claims upon him, claims so strong that they are not forfeited by any atrocity of crime. Nay, they are rather strengthened by his criminality, as they would be by misery, for the humane man, who finds his own happiness in his humanity, does sincerely consider the criminal to be miserable. This doctrine that vice is essentially pitiable was advanced sometimes in antiquity, but plain men flouted it from them with irritation as one of those childish paradoxes with which philosophers amused and abused their leisure, and some of the philosophers themselves showed that they only half believed it by the self-complacency and affected preciseness with which they demonstrated it. Nevertheless he in whom humanity is an enthusiasm does honestly feel distressed when he thinks of those who are fallen and lost in character, and whom society repudiates.'—*Ibid.* pp. 239, 240.

'Therefore it is that Christ went boldly among the publicans and sinners. Virtue, he considered, was not now so feebly supported that its soldiers must needs remain for ever within their entrenched camp. This had been necessary at an earlier stage of the war. A close and exclusive league of the virtuous had been necessary at an earlier time, that they might not forget their principles or be overwhelmed by numbers. But goodness had now become ten times more powerful in becoming an enthusiasm. It no longer contents itself with barely preserving its existence in the presence of prevailing vice. It turns against its enemy; it undertakes to take the hostile army prisoner. The children of Israel turn and pursue the Egyptians through the Red Sea. Under the command of Christ Jerusalem lays siege to Babylon. He announces a great mundane project of regeneration. He will not consent to lose those who have apostatized from virtue. He will not rest content with raising goodness to a higher standard in those who are good already, nor with making it easier for others to be good in future. He will go in search of those who have already fallen; no matter how deep their degradation, he will not willingly lose one. Besides the title of King, or Son of Man, he assumes that of Saviour or Redeemer, and in this work he seems to have his heart even more than in the other. The shepherd, he says, leaves without hesitation the ninety-nine sheep to seek the hundredth that is lost. A woman that has lost a single piece of money will sweep the whole house and search diligently till she find it. And what pleasure when such a search is successful! In heaven, among God's angels, there is more joy over one sinner that returns than over ninety and nine that never wandered.'—*Ibid.* pp. 241, 242.

Not less striking is the chapter on the Law of Resentment.

The severe side of Christianity, and of its divine Founder, is by no means ignored in accordance with the fashion of the day. On the contrary, it is insisted on with great vigour. In language which may remind some readers of Dr. Arnold, and some of Mr. Carlyle, the author of 'Ecce Homo' does not merely recognise the existence of righteous indignation, but he denies the very possibility of true mercy, where there is not severity. 'The man 'who cannot be angry,' he says, 'cannot be merciful . . . . It is 'not mercy, but treason against justice, to relent towards vice so 'long as it is triumphant and insolent.' He then gives us a sketch of some of the leading features of the party of the Pharisees, and adds the following comment:—

'This, then, was the class of persons with whom Christ was angry, and these were the reasons of his anger. But now let us inquire what was the character of his anger. We must remember that this is he who was called a lamb. He was distinguished from the other remarkable characters of antiquity by his gentleness. He introduced into human nature those blended and complex feelings which distinguish modern characters from ancient. Now the question may be raised whether this complexity of character is not purchased at some expense of strength. Ancient valour was well-nigh pitiless. Modern soldiers mix pity with their valour: have they lost any valour by doing so? In like manner, when we are angry with men in these days, we are commonly angry with discrimination. We make reserves; we give some credit for good intentions; we make some allowance for temptations; we are sorry to be angry, and do not, like the ancients, enjoy the passion as if it were wine. The question then arises, has the passion of anger grown at all feebler in us? Are we at all emasculated by the complexity of our emotions? To find an answer let us look at the great Exemplar of modern characters; let us inquire whether he was feeble in his anger; let us consider the wrath of the Lamb.'—*Ibid.* pp. 72, 273.

'It seemed worth while to discuss this subject at some length, lest it should be supposed that Christianity is really the emasculate, sentimental thing it is sometimes represented to be. Because it has had a considerable effect in softening manners, because it has given a new prominence and dignity to the female sex, and because it has produced great examples of passive virtues, Christianity is sometimes represented as averse to strong passions, as making men excessively unwilling to inflict pain, as fostering a morbid or at least a feminine tenderness. War, for example, and capital punishment, are frequently denounced as *unchristian*, because they involve circumstances of horror; and when the ardent champions of some great cause have declared that they would persevere although it should be necessary to lay waste a continent and exterminate a nation, the resolution is stigmatized as shocking and *unchristian*. Shocking it may be, but not therefore unchristian. The Enthusiasm of Humanity does indeed destroy a great deal of hatred, but it creates as much more. Selfish hatred is indeed charmed away, but a not less fiery passion takes its place. Dull serpentine malice dies, but a new unselfish anger begins to live. The bitter feelings which so easily spring up against those who thwart us, those who compete with us, those who surpass us, are destroyed by the Enthusiasm of Humanity; but it creates a new bitterness which displays itself on occasions where before the mind had reposed in a benevolent calm. It creates an intolerant anger against all who do wrong to human beings, an impatience of selfish enjoyment, a vindictive enmity to tyrants and oppressors,

a bitterness against sophistry, superstition, self-complacent heartless speculation, an irreconcilable hostility to every form of imposture, such as the uninspired, inhumane soul could never entertain. And though Christ so understood his own special mission as to refrain from all acts of hostility or severity towards human beings, yet, in the [Christian view, which connects acts so closely with instinctive impulses, an act must be right which is dictated by a right impulse, and there will be cases when the Christian will hold it his duty to inflict pain.'—*Ibid.* pp. 278, 279.

Nay, he even asserts that 'if you could be sure that it was 'not the prophet but the pernicious sophist that burned in the fire, 'and if by reducing his too busy brain to safe and orthodox ashes 'you could destroy his sophistries, and increase in other minds 'a wholesome fear of sophistry, without creating at the same 'time an unwholesome dread of intellectual activity and free-'dom, then Christian humanity might look with some satisfac-'tion even on an *auto da fé*. At any rate, the ostensible object 'of such horrors was Christian, and the indignation which pro-'fessedly prompts them is also Christian, and the assumption 'they involve, that agonies of pain and blood shed in rivers are 'less evils than the soul spotted and bewildered with sin, is most 'Christian' (p. 280).

In such disquisitions as these we may find particular expressions to which exception may be fairly taken. Nevertheless, the speculations contained in them may surely be pronounced to be in the main bold, fresh, original, elevating. They are also of such a nature that they do not imperatively demand a previous answer to the question, Who Christ was. And herein, if we mistake not, may be discerned the main, though by no means the sole, reason for the extraordinary divergence of the judgments passed upon this work, even by those who are ordinarily found to agree. There are groups of questions connected with the teaching and the acts of our blessed Lord which may be considered separately from the inquiry respecting His Person,[1] just as (to recur to our instance) we may regard the philosophy of Bacon apart from his political character. On such questions the author of the volume before us is highly instructive and suggestive, and says but little that need repel the true believer. But there are other inquiries which cannot possibly be severed from the consideration—'*Who* is it that enacts these deeds, or utters these words?' On these topics the language of this writer does not seem to us—we must frankly avow it—to be that of one who

[1] Möhler's admirable paper 'On the relation of Islam to the Gospel,' is a good example of this species of investigation. Christ's religion and Mohammed's religion are considered, almost as if they were two systems of philosophy. Nor (but for a sentence or two, and a subtle aroma of thought pervading it) would a reader necesarily learn anything concerning the creed of the writer. The doctrine of the Incarnation is implied throughout, but never explicitly stated.

can have ever firmly held and grasped the central doctrine of the Christian faith, the Mystery of the Holy Incarnation. There are orthodox students of the book who have been so delighted by the speculations of the comparatively innocent chapters, that they have been willing to excuse much that pained them in other portions of the book. There are others who have been so much repelled by the less reverent pages, as to ignore perhaps even the real merits of a work which seemed to them so fundamentally unsound. Under such circumstances, each party may hope in time to modify the convictions of the other. For our own part, we wish that we could honestly assert that increased acquaintance with 'Ecce Homo,' and contemplation of the views propounded in it, had led us onward to completer sympathy with the party of approbation. But we find ourselves unable to assert that such has been the case, and a survey of some of the author's treatment of the other class of problems may at least partially serve to explain the groundwork of our present sentiments.

Let us turn our attention, in the first place, to the Temptation. Now, even without going beyond works written in the English language, a great amount of exceedingly valuable theology may be discovered on this special subject. But we will content ourselves with reference to a single book; the rather that, though well known, it is far less studied than it deserves to be. We refer to the course of five sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, in 1844, by the late lamented Dr. Mill. Most justly did that great and learned divine commence his task by a discourse on 'The definiteness of the Christian Faith:'—

'The whole religion, speculative and practical, is most truly 'summed up in the knowledge of Jesus Christ,—in knowing 'Him both as the essential Image of the Invisible God, and the 'Mediator as Man between God and man,—knowing Him not 'merely in one province of His mediation (the admission of 'which, as by itself, is supposed to insure the benefit of all), but 'in every branch and particular of it, as the Second Adam in 'whom we are reconciled and renewed, and from whom our 'spiritual life in every point is no less truly and far more imme-'diately derived, than is our physical life from the first Adam; 'a life subsisting in the whole Church as an organized body, 'and in each vital member of that body individually.' . . . .

'Considering the exemplification in this scene of all the 'assaults that could be devised by the most subtle malice on the 'humanity of Him in whom the prince of this world found 'nothing, we may view this transaction as in some decided man-'ner symbolizing the whole victory of the Saviour of mankind

'over the Destroyer. And hence, whatever may be justly 'thought of the reverence or the correctness wherewith this 'high matter has been handled by our eminent but most mis-'guided poet, he spoke not without reason or authority when he 'referred to this event the *Paradise Regained* for us by the 'second Adam, which had been *lost* by the successful tempta-'tion of our first progenitor.

'In entering more fully and particularly into this great argu-'ment, the method I propose is the following. First, I would 'inquire with the deep and awful reverence that the subject 'demands, into that constitution of humanity in the Eternal 'Son of God, whereby He became a possible subject of tempta-'tion, of moral trial and discipline; considering also, in the 'same discourse, His relation as Son of Man to that Holy Spirit 'by whom He was inspired on this occasion, as on others, and 'led to the scene of His trial. And then, having further con-'sidered the nature and character of that Adversary of mankind 'who was the other party in this great controversy,—I pro-'pose, in the three last discourses, to discuss severally the three 'temptations with which he assailed our Lord, answering to the 'oft-repeated triple division of human sin; the circumstances of 'their presentation, the arguments by which they are urged, 'and, finally and principally, the considerations by which they 'are each refuted from Scripture, and thus baffled and over-'come by the Saviour.' . . . .

'I require some indulgence for the length to which these 'observations have extended, apparently far beyond the bounds 'of my particular subject. Yet are they not irrelevant to my 'purpose, when about to approach a matter *on which nothing 'less than the whole Catholic Christian truth is required for my 'guidance*, the Eternal Son of God led as man to the wilderness 'by the Divine Spirit, and there assaulted and tempted by the 'Devil.'

It is, indeed, true that on one topic treated in these sermons the revived influence of the theories of S. Anselm and his followers has tended to the modification, among most students of theology, of views in which Dr. Mill seems to have followed S. Bernard and a large number of earlier doctors of the Church.[1] But taking the volume as a whole, let the student ponder over the marvellous comprehensiveness of its framework, the insight which it displays into the revealed will of God, and into the nature of man, the richness of illustration brought to bear upon

[1] The point referred to is the theory of a certain proprietary right in man, supposed to have been obtained by Satan, in consequence of the fall of our first parents.

the entire subject, and the eminently practical lessons it conveys concerning *our* temptations to carnality, worldliness, and spiritual pride. From the Temptation he leads us ultimately to the concluding scenes of our Redeemer's life in words especially addressed to his young hearers, which we cannot pretend to improve, and must therefore again venture to quote:—

'In that great centre of Christian faith, the Cross and Passion 'of our Lord,—the solemn anniversary of which is in this Holy 'Week observed by His Church Universal,—all minor subjects 'may be now merged. Whoever has followed the descriptions 'of human sin which these several temptations have brought to 'view, may find their deeper exemplification in Calvary; the 'issues of their uncontrolled operation, in the murderers; their 'condemnation, as well as their expiation, in the All-holy Victim. 'While the sin that remains in man's mortal members is con-'demned by that death of lingering pain,—the illusion of worldly 'grandeur, by that Cross of ignominy,—the interior and more 'malignant disorders of the spirit, by the unknown sufferings of 'the Eternal and Immaculate Son of God—let us not think that 'for an object like this a mere passing recognition will suffice, or 'that superficial acknowledgment of the Atonement, in a merely 'forensic view of it, with which the popular mind is content. 'A deeper view is intended by the Church, whose long peniten-'tial Lent is closed by the two anniversaries of her Lord dead 'and buried,—and all whose offices point, in the truly apostolical 'method, to Him who Himself bore our sins in His own body 'on the tree, *that we being dead to sins might live to righteousness,* '—by whose stripes we are thus only healed.[1] In that condem-'nation of sin in the flesh we must ourselves bear part, if we 'would raise the Easter note of triumph at its finished expiation: 'the Cross of Christ must be to us not merely an external object 'to gaze upon, but must be internally and subjectively realized 'to each of us: in that Cross must we crucify the flesh with the 'affections and lusts; in it must the world be crucified to us 'and we to the world; in that sign by which Satan, when he 'thought himself victor, was vanquished, and dispossessed of his 'earthly thrones,—must he be equally expelled, with all his 'noxious influences, from the stronghold of our hearts. Decline 'not then, even in the cheerful morning of life, an object which, 'however opposed to carnal apprehension, is intrinsically thus 'great and glorious: believe that in its light alone can you see 'any thing in life truly;—that no real good can be lost to you 'by joining Christ's Church in this contemplation, but the 'illusions only which mislead and destroy. In this alone will

[1] Cf. 1 Pet. ii. 21—24, with the Collect for the Sunday before Easter.

'the pursuits that justly claim your attention receive their right 'direction, and their blissful end: while temptations that would 'otherwise ruin all, will be in this sign vanquished; and sorrows, 'inevitable at all events, and otherwise without hope or alleviation, will come not light only, but blessed and finally welcome 'to the spirit; as conforming to the Cross and Passion of Jesus 'Christ, and leading, through His valley of suffering, to the 'glory and felicity of His resurrection.'

We lay down this masterly survey of the Temptation by a real and great theologian, and take up again the chapter assigned to it in 'Ecce Homo.' It is impossible, we think, to do this without being struck with the thinness of the treatment. Are there such beings as the fallen angels? Was a gap caused in creation by their revolt? Was an eminent victory won in the wilderness, in that, not by force, but by righteousness (*justitiâ non vi*, as Fathers have said) the Evil One was foiled; by the sinless humanity of the Second Adam repairing the loss wrought through the disobedience of the first Adam? If to these and to similar questions an affirmative answer must be given, then the entire handling of this great mystery in the book before us must be pronounced (to use the very gentlest possible terms) extremely defective. The profound meanings embraced in the description of the offer of the kingdoms of this world and their glory, on condition of the worship of Satan, become poor and shrunk indeed, when they are reduced to a temptation to employ force in the establishment of a purely Messianic kingdom. There is an abundance of passages in this book, of which the natural tendency would seem to be that the reader's mind should be guided upward from the contemplation of the humanity to the recognition of the Divinity of Christ. But it is with regret that we feel constrained to own that such a chapter as that on the Temptation goes far to justify the criticism of the *Churchman*; the most powerful assault upon the volume that we have yet seen.[1]

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[1] 'What follows in this chapter is equally inconsistent with any heartwhole belief (however studiously concealed) in the true Divinity of our Lord. It is admitted in this chapter and elsewhere that Christ had presumably supernatural powers. The whole temptation is, indeed, resolved into "the excitement of mind which was caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power." The supernatural is often directly or indirectly conceded; but it is such concessions on the one hand, contrasted with the ominous silences on the other, to which we have already alluded, which make us feel morally convinced that the Christ of this writer holds not even so high a place as the Christ of Marcion. We can hardly forbear, while on this chapter, briefly alluding to this writer's conception of the temptation of "the high mountain," if only to show how, with great pictorial power in detail, and with a highly-cultivated historical sense, our anonymous writer is powerless as an infant in the domain of deeper theological speculation. In that temptation, as all deeper thinkers well know, there is a

'Here and there,' says a panegyrist of the work, 'expressions 'occur which appear needlessly to infringe on the reverential 'awe which belongs to the subject. The view taken of the two 'Sacraments, especially of Baptism, is singularly narrow, meagre, 'and external.' We would ask, whether the mode of treatment does not necessitate such defects; more especially as regards the Christian Sacraments. How can we possibly form anything like a correct idea of such ordinances, unless we first make up our minds on the question, *Who* it was that founded them? If He who instituted them were only Man, then it surely must follow, logically and of necessity, that they are 'external' only in their character.

And does not the same difficulty brood over many of those queries, many of those expressions of surprise, which occur throughout the volume. 'After reading a good many books on 'Christ,' the author tells us in his preface, 'he felt still con- 'strained to confess that there was no historical character whose 'motives, objects and feelings remained so incomprehensible to 'him.' Can it possibly be otherwise? To recur, for a moment, to an illustration employed in an earlier page; if of two witnesses of the conduct of the fugitive into Scotland in 1419, the one should be convinced that he was a mere impostor, and the other that he was the deposed sovereign of England, each of these would have an intelligible theory respecting the motives and objects of the suppliant. The one would say, 'Here is a man who wishes to live in ease and honours by dishonestly trading on other men's compassion.' The other would regard the petitioner as a man who was simply asking, on the most obvious grounds, for what is almost a due. But take, as we observed, the case of a third person who should decline to form any judgment upon the main question at issue. To such a one the

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mystery of teaching probably beyond that conveyed to us by any other passage in the Evangelical records. Earth's ancient suzerain, the primal lapse in another creation, the design of man's creation, the terrible truth of the claim of possession,—all these mighty conceptions flow into the soul of every thinking man as he slowly gathers up the full meaning of the temptation of a Messianic sovereignty that might be cheaply gained, and as he sees in it, what may be seen in it—an answer to some of the most ultimate questions that have ever been proposed. This temptation, how fares it with our author? With him it is the temptation "to employ force in the establishment of his Messianic kingdom." We are writing with studied restraint. Our desire is to speak words of truth and soberness, not of assumed superiority and satire, but here we cannot do otherwise than express our simple amazement that a writer of such real cultivation and of such quick perceptions as the author of this work, could have ever persuaded himself to accept an interpretation (to take the lowest ground) so hopelessly unsatisfying, so flatly prosaic, so utterly worthy of Paulus the forgotten, as this which we have just noticed.'—*Churchman* of March 8th, 1866.

This article is attributed (we know not whether justly) to an Episcopal pen.

motives, objects, and feelings of the stranger must needs remain entirely incomprehensible.

Again, at p. 176 we read as follows:—'Let us pause once 'more to consider *that which remains throughout a subject of* 'ever-recurring astonishment, the unbounded personal pretensions 'which Christ advances.' Why astonishment? If, indeed, Christ Jesus be a mere man, then (as has been often remarked) there is indeed room for astonishment, that our Almighty Father should have suffered one who is simply our fellow-creature to receive for 1800 years that homage which is due to God alone. But if Christ be what the voice of Christendom proclaims Him, then His claims must be literally unbounded; for the Creator is ever infinite, alike in His knowledge, His power, and His goodness. And the astonishment simply ceases to exist; for how can we be astonished that our blessed Lord, being the Incarnate God, should again and again utter words and perform deeds which simply and naturally arise out of His being *That which He is*, and which, on any other hypothesis, seem to render Him liable to the charge of blasphemy.

The ablest, though extravagant, eulogy of 'Ecce Homo,' the review in our contemporary the *Guardian*, in describing the process of formation which appears to have issued in this volume, speaks as follows:—'He takes, as it will be seen, the documents as 'they stand. He takes little more than the three first Gospels, 'and these, as a whole, without asking minute questions about 'them.' There is much in the masterly *critique* whence we extract these words with which we can cordially sympathize; but on this, as on several other points, we are unable to accept its position. We cannot see that the author of 'Ecce Homo' does 'take the documents as they stand,' does accept 'the first three Gospels as a whole.' On the contrary, he appears to us to feel himself at liberty to ignore, to add, to impute motives, and to limit the extent of words. He ignores; for the Gospels of S. Matthew and of S. Luke supply many details concerning the birth of Jesus Christ, but in this work the biography begins with the Temptation. He adds; for whereas the first three Gospels do not mention the name of Nicodemus, this writer comments (p. 84) on the conversation between our Lord and Nicodemus, which is recorded by S. John alone. Of course, we for our part accept that wonderful narrative; but we at the same time proclaim our acceptance of the entire Gospel of S. John. This writer imputes motives; for whereas other commentators admit that there is a difficulty in understanding the object of our Saviour, when He stooped down and wrote on the ground; he sees no difficulty whatever, but informs us without hesitation *(p. 104)* that Christ 'was seized with an intolerable sense of

shame,' and that 'in His burning embarrassment and confusion 'He stooped down so as to hide His face, and began writing 'with His finger on the ground.' We waive all question of reverence in connexion with this gloss; but such comments must surely be allowed to be something different from 'taking the documents as they stand.' Lastly, he limits. Our Lord on His Cross of agony prayed, saying, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do' (S. Luke xxiii. 34). Dean Alford is not a commentator whom we can at all times follow; but we are thoroughly with him in his note on this verse, when he says, 'ἄφες αὐτοῖς—who are here intended? Doubtless, first and 'directly, the *four soldiers,* whose work it had been to crucify 'Him .... But not only to *them,* but to them as the represen-'tatives of that sin of the world, does this prayer apply. The 'nominative of ποιοῦσι is οἱ ἄνθρωποι—mankind—the Jewish 'nation, as the next moving agent in His death—but all of us, 'inasmuch as for our sins He was bruised.' Nor would it be easy, we imagine, to find in the whole range of Christian theology any comment much at variance with the above.[1] But in 'Ecce Homo' we do find it. Twice does the author emphatically assert that the Redeemer's prayer was for the Romans only, and that He never forgave the Jews. Lest those who have not read the work with care, should imagine that we are making an over-statement, we subjoin the passages:—

'In this profound resentment he never wavered. It is the custom to say that Christ died forgiving his enemies. True, no doubt, it is that he held the forgiveness of private enemies to be among the first of duties; and he did forgive the personal insults and barbarities that were practised upon him. But the legalists, whose crime was against the kingdom of God, the nation, and mankind, it does not appear that he ever forgave. The words of forgiveness uttered on the Cross refer simply to the Roman soldiers, for whom pardon is asked expressly on the ground that they do not understand what they are doing. The words may even contain distinct allusion to that other class of criminals who *did* know what they were doing, and for whom therefore the same prayer was not offered. At least this interpretation suggests itself to one who endeavours to discover from the expressions which he dropped what was passing in Christ's mind during the period of his sufferings. For those expressions indicate that he was neither thinking of his murderers with pity and forgiveness, nor yet turning his mind to other subjects, but that he was brooding over their conduct with bitter indignation.'—*Ibid.* pp. 276, 277.

'In his murder both Jews and Romans were concerned. It has been pointed out in a former chapter, in how different a spirit he bore the cruelties

[1] It is true that Bede is cited in the *Catena Aurea* to the effect, that He prayed not for those who chose rather to crucify than to confess Him *whom they knew* to be the Son of God. But to how many does this exclusion extend? Archdeacon Wordsworth's able article on the title 'Son of God,' in Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' would tend to acquit even the Jews of conscious guilt in this respect. Bede implies, as S. Augustine often explicitly states, that the prayer reached the Jews. Indeed, it may be inferred from Acts ii.

of his accusers and those of his executioners. Towards the Jews He cherishes throughout a bitter feeling of resentment, which breaks out before the high priest into threatening words.'—*Ibid.* p. 310.

In all reverence, but with confidence, we must assert that the teacher who can write this concerning our Lord has still an immensity to learn. Of course this is true with respect to all of us: but then we do not all profess to set forth new views concerning the Life and Ministry of Christ.

Hardly less strange is his teaching respecting exclusion. A writer who has so keen a sense of the truth that Christ came not only as a great instructor and example, but likewise as the founder of a society, must, almost of necessity, believe that certain things exclude from that society. Thus, for example, his lofty tone of purity would lead us to infer, even if it be not expressly stated in his pages, that he holds that unrepented immorality would be a ground of exclusion from Christ's kingdom. He is, however, of course fully aware that there is scarcely a single community among those who profess and call themselves Christians, which does not hold the necessity of *believing*, as well of doing, certain things: which does not include in the idea of Christian life *credenda*, as well as *agenda*. That these bodies are not agreed in the lists they would draw up is true, though the amount of agreement is larger than is sometimes allowed; but that the belief tells upon conduct is evidenced in a thousand ways. For example, the very book before us is intended to affect our belief, and the author would evidently imply that it may affect our practice also. If he did not suppose this to be the case, we much doubt whether he would ever have taken the trouble to compose and publish it. Or, again, let any believer in the New Testament read the terrible catalogue of pagan vices set forth by the Apostle in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and judge whether polytheistic idolatry had or had not exercised an influence upon life. Or, once more, take the following remarks of Lord Macaulay respecting Hindostan:—'It is not 'necessary that a man should be a Christian to wish for the 'propagation of Christianity in India. It is sufficient that he 'should be an European not much below the ordinary level of 'good sense and humanity. In no part of the world is heathen-'ism more cruel, more licentious, more fruitful of absurd rites 'and pernicious laws.'[1] No one would in such case dream of separating the creed from the practice.

It is indeed most true that all proper and charitable allowance is to be made for those who have been nurtured in unbelief or misbelief, or who have had the misfortune of having their faith shaken

[1] Essay on Gladstone's 'Church and State.'

through causes not wholly under their own control. But this admission does not prove that heresy or unbelief are light and trivial things, for precisely similar excuses are constantly urged, and with equal force and justice, on behalf of other faults. Theft is a crime; but we should all admit that there was some palliation for it in the circumstance that a boy had been brought up in St. Giles's by parents who were professed pickpockets. And in like manner, the lax tone of the age in which a man lived is allowed to be adduced as a plea for drunkenness and even worse offences. But our author says:—

'Assuredly those who represent Christ as presenting to man an abstruse theology, and saying to them peremptorily "Believe or be damned," have the coarsest conception of the Saviour of the world.'—*Ibid.* p. 80.

Now, we think that Christ does differ from all other teachers in that He is, as we have heard it well stated, at once revealer and revealed.[1] He is this, because He is the incarnate and manifested God. If He did not reveal Himself as such, let it be proved that the entire Church has mistaken the meaning of His words. If He did reveal this, then, though the poor and ignorant can grasp the doctrine for their souls' health, yet the most gifted minds must surely admit that it is an '*abstruse* theology,'—this 'strange story of a crucified God,' as, to our deep regret, it has been called by Mr. Mill. This abstruseness is, if we mistake not, brought out in a number of ways. It is evidenced by the history of early errors, by the teaching of Marcion, of Apollinaris, of Arius, and the semi-Arians; by the counter-teachings of the Fathers of Nicæa, of S. Athanasius, S. Cyril of Jerusalem, S. Hilary, S. Leo, S. Augustine; by the theory of S. Anselm; by the Scotist and the Thomist theories; by the history of the monastic orders; by the history of the Reformation; by the history of Christian art and Christian letters; by such works as those of Petavius, Pearson, Bull, Waterland, Dorner. Or let us take such a passage on the Incarnation as that of Hugh Miller in his 'Testimony of the Rocks' (a passage, by the way, very much in favour of the view of Scotus, though no doubt quite unconsciously on the part of the writer); or such poems as that of 'Saul,' or of 'Karshish, the Arab Physician,' by Robert Browning; or the comments enshrined in the 'Remains' of Arthur Hallam. We much doubt if any person capable of understanding any one of these, or again of entering into Mr. Bright's translations from S. Leo, could doubt the abstruse character of the doctrine enshrined in

[1] We heard this expression employed in the University pulpit at Cambridge last Lent Term, by the Rev. C. Merivale. Mr. Liddon, we were informed, used similar language in his first Bampton Lecture on the same Sunday.

the Gospels; despite its wonderful capacity for being adapted to the simple and the poor, in cottages and schools, where still

> '—each little voice in turn
> Some glorious truth proclaims,
> What sages would have died to learn,
> Now taught by cottage dames.'

Yet belief surely is proclaimed in the Gospels as a necessity. The author of 'Ecce Homo' takes so much of the conversation of Christ with Nicodemus as suits his purpose. Even on his showing, then, it must be equally lawful for us to cite it in connexion with this topic. What are we to understand by those solemn words, 'God sent not His Son into the world to condemn 'the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. 'He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath 'not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God.' Or the cognate ones in S. Mark: 'He that believeth and is 'baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be 'damned.' Was there no meaning in the punishment inflicted on Zacharias, because he had refused to believe the message of the angel? Of course we most fully believe that our Lord's divine compassion may be extended to unbelief, as to every other form of evil; that He who is 'a merciful and faithful High-priest' is able to sympathise with our infirmities (*συμπαθῆσαι ταῖς ἀσθενείαις ἡμῶν*) in this as in all other respects. Nevertheless, the vast majority of those who really take the Gospels as they find them, will, we believe, arrive at the conclusion that He whose life is narrated therein, did teach 'the mystery of the Holy Incarnation;' that He did, in so teaching, necessitate the acceptance of 'an abstruse theology,' and that such acceptance is abstractedly and as a rule an essential part of that holiness 'without which no man shall see the Lord.' Doubtless, there may be thousands who, through some misfortune beyond their own control, have been kept back from the full acceptance and realization of that mystery. It is a grievous loss to them, just as it is a loss to be brought up with lax notions concerning the rights of property, or on the score of morality. In all such cases we wish to think of those in error with hopefulness and charity. To them also, we hope and trust, extends the virtue of that prayer, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' But such sentiments do not militate against the fact that dishonesty, immorality, covetousness, unbelief, are all sins, and are all condemned as such both by the letter and the spirit of the Gospel.[1]

[1] It was not until we were concluding this section that a copy of *The Month* for *June, 1866*, reached us. A perusal of the able critique on 'Ecce Homo' in that

4. '*To whom has he written?*' It must be owned that this is no unimportant query in the case before us. The annals of our own time, as indeed those of all time, will suggest numberless examples of the danger of supposing that a given document must needs make the same impression upon the minds of others that it has made upon our own. The Republicans who executed Louis XVI. of France, published his will, in order to show the world what a fanatic he was. A more suicidal step it could hardly have been in their power to devise. What *they* termed fanaticism was, in fact, a sublime instance of true Christian charity and forgiveness. If the will had been given to the press by the friends of the murdered sovereign, it might have been imagined that it was a forgery, or that it had at least been tampered with—that some passages had been struck out, or others inserted, in his interests. But coming, as it did, through the hands of the very men who had slain the king, and who believed that the document would strike their contemporaries and posterity as it struck them, the effect at the time and ever afterward proved extraordinarily powerful. On the other side, we feel some surprise at the circumstance of the restored Bourbons having permitted the publication of the 'Memoirs of the Duke of St. Simon:' for though history has been the gainer, the family and the court of the period have undoubtedly been sufferers. In like manner we might mention theological publications, both of controversy and of fiction, which have been known to affect particular minds in a direction very opposite to that intended by their authors.

And just as every man has his proper gift—one after this manner, and another after that—even so is it also as regards temptations. The inclination to disbelieve, or for a moment doubt, the truth of the central verity of the Christian faith, is a trouble which happens to be unknown to the writer of these lines. Such doubt would to him make life unmeaning and the world a hopeless enigma. He has ever felt the greatest awe and horror of the name of Arius as one that 'has only 'preserved the miserable celebrity of serving from age to age 'as the symbol to all those who, in a world renewed by Chris-'tianity, would rob humanity of its chief title to glory, and its 'sole hope of salvation:'[1] though he conceives such abhorrence to be quite compatible with every sentiment of hopeful charity to all who have been brought up in error, or who (like Channing) seem to have been repelled from truth by some supposed

serial may have coloured our remarks in the last page, and in subsequent pages. But any coincidence at an earlier point must be purely accidental.

[1] De Broglie, *L'Eglise et L'Empire* (Tome ii. p. 362).

necessity of the acceptance of harsh consequences following in its train.

Yet even to those who fully sympathise with this position such a work as 'Ecce Homo' may prove useful and suggestive. That it should insinuate into the minds of any firm believers in the Incarnation doubts of the truth of that doctrine, does not seem to us in any degree probable. They must feel deeply convinced that One Life, and One only, could ever have suggested the trains of thought and speculations contained in this volume; and the natural conclusion to them would seem to be, that *that* Life is unlike any other that has ever been spent on earth, and that as it is unlike in its outward manifestations, even so must it have been in its origin. But there is such a thing as a cold and formal tenure of truth. It is only too possible, both in thought and practice, to be guilty of what the prophets call 'settling down upon the lees,' when the fervour and spirit of the good wine has been drained out. We have not yet examined, as it deserves, the recent work of M. de Pressensé, but we notice with pleasure that at the very outset he has the courage and the candour to avow, that even the work of M. Ernest Renan may suggest to true believers the consciousness of their having omitted to realize and to teach certain aspects of our Lord's Life. Now it would not, we think, be either reasonable or charitable to class together M. Renan and the author of 'Ecce Homo.' A perfectly indifferent bystander might possibly think M. Renan's book to be the more logical and consistent, though in both works he would observe an extraordinary large number of hypothetical expressions, such as, 'it may be,' 'possibly,' 'it seems,' and the like. But 'Ecce Homo' is avowedly only a fragment, and may yet be rendered more complete. Meanwhile, we would only observe that if ever the work of M. Renan, with all its grievous heresies and iniquities, can possess the uses hinted at by M. de Pressensé, much more is this true concerning the volume before us. For it is a book which may fairly claim to illustrate, in no small degree, the first aphorism in Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection.' 'In Philo-
'sophy, equally as in poetry, it is the highest and most useful
'prerogative of genius to produce the strongest impressions of
'novelty, while it rescues admitted truths from the neglect
'caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission.
'Extremes meet. Truths, of all others the most awful and
'interesting, are too often considered as so true, that they lose
'all power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the
'soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.'
We can hardly doubt but that many of the most orthodox *teachers of our* day may derive very valuable suggestions from

its pages, by simply asking themselves whether they have given its due and proper weight to this or that aspect of Christ's Life and to His work in the formation of His Church.[1]

In speaking thus, however, we are referring to theologically trained minds. These must necessarily be the few. It is by no means certain that on persons unused to theological speculation the effect would be equally satisfactory. Yet even among such we cannot but hope that many doubtless may be led onward to larger and ultimately to truer views by the original speculations (or, at least, the original manner of stating them) to be met with in this volume.

That such a work may not, however, have its own peculiar dangers for some temperaments, we should by no means be prepared to assert. Those who believe that a life of faith without *dogma* is possible, may certainly be encouraged in that delusion by the pages of 'Ecce Homo.' In so far as its cordial reception indicates, as to some extent it probably does indicate, the prevalence of such a misconception; so far, no doubt, it is a sign of the times, that is calculated to evoke our regrets and not our rejoicing. Perhaps in this point of view it furnishes an additional argument for the correctness of the opinion held by Father Hyacinthe and M. de Pressensé as to the real needs of our day, and for the justice of Mr. Liddon's choice of subject for the Bampton Lectures of the present year.

The style of 'Ecce Homo' displays great command of language, being compressed, powerful, and dignified. Yet we own that it strikes us as being slightly deficient in ease, in play, and variety. At the risk of being thought prejudiced, we confess that there are passages on the questions here discussed in the 'Remains' of Arthur Hallam, in Mr. Oxenham's work on 'The Atonement,' and in De Pressensé's new biography of Christ,

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[1] This favourable aspect of the case has been well stated by a contemporary:—'Nurtured as we are in the truths of our holy religion, lisping the words of Scripture from our cradles, and associated as are the recollections of our tenderest years with Bible stories told us at a mother's knee, it is almost impossible for us, as we grow up, not to see with others' eyes, not to believe with others' understanding. And high as is the privilege of being familiar from earliest childhood with the mysteries "which angels desire to look into," there is, to a certain extent, a kind of drawback involved in this traditional belief. We must remember that it is not a conventional worship which our Father will accept. It is not a dead, unintelligent faith which is pleasing in His sight. To believe the truths of Holy Scripture because our fathers believed them, or because it is written that "he which believeth not shall be damned;" this is not that reasonable and acceptable service which is required of us as Christians. While with childlike confidence we are to accept the mighty truths laid down, we may, and ought, as far as our powers of mind and intellect permit, humbly and prayfully seek to have, and when occasion demands, be able to give "a reason for this faith which is in us," and it is this reason which we think the author of 'Ecce Homo' has so admirably elucidated.'—*Scottish Guardian* for April, 1866.

which, in our eyes, surpass in beauty anything contained in this volume.

Our author has unquestionably produced the book of the season. This is shown not merely by the extraordinary sale of the work, but by the number of very distinguished persons who have undertaken to review it—a list which is commonly reported to comprise an eminent Fellow of one of the first colleges in Oxford, the Bishop of a western see, Dr. Newman and the Dean of Westminster. Mr. Vaughan and Mr. P. Bayne must be added to the series; as also one of the few Presbyterians who has a real claim to be considered as a theologian, Principal Fairbairn of Glasgow. But will this celebrity endure? We greatly doubt it. Seldom has that theological essay or treatise enjoyed a lasting celebrity, concerning which it can be said that the writer's aim is, after all, so exceedingly uncertain. This writer has made, indeed, a strong case on behalf of certain conclusions; but how far he intends to bear us, no one can as yet discern. To have shown (or, at least, to have reminded) men how the Jewish race was looking for a Messiah; how the Baptist, after a long silence of prophecy, prepared the way for such an one; how the Person so pointed out went straight to His object without any miscalculation of His powers, or any change of purpose from first to last; how He called to penitence as the preparation for a new kingdom, of which He Himself was to be the head; how He thus fulfilled the prophecies in a manner true, but unexpected and original, becoming at once the originator, and the lawgiver, and the judge of those who accepted a royalty so real yet so different from the ordinary forms of kingship; how the divine society so founded is a bond of union with Him;—to have shown all this, even partially, is undoubtedly a remarkable achievement, and we still hope and trust that it may carry some of his readers yet further than it seems to have led the author. But still, not only do many details, to some few of which we have made reference, startle and repel us, but the very tone of the Preface sounds to our ears unsatisfactory and scarcely reverent. The allusion to the Preface brings us naturally to our latest section.

5. *What motive induced him to write?* He implies that he was dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ; that he could not rest satisfied without some definite opinion; that such sentiments compelled him to reconsider the entire subject; and that his inquiry, having proved serviceable to himself, may prove useful to others. Now we certainly see no reason for doubting the honesty of this statement. We do not believe that the author of 'Ecce Homo' is what one of our contemporaries has called him, 'a sheep in wolf's clothing'—a man who

has merely pretended to feel doubts and dissatisfaction, but who is in reality thoroughly convinced of the truth of the orthodox Christology. Rather should we be inclined to find fault with him for what looks to us like unconscious self-deceit. He intimates that he has arrived at a definite opinion concerning the subject of his volume; and yet, among all his numerous and gifted critics, no one is able positively to say what this definite opinion is. To one he seems to hold views concerning the world's Redeemer not higher than those of Marcion; to another he appears to symbolize with Dr. Channing; to a third to be leading his readers onward through the contemplation of the humanity to the divinity of Christ our Lord. And each reviewer, in his turn, is able to make out a plausible case on behalf of his own theory.

A second volume may, indeed, to some extent, clear up these difficulties. As the case stands, his book seems to be largely made up of what Mr. Grote terms 'negative dialectic,' without a decided consciousness on the author's part that such is the case. When the first dazzling effects of the author's brilliancy have passed away, we believe that few will be found to consider the 'Ecce Homo' a complete success. But far more intense, we venture to predict, will be the failure of one who shall attempt to set forth Christ 'as the creator of modern theology and religion,' without announcing clearly and dogmatically what he believes that Founder to be.

The wild dreams of Marcion, the humanitarian theories of Channing—where are they? Of the men we would fain speak with all possible charity. An atmosphere charged with Gnosticism may be pleaded as some excuse for the errors of the one; and those may be right who (as we have observed above) believe that it was a too natural reaction from New England Calvinism which produced the Socinianism of so lofty a mind as that of Channing. We will not dwell on arguments against Marcion. Concerning the Boston divine, we will at present only repeat what has once been urged in these pages, namely, that little as we can sympathise with M. Renan, his attack upon Channing's position remains, in our judgment, unanswered and unanswerable. M. Renan avowed that he would as soon accept the whole of the Nicene doctrine concerning Christ as admit so much of the supernatural as was granted by Channing. The better pages of 'Ecce Homo' certainly rise, in our estimation, to higher flights than Channing ever reached. And having called attention to some of the least reverent and satisfactory portions, we have much pleasure in taking leave of the work by the citation of a passage which has justly struck so many critics as being, if not flawless, yet certainly the gem of the entire wor'

'It is common in human history to meet with those who claim some superiority over their fellows. Men assert a pre-eminence over their fellow-citizens or fellow-countrymen, and become rulers of those who at first were their equals, but they dream of nothing greater than some partial control over the actions of others for the short space of a lifetime. Few indeed are those to whom it is given to influence future ages. Yet some men have appeared who have been "as levers to uplift the earth and roll it in another course." Homer by creating literature, Socrates by creating science, Cæsar by carrying civilization inland from the shores of the Mediterranean, Newton by starting science upon a career of steady progress, may be said to have attained this eminence. But these men gave a single impact, like that which is conceived to have first set the planets in motion; Christ claims to be a perpetual attractive power, like the sun which determines their orbit. They contributed to men some discovery and passed away; Christ's discovery is himself. To humanity struggling with its passions and its destiny he says, Cling to me, cling ever closer to me. If we believe St. John, he represented himself as the Light of the World, as the Shepherd of the Souls of men, as the Way to Immortality, as the Vine or Life-Tree of Humanity. And if we refuse to believe that he used those words, we cannot deny, without rejecting all the evidence before us, that he used words which have substantially the same meaning. We cannot deny that he commanded men to leave everything and attach themselves to him; that he declared himself king, master, and judge of men; that he promised to give rest to all the weary and heavy-laden; that he instructed his followers to hope for life from feeding on his body and blood.

'But it is doubly surprising to observe that these enormous pretensions were advanced by one whose special peculiarity, not only among his contemporaries, but among the remarkable men that have appeared before and since, was an almost feminine tenderness and humility. This characteristic was remarked, as we have seen, by the Baptist, and Christ himself was fully conscious of it. Yet so clear to him was his own dignity and infinite importance to the human race as an objective fact, with which his own opinion of himself had nothing to do, that in the same breath in which he asserts it in the most unmeasured language he alludes, apparently with entire unconsciousness, to his *humility*. "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, *for I am meek and lowly of heart*." And again, when speaking to his followers of the arrogance of the Pharisees, he says, "They love to be called Rabbi; but be not you called Rabbi, *for one is your master, even Christ*."—*Ibid*, pp. 176—178.

We cannot recognise in any of our fellow-creatures the right to say, 'Cling to me, cling ever close to me.'. . . . 'No man may 'deliver his brother, nor make atonement unto God for him, 'for it cost more to redeem their souls; therefore he must let 'that alone for ever.' Surely to one who can feel and utter such thoughts as these, and who admits the existence of the Church of Christ as a real and living society, the words of the prophet may be repeated:—'O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get 'thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest 'good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not 'afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, BEHOLD YOUR 'GOD!'

ART. VI.—1. *The Reunion of Christendom. A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy, &c.* By HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

2. *A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. on his recent 'Eirenicon.'* By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. of the Oratory. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

3. *The leading Topics of Dr. Pusey's recent Work reviewed in a Letter, addressed (by permission) to the Most Rev. H. E. Manning, D.D.* By the Very Rev. FREDERICK OAKELEY, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1866.

4. *Tract XC. on certain Passages in the XXXIX. Articles, by the Rev. J. H. Newman, M.A.*, 1841, *with Historical Preface by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D.; and Catholic Subscription to the XXXIX. Articles considered in reference to Tract XC.* By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, M.A. 1841. James Parker and Co. Oxford and London; Rivingtons, London.

IN noticing, in January last, the general acquiescence with which Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenicon' had been accepted, and the little stir it had made in the world, notwithstanding the many thousand copies which had been sold, we ventured to prophesy that this state of things could not be expected to last long. We anticipated that, like its celebrated predecessor, 'Tract XC.,' it would create a little literature of its own. It did not, indeed, require much sagacity to see beforehand something like what has really happened. It would have been, of course, impossible to say exactly who would be the writers; much less would it have been in our power to foreshadow the precise line of argument that would be adopted by friends or foes. Neither, again, could we have ventured to estimate the comparative numbers of those members of the English Church who, in common with ourselves, heartily concurred in Dr. Pusey's general tone and spirit, —of those who wholly disapproved of the position taken by the author, or of those who reserved their judgment, as being somewhat startled at what might appear the audacity of a proposal for union with Rome. Perhaps the most surprising result connected with the publication is, the contrast between the number of copies which have been sold and the number of people, who would be likely to take an interest in the subject, who have not yet read the 'Eirenicon.' It is quite evident that its influence is only

beginning. We suppose we may safely affirm that most persons who are entitled to the epithet 'educated,' have heard of it, and know, in a general way, something of the nature of its contents; but, as regards the number of those who have read and studied the volume, we confess we did not expect, that, after six months, we should be able to repeat what we implied in our former article, that there are still many of the clergy who have not read it, and who mean to read it, when they can get the opportunity. We should say that the interest the book has excited, amongst those who might have been expected to be most closely concerned, has been less than we should have predicted; whilst, on the contrary, the notice taken by Roman Catholics, both at home and on the Continent, has far exceeded all our expectations. It will be seen, therefore, after these admissions, that we do not wish to assume to ourselves any peculiar prophetic power, or to lay claim to any special amount of sagacity, when we refer to our expressed opinion, that the 'Eirenicon' would form the nucleus of a small library of tracts and pamphlets.

Foremost of all these publications, and standing, as it were, quite apart from all the others, are the 'Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop of Westminster to his Clergy,' and the more private epistle addressed by Dr. Newman to his old friend and colleague 'on his recent Eirenicon.' Let no one suppose, that, because we class these two publications together in the same category, as being of more importance than a shoal of minor pamphlets which have touched upon the same topics, that we consider them worthy of being classed together on any other ground. We shall say not another word of the two tracts, either in comparison or contrast, after stating that we reserve the more agreeable account of Dr. Newman's Letter, till we have given our reasons for our dissatisfaction with that of Dr. Manning. And, first of all, we shall undoubtedly not find fault with the writer for being plain and outspoken.

Alas for the ridiculous position of Lord Russell, and his Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which is still the law of the land—but is as dead a letter as if it had been abrogated by the same power that made it. The Archbishop of Westminster parades his title with the utmost fearlessness. No one will think of impugning it; perhaps, if we had not called attention to it, few would have noticed the fact, that in the title-page, on the cover, and at the end of the 'Pastoral,' we have the same words, 'Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster.' If Dr. Manning intended to show the political world that he was going to accept of no compromise the same idea is equally conspicuous throughout his Letter. He has no personal fears; but, unless we greatly mistake the drift of his remarks, he is not without his fears as to what effect may be

produced upon the clergy and the laity of his flock, by the overtures for peace proffered by the little band which he describes as advancing with their swords wreathed in myrtle. The minute directions which he gives as to how they are to be dealt with, proves at once that he mistrusts his clergy, and that the band is more formidable than he cares to admit.

The whole of the 'Pastoral' is levelled against Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenicon,' though it is not once mentioned in the course of the Letter, which is ostensibly directed against the 'Association for promoting the Unity of Christendom.' Both the 'Eirenicon' and the 'Association' seem, indeed, beneath the notice of Rome; but, as the faithful had been forbidden by the Pope to have anything to do with the 'Association,' whilst the supreme Pontiff has been silent as regards the 'Eirenicon,' it was, perhaps, more becoming in the Archbishop of Westminster to follow in his superior's track, and make only indirect allusion to the real object of attack. The 'Pastoral,' in fact, takes the form of a defence of the line adopted by the Roman Inquisition towards the 'Society for promoting the Unity of Christendom,' and the Archbishop has appended to it the documents alluded to in its course. These occupy about one-third of the pamphlet, and consist of three letters, printed at length, both in English and Latin. The Latin, of course, is the original; the English is given, we suppose, for the benefit of such of his clergy as could not understand the Latin; and we may observe, *en passant*, that there are other indications in the publication that the persons addressed are of no very high order of intellect or education.

The first of these Letters consists of an address to the Roman Catholic bishops in England, to exercise the most anxious care, lest members of their flocks should be deluded either into joining or in any way favouring this 'Society,' or any similar one. This is signed by C. Cardinal Patrizi, and provoked a remonstrance from about two hundred clergy of the Church of England, *i. e.* 'the little band who advance with their swords wreathed in myrtle.' This remonstrance is undoubtedly very well drawn up, and shows up several mistakes which had been made in the 'Letter of the Supreme Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition to all the English Bishops.' That Letter most unjustifiably asserted the charge against the 'little band,' of affirming that the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican Communions have an equal claim to call themselves Catholics; that the object to be promoted was, that the three Communions, each in its integrity, and each maintaining still its own opinions, should coalesce into one, and further proceeded to identify the publication called the 'Union Review' with the 'Society for promoting the Unity of

Christendom.' There is, indeed, nothing undignified in the Cardinal's Letter, so far as expression goes, but it is, nevertheless, extremely incautious, and the temperate letter of the two hundred clergy quite shines, by comparison with the mistakes in the 'Address' to which it forms a reply. They say that they abstain from the question of *right*, and fall back on that of *fact*, viz. that the Anglican Church claims the name Catholic, as is plain from her Liturgy, and that the connexion of the 'Union Review' with their Society is not such as in any way to pledge them to its *dicta*. Whilst, as regards the most important mistake made by the Cardinal, they utterly disclaim any such meaning as has been attributed to them. 'Far from us,' they say, 'and from our 'Society, be such an aim as this; from which were to be anti-'cipated, not ecclesiastical unity, but merely a discord of brethren 'in personal conflict under one roof. What we beseech Al-'mighty God to grant, and desire with all our hearts, is simply 'that œcumenical inter-communion which existed before the 'separation of East and West, founded and consolidated on the 'profession of one and the same Catholic faith.' The Cardinal's reply to this 'Remonstrance,' is the third of these documents, reprinted at the end of the 'Pastoral.' It consists of an argument intended to show that the Roman is the universal Church, especially insisting on the absurdity of the idea of a Catholic Church as a coalition of three communions; 'a figment,' the writer adds, 'whose authors are of necessity driven to deny the Church's infallibility.' We quote one more expression from this 'Letter,' and our readers will, we think, tolerably well understand its tone, which harmonises entirely with that of the Archbishop's 'Pastoral.' 'A Catholic dogma is one which, coming 'from the lips of Christ, delivered and maintained by the per-'petual teaching of the Fathers, has been religiously preserved 'by the Universal Church through every age, and which it has 'often confirmed against the errors of innovators, by decrees of 'supreme Pontiffs and Councils.'

It will be unnecessary to analyse this 'Letter' more minutely. The 'Pastoral,' of which we have more to say, does but re-echo its asseverations, and enforce at greater length the same principles. We need hardly say, that it is pervaded by an Ultramontane spirit throughout; but we may add, that, though we knew logic was not the Archbishop's forte, we have been exceedingly struck with the defect of it in the 'Pastoral,' and the apparent inability Dr. Manning labours under of throwing himself into the position and circumstances of those whom he is attacking. We have no right to accuse him of making mistakes on purpose; but, though he perfectly well understands the position and circumstances of the Anglican party, as he would

designate it, he is continually hurling arguments at their heads, as if he were in entire ignorance of what they meant. Moreover, the Archbishop of Westminster is not altogether consistent with himself. He tells us, when it pleases him to dwell with complacency on the greatness of Rome, that the reaction which has taken place in England is wonderful. And in this relation he can look back with increased satisfaction to the time when fidelity to the Church of England was measured by repulsion from the Church of Rome. Yet, in the very next page, we meet with the remark, that the Church of England represents only half the nation, the Anglican school only a portion of the Church of England; whilst, by way of more minute subdivision still, we are told that the Anglo-Catholic movement represents only a section of the Anglican school, and the Unionist movement only a fraction of that section. And thus, by the united processes of cutting and breaking, we are gradually landed in the idea that 200 is a small figure compared with 17,000. We submit, that it might have looked graceful in the new Archbishop of Westminster to have offered some tribute of passing admiration to the talents and virtues of that great school with whom he was once associated, and who, as he must know, constitute the very *crême de la crême* of England's sons.—But no. There is not a word of sympathy—'Amicus Plato; magis amica veritas.' Greek and Latin philosophy alike seem to have recognised the claims of philosophic kindred. Is it only the Archbishop of Westminster who can find no room for sympathy with those who differ from him in theology? He must feel, for he must himself remember when he was in the same position in which those whom he is attacking now are. But the intellectual position he seems entirely unable to comprehend. And this is not the first occasion on which Dr. Manning has eulogized Dissenters at the expense of the Established Church, which he seems to take some delight in disparaging. The tender yearnings towards unity, the kind expressions used of the Roman communion, might, one would have thought, have elicited a recognition from one who has himself proceeded from a low type of Evangelicalism, and from an almost entire ignorance of doctrine, into the sunlight which he believes himself to be enjoying. But, whilst we are expecting expressions of kindly feeling towards former friends and present antagonists, we are chilled with the remark, which is equally untrue and beside the mark, that 'if they,' *i. e.* Dissenters, 'are rougher in their language against the Catholic 'Church, they are more generous and candid adversaries; more 'vehement, but less bitter, and altogether free from the littleness 'of personality and petty faults, which sometimes stain the con-'troversy of those who are intellectually nearer to the truth.' Is

it because Dr. Manning is unwilling to recognise an ὁμοιότης which he really feels, that he indulges in such disparaging remarks as the following?—

'For such men it is our duty to cherish a warm charity and a true respect, and not disproportionately to waste upon those who stand nearer to us the time and the sympathy which is their due. The time is come that the Catholic Church should speak face to face, calmly and uncontroversially, to the millions of the English people who lie on the other side of the Anglican establishment.'

The whole question at issue between the 'Pastoral' and those (we will not say, to whom it is addressed, but we may say, at least, those) for whose sake it has been published and circulated in print, is as to the pretensions of Rome to represent the whole Catholic Church. Dr. Manning is perpetually stating the case, and, upon the whole, perfectly fairly; but he no sooner gets into the middle of an argument, or a declamation on the subject, than he seems entirely to forget it. Granting that the Roman and the Catholic Church are identical, nothing can be smoother and more comfortable than the whole course of the 'Pastoral;' but then, unfortunately, it is the very claims that are made for the Eastern and the Anglican Communions that have provoked the 'Pastoral.' As a piece of advice to his clergy, we have no fault to find with the 'Letter;' but it is easy to see that the publication is not addressed to Roman priests alone, but to the world at large. Dr. Manning would not 'put a straw across the path of those who profess to desire union.' We humbly submit, that misrepresentation is not the best way of reconciliation, and we venture to think that the Archbishop very unfortunately and very distinctly misrepresents the state of things amongst us, when he classes Humanitarians, Unitarians, Anglicans, and Unionists in one undiscriminating category, as agreed in nothing but common hostility to the only Church which is inflexible in dogma, and immutable in refusing all comprehension by way of compromise, and all contact with those that are without its unity.

And all this is mixed up with a description of the dogmatic nature of the Church's decisions as opposed to the vagueness of latitudinarian theories, to every word of which these despised Anglicans and Unionists would heartily agree. Why the Archbishop has separated the Anglicans and Unionists into two classes, as to their belief in the Church Catholic, we scarcely see. He attributes to the former 'an imaginary faith of the undivided Church,' to the latter 'an agreement of the Universal Church.' Is this a rhetorical artifice, of making distinctions without a difference, to exhibit in more striking colours the distractions of the Church of England and the isolation of the little band 'whose swords are wreathed

in myrtle?' When he continues, that dogma is to theology what axioms are to science, we can but express our wonder that the Archbishop thinks it necessary to tell his clergy so obvious a truth, which not one of them, probably, would have the slightest inclination to dispute; we wonder also what impression he supposes such a truism will create on the minds of those whose very purpose is to submit themselves implicitly to all dogma, as laid down and received by the whole body of the Catholic Church. His remarks upon dogma are well expressed, but the same has been said before, and must have been thought by any one who has had to entertain the question at all. We have only one fault to find with them. They are beside the point at issue between the Archbishop and those whom he is attacking.

We come next to the Archbishop's statement of the case as against the Unionists, in which again he oversteps the limits of prudence. He says their principle is, that the Church of England has not erred in its Thirty-nine Articles, nor the Roman Church in its decrees at Trent. Now, no such assertion has been made, either in behalf of the Articles or the Tridentine decrees. What is asserted or implied is, that either of these documents, having emanated from a portion of the Church, has not the guarantee for soundness which, it is admitted, the decisions of an Œcumenical Council would possess.

We have no right to find fault either with the Archbishop of Westminster or with Cardinal Patrizi and the Inquisition, for forbidding the Roman clergy to associate themselves in prayers with persons whom they regard as schismatics and heretics. But we think we may fairly complain, when the position of these schismatics and heretics is simply ignored, and their views continuously misrepresented throughout the 'Pastoral.' The following passage is simply unfair, because the parties aimed at do not claim the right of judgment which the Archbishop speaks of, excepting as regards the one point of being able to judge that the Eastern and Anglican Communions are living and integral portions of the Church of Christ. They profess to be willing to resign the Articles or any other part of the present teaching of the Reformed Church at the bidding of an Œcumenical Council, in which the whole Church, as they consider it, is adequately represented. Dr. Manning says:—

'To profess a readiness to accept the Council of Trent, if it be interpreted according to our own opinion, is not to subject ourselves to the authority of the Council, but to subject it to our own judgment. To say we will accept it as the basis of reunion if it mean so and so, is to say we will not accept it if it mean otherwise: or, again, if the Pope would declare that the Council of Trent never meant what we object to, we would receive it. But what if it should mean otherwise? To ask for an authoritative interpretation, without engaging to submit to it, is to play fast and

loose. If the authoritative interpretation agree with our own, well and good. But what if it differs? In this way we should not receive it because of its authority, but because of its agreement with our private judgment. If it differ, it would not be authoritative to us. Is it possible that men of any clearness or coherence of mind can fail to see through the obscurity and inconsequence of this procedure? In what does it differ from the private judgment of the common and consistent Protestant, who judges for himself of the meaning of Scripture, except only in this, that he confines himself to one book, and they claim to judge of all the Fathers, Theologians, Councils, Pontiffs, and the whole Church in every age? The common Protestant passes dry-shod over all these without asking whether he agrees with them or not: the Anglo-Catholic summons and convenes them all before him: professes to recognise them for what they are, Fathers, Theologians, Councils, Pontiffs; acknowledges their special illumination, commission, and authority; but, after all, analyses, criticises, accepts, rejects their writings and their teaching, with a final sentence that is an absolute superiority of judgment. In their opinion the Council of Trent is tolerable if it mean only what they mean; intolerable if it mean anything else: tolerable if it agree with Tract XC.; intolerable if it be in harmony with the faith, piety, devotion, and public worship of the Catholic and Roman Church throughout the world. Can private judgment exalt and enlarge itself beyond this girth and stature? Is there anything left on earth to be judged of; anything yet to pass under its analysis and its sentence; any tribunal standing, before which it is silent, or to which it inclines? It seems strange that good men do not perceive the moral fault of such pretensions, and men of intellect their incoherence. To read the pages of Holy Writ, luminous and simple as in great part they are, and, knowing no other teacher, neither Church nor Council, to walk humbly by the light of a few divine truths, reverently adoring many incomprehensible mysteries—this is intelligible, coherent, and comparatively modest. But to profess to believe in Saints, Doctors, and Councils, which, if they may err, still have a special guidance, and in the Church of God, inhabited by the Spirit of God, infallible for six hundred years, assisted still in its decrees, superior to all individual minds, the chief authority on earth, divinely ordained to guide men; and yet after this to criticise all its acts and utterances, from the Canons of Nice to the Decrees of Trent, from the Canon of Scripture declared by Pope Gelasius, to the Immaculate Conception declared by Pope Pius IX., and to propose this as the basis of reunion in the midst of the confusions of Anglicanism, is a process which I must refrain from characterising as it would demand.'

Now, we ask what is all this, if it is not raising up a man of straw in order to knock him down? Surely, no one makes so preposterous a claim as to ask to have the decrees of the Council of Trent explained, and after such explanation to have the option of accepting or refusing them as he pleases. The very principle of private judgment is abjured by men who appeal for the settlement of points in dispute between themselves and others to the judgment of the whole Church assembled in Council. Surely, the accusation of 'intellectual incoherence,' not to say anything of moral fault, recoils on the head of him who makes such careless mistakes in judging others. And here again we notice the same undisguised preference of the thorough Pro-

testant spirit to that tone of mind, at once reverential and submissive, which Dr. Manning cannot approve of, because it exists in persons outside the pale of Rome.

The appeal from the Pope to a General Council, according to the canonists, incurs the penalty of excommunication. This, of course, is very well as addressed to Roman ecclesiastics. But this is not a case where Roman ecclesiastics have any temptation to do so. And it is of no use to produce the opinion of Roman canonists in argument with those who proclaim their belief that Rome is not identical with the Catholic, but forms only part of the Western Church. The Archbishop says that a Catholic major premiss and a Protestant minor make a poor syllogism. But a mere *ignoratio elenchi* is no better. And this is the characteristic of the 'Pastoral,' from beginning to end. What Pius II. and Julius II. may have said, may indeed be entitled to a respectful hearing, but we submit that it is ridiculous to quote them as conclusive authority, in argument with those whose whole position is that of declining to be bound by anything short of decisions of the Universal Church. It seems to us altogether unworthy of Dr. Manning and his elevated position, to ride the high horse as he does—and to attempt to lavish praises on those who adopt the utterly untenable position of Protestantism and private judgment, with the apparent view of the praises acting as a foil to set off the fairness of his condemnation of those who are so much more near himself as regards faith and tone of mind. Again, let it be said, we are not finding fault with Dr. Manning's decision in this matter, nor with that of the Inquisition. What we object to is, his real want of logic, and his apparent want of sympathy. He calls upon men with the argument, 'If the Pope be not infallible, the Church is. Let 'men submit to the infallibility of the Church, and we may 'then hear what they will say of the infallibility of the Pope.' And again, 'It is strange that men of consecutive minds, who 'seem to have mastered the principle that the Church alone 'possesses the key of Scripture, and that the true mind of Scrip-'ture is to be known only as it is interpreted by the living mind 'of the Church, should not see that, *à fortiori,* by the same 'law, the sense of antiquity is to be known from the Church 'alone.' Now, without attempting exactly to define what the Archbishop may be supposed to mean by 'a consecutive mind,' we take leave to say that he does not himself show a very intelligent mind, in confusing the position he is attacking with the very distinct position which he himself once occupied, when, in common with the writers of the earliest 'Tracts for the Times,' he appealed to antiquity for evidence of the sense which he and they supposed themselves to have elicited from Scripture.

Most of us can remember the time when antiquity was appealed to in defence of the position that modern Roman Catholics were 'wretched Tridentines.' We by no means shrink from what some will call the damaging avowal that things have much changed since those days. For certainly the move towards unity comes, not from those who appeal to antiquity, but from those who appeal to the decision of the Universal Church, whether of antiquity or of the present day, whenever the West and East can sink their differences and meet in Œcumenical Council. It is the refusal of the West to recognise the East that Anglicans complain of, and the whole issue between Dr. Manning and the Unionists has been by himself confused, because he will not recognise that he is speaking of the Church as identical with the West—whilst they use the term for the Western Church, including the Anglican branch of it, with the addition of the Churches of the East. It is the more extraordinary, because the Archbishop is well aware of the position they have taken up, if only he had the power of retaining the recollection of the fact from the beginning to the end of a sentence.

Two-thirds of the 'Pastoral' is taken up with asserting the power of the Church in general, without descending to particulars; after this, the Archbishop proceeds to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which, if one were to judge from the description given of it in the Letter, might be thought to have been the universal belief of the Church from the earliest to the latest times. Dr. Manning, of course, knew very well, but the knowledge does not appear from anything that is said in the 'Pastoral,' that the point has been hotly disputed in the West, to say nothing of its having been left an entirely open question in the East. Its definition in the nineteenth century might, perhaps, be as natural as the dogma of the 'homoousion' in the fourth, if precisely the same authority had defined them both. And though the ecclesiastics addressed in the 'Pastoral,' of course, would feel no inclination to question the comparison instituted by the Archbishop, the argument is utterly worthless to those against whom it appears to be directed.

The same unfairness appears again and again. Of the move of the party of Union, the Archbishop says, What is this but to say, you must all come to my mind, before I can unite with you? And who shall say this with modesty, except he be an inspired person, or an infallible judge? Again, let us repeat, it is a pity that the Archbishop forgets that it is to the infallible judgment of the Universal Church, that Anglicans make their appeal. And that the true answer to them, and the only adequate answer, would be, to prove to them that they are wrong in recognising the Eastern Church, and not to reiterate

unproved assertions that the Roman is identical with the Catholic Church.

And now we have done with the 'Pastoral.' We turn to a pleasanter part of the duty we have set ourselves—for we have much to say of the exquisitely beautiful Letter addressed by Dr. Newman to Dr. Pusey. Before, however, we go on to notice it, Mr. Oakeley's kindly and sympathising and comparatively logical pamphlet demands a brief notice. If Dr. Manning ignores his past Anglican career, Mr. Oakeley is in no mind to forget the part that he bore in the troubles connected with the publication of 'Tract XC.' —and the 'Ideal of a Christian Church.' With a chivalry and generosity which we have not the less respect for, because they were almost exaggerated into the grotesque, he threw his lot in with that of his friend, Mr. Ward—a younger and more impetuous man than himself. And the attitude he now assumes, reminds us of bygone days. However, we are not concerned with Mr. Ward, or the connexion he is supposed to have had in creating a prejudice against 'Tract XC.' Mr. Oakeley has certainly understood the general importance of the fact of the 'Eirenicon' being in a seventh edition in less than seven months from its first publication, and he augurs well from the fact that it is so. He sees that Catholic doctrine is in no danger of being overridden by authority in 1866 as it was in 1844; but though he is right in seeing that there is a corresponding licence as regards Evangelical views, and Latitudinarian absence of views, he utterly mistakes the nature of the case, when he avers that the bishops allow Dr. Pusey and his friends to run out in one line, because they wish to secure an indemnity for Rationalists, Liberals, and Evangelicals in another. 'I think,' he says, 'their Lordships are far wiser in their gene-'ration than their predecessors, and take a far truer view of the 'genius of the Church in which they hold office.' The mistake is absolutely ludicrous. Bishops have not half the influence they had in the days of 'No. XC.' All their fulminations against the 'Eirenicon,' had they been inclined to hurl them, would have fallen powerless against that bastion, defended as it would have been by a host of soldiers. But in truth, there are not above half a dozen bishops, and they not the strongest on the bench, who want to find a standing-place for Evangelicalism, and these can scarcely understand what wiser men than themselves of the Latitudinarian party see, that in order to live they must let live. There may be two or three bishops, perhaps, who feel that it is but fair to let things alone in one direction as well as in another. But we must demur to their wisdom being compared with that of their predecessors of twenty years ago; for the wisdom of the bishops of 1844 has been proved by success—

a success which few of them have lived long enough to see changed into an entire defeat—that of the bishops of 1866 remains yet to be tested. In one respect, no doubt, there is a general increase of wisdom amongst all the clergy. A burnt child dreads the fire; and we have most of us learned not to burn our fingers unnecessarily. The difference in the conduct of the bishops is accounted for by this,—that whereas the Church party had elevated them to the highest pinnacle of influence in 1844, the opinion of a bishop passes for nothing now, unless it be in itself wise and prudent. It is much to be regretted, no doubt, but it is an undoubted fact, that the bishops have lost an immense amount of influence,—an influence which we gladly admit will most easily be regained by any bishop who will throw himself heartily into the Catholic movement of the day. Those who attempt to stem the torrent will gradually lose what little influence their position at present gives them. In a subsequent passage, the author has described the episcopate of the Anglican Church with more truth.

'The collective body of its Bishops represents nothing but the principle of passive disunion. Some of them lean to the latitudinarian side; one or two appeal to antiquity, but protest against Rome; several uphold private judgment on the Scriptures as sufficient for all the purposes of faith; others steer clear of extremes, and desire nothing but a quiet life. Who is to be the spokesman of such a body, the representative of such a polity, the ambassador of such a court? It is impossible even to describe such a state of things without exposing oneself to the charge of satire; but the satire is not in the spirit, but in the fact.'—P. 49.

There is no occasion for us to dwell longer on Mr. Oakeley's pamphlet, in which, as the reader will have seen, we find much more to sympathise with than in the Archbishop's 'Pastoral:' there is a great deal which will be found, though in different language, in either the 'Pastoral' or in Dr. Newman's Letter, or both.

Need we say that Dr. Newman's Letter is interesting to the extent of absolute fascination? It is but justice to admit, that the circumstances under which it is written preclude any comparison between it and the 'Pastoral.' The one is of the nature of a private letter, though it appears in print. The other was addressed to Roman ecclesiastics, though it has found its way into the hands of those who are attacked, if they are not directly spoken to. If there is a repulsiveness and a coldness in Dr. Manning's style, which may be more or less justified by circumstances of which we cannot judge, there is undoubtedly a warmth and a fervour and an affectionate welcoming, of the symptoms of approach to unity in Dr. Newman's Letter, which is so beautiful in itself that we do not care to contrast it with the other production we have

been reviewing. Dr. Newman forbears to criticize the details of the scheme implied in the 'Eirenicon,' and prefers to express his joy at the thought of the immense advance that English Churchmen have made, since he felt it his duty to quit their communion and fellowship. His sympathies are still enlisted in favour of his old friends. He seems to love them as he did of old, and to yearn after their conversion to what he holds to be the one true Catholic and Apostolic Church. He does not find it so very inconceivable, at least he does not tell us that he finds it inconceivable, that they should occupy a position out of which he has seen his own way clearly. He is only overjoyed at finding them nearer to himself than he had hoped; whilst the description he gives of the present position of the different sections and subsections into which we are divided, shows how keenly he appreciates the bearings of all that has been going on amongst us for these twenty years past. With a tact and perception with which he is endowed to a greater extent than any other person whom we could name, he recognises the whole position of those who, in a certain sense, may be called his adversaries. He sees, as clearly as if he were still one of the Church party, the bearings of every event which has influenced the three great parties which the English Church contains within it. He estimates with precision the exact deviation of the present generation of Churchmen from those who represent the churchmanship of a quarter of a century back and the influence of his friend Dr. Pusey, of whom he says, 'There is no one anywhere,—'among ourselves, in your own body, or, I suppose, in the 'Greek Church,—who can affect so vast a circle of men, so 'virtuous, so able, so learned, so zealous, as come more or less 'under your influence;' but he does not say, and evidently does not think, with the Archbishop of Westminster, that the virtue, the ability, the learning, and the zeal, are all but incompatible with the position which these high qualities are enlisted to defend. The Archbishop of Westminster likens them to the Athenian band, with their swords wrapped in myrtle, and then repulses them; Dr. Newman, in contrast, tells Dr. Pusey, he has discharged his olive branch from a catapult, and, in spite of it, gives him an affectionate greeting.

Still, he feels there is a duty which is paramount to every other consideration, and that duty is to explain the real state of the case as regards the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and the Roman system of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. We scarcely know what to omit noticing in this beautiful little treatise; but perhaps we may pass by what may be called the personalities of the Introduction, though, perhaps, here more than elsewhere, the exquisite delicacy and refinement of the writer are conspicuous.

The point to which Dr. Newman especially addresses himself, is to show that, though devotion towards the Blessed Virgin has increased, the doctrine concerning her has not 'undergone a growth.' That is his own expression. We should say it has certainly experienced a development, even though we were disposed to admit, which we are not, with Dr. Newman, 'that it has been in substance one and the same from the beginning.' We are not sure that we altogether understand what is meant by 'undergoing a growth.' The respected author of the letter to Dr. Pusey should be the last person to deny the process of development of doctrine in the Church. That such a process takes place seems to be a fundamental axiom in theology, or, if we may so say, is implied in the very idea of theology existing as a science; but, without quarrelling about terms, we will refer to the interesting and apologetic account which Dr. Newman gives of the doctrine of the undivided Church on the subject of the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin.

If the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception were decreed by the undivided Church, there would be an end of the matter; and Dr. Newman seems to have judged rightly when he takes refuge in the supposition that we do not understand, and that great saints in former times did not understand it. He thinks they never would have hesitated about it at all if the word *conception* had been clearly explained in that sense in which it is now universally received. But we confess we are still unable to see that such a doctrine as this is consistent with the implication or assertion of the Fathers of the fourth century, that on one or two occasions she did sin seriously or showed infirmity. That it is inconsistent with the decree is plain enough from the elaborate attempt Dr. Newman has made in the note to this passage added at the end of his Letter. That S. Chrysostom, S. Basil, and S. Cyril of Alexandria express themselves as they do on this point, need not affect the belief either of Roman or English Catholics, for no one is bound by assertions of individual Fathers; but they, at least, show how far the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries was from believing on this point as the late decree compels members of the Roman Church to believe now. We should ourselves scruple to speak, and should refrain from speaking, as S. Chrysostom does. Holding entirely with S. Augustine, we would say, 'Concerning the Holy Virgin Mary I wish no question to be 'raised at all, when we are treating of sin.' We remark that his expression is very far from anything like dogmatizing on the subject. And assuredly, on the other side, we should not dare to say, as S. Chrysostom does, that she was on one occasion vainglorious. No one can deny that the question was open, to what-

ever side they may think pious opinion may have tended. What some devout Roman Catholics wish is, that the question could have been allowed to remain open, in the face of the scandalous practices which either are, or at least seem to be, connected with the devotions to the Blessed Virgin. We will not attempt to follow Dr. Newman through his elaborate and ingenious account of the sayings of these three Fathers; we do not altogether acquiesce in the mode in which he has attempted to explain away the statement of S. Chrysostom, neither can we agree that it has no controversial force at all. The explanation of the text of Scripture in which S. Mary seems to be so prominent, when she bids the servants attend to all that our Saviour ordered them, in the way of imputation of vain-glory, is neither necessary, nor, we will venture to say, is it even obvious. S. Chrysostom went out of his way to explain it so. He is neither the representative of the teaching of an earlier age in doing so, nor does he prove anything as to what others of his time and country thought upon the subject. Let it simply stand for what it is worth. A great saint of the fifth century attributes the guilt of a certain sin to the Blessed Virgin. He may have been wrong in doing so—we think he was; but it at least shows that he had never heard of any such doctrine as that which attributes entire sinlessness to her.

As regards her exaltation Dr. Newman argues that the vision of the woman and child in the 12th chapter of Revelation portrays it, and that too although little supported by the Fathers. We quote the vision from Dr. Newman's Letter:—

'A great sign appeared in Heaven; a woman clothed with the Sun, and the Moon under her feet; and on her head a crown of twelve stars. And, being with child, she cried travailing in birth, and was in pain to be delivered. And there was seen another sign in Heaven; and behold a great red dragon. . . . And the dragon stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered, that, when she should be delivered, he might devour her son. And she brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with an iron rod; and her son was taken up to God and to his throne. And the woman fled into the wilderness.'

Dr. Newman makes no doubt—and this is assuming a good deal—that the woman is the Blessed Virgin, and continues: 'If 'it is really the Blessed Virgin whom Scripture represents as 'clothed with the sun, crowned with the stars of heaven, and 'with the moon as her footstool, what height of glory may 'we not attribute to her? and what are we to say of those who, 'through ignorance, run counter to the voice of Scripture, to 'the testimony of the Fathers, to the traditions of East and 'West, and speak and act contemptuously towards her whom 'her Lord delighteth to honour?'—P. 66.

The whole of Dr. Newman's vigorous and pointed Letter is

addressed to Dr. Pusey and those who think with him; he is utterly regardless of all other persons and parties outside the pale of the Roman Communion. His whole object is to show Dr. Pusey that he is wrong, and perhaps with reference to the controversy between us and Rome, as far as regards the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin, he has made no better controversial point than the gentle reminder of the teaching of the Greek Church, as exhibited in their devotional works. No doubt Dr. Newman is right when he avers, that when the witness borne to the *cultus* is considered, 'in proportion as this remarkable fact is understood, it will take 'off the edge of the surprise of Anglicans at the sight of our 'devotion to our Lady.' No doubt it is a staggering fact, when we are reminded that the Eastern Churches, numbering, as Dr. Newman dexterously insinuates, their seventy millions, severed from the Roman Communion, and, remarkable for their zeal for antiquity, go beyond Rome in some respects in their exaltation of the Blessed Virgin. We will mention the fact as being simply fair in controversy, as Dr. Newman states it, that in 'the formal prayer of the Greek Eucharistic 'Service, petitions are offered, not in the name of Jesus Christ, 'but of the Theotokos.' We will leave alone the question whether the West or the East goes further in its devotion towards her, as well as Dr. Newman's explanation of his view of the doctrine. What we, and so many of the ablest Roman Catholics quarrel with, is the wisdom of establishing it as *de fide*, and the method which was used in establishing it we find fault with still as we did in our January review of the 'Eirenicon.'

Lastly, Dr. Newman addresses himself to 'the difficult task of diminishing the startling effect made upon his readers by Dr. Pusey's quotations from Roman authors on the subject of the *cultus*. This is the least happy part of the letter. Dr. Newman is obliged to get over the name of S. Alfonso Liguori with the remark, that he is never surprised to read anything unusual in the devotion of a saint. With regard to other names of less moment, they are bowled over because they are so insignificant, whilst others are too ruthlessly logical to be pleasant guides in matters of devotion. At least, then, we have this admission, that writers of note, even saints, and writers of no note who are not saints, have spoken of the Blessed Virgin in terms which Dr. Newman declines to endorse. Again Dr. Newman makes much of the fact, that not one of the writers quoted for these extravagant expressions about the Blessed Virgin is an Englishman. He winds up this part of his argument with the remark, 'On the 'whole I am sanguine that you will come to the conclusion that 'Anglicans may safely trust themselves to us English Catholics, as 'regards any devotions to the Blessed Virgin, which might be re-

'quired of them over and above the rule of the Council of Trent.' In writing this, it is evident that Dr. Newman has in view difficulties which he thinks may stand in the way of English Churchmen who are prepared to accept the decrees of the Council of Trent, but who have a prejudice against the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Thus the Letter appears to be written for a state of things not at all contemplated by Dr. Pusey, but which the writer, whether rightly or wrongly, gathers from the 'Eirenicon,' indicates the probability of coming secessions from Anglicanism to Romanism.

In saying that this is the least happy part of Dr. Newman's Letter, we would wish to do full justice to the general tone of the argument with which it concludes. It is quite true, that we of the Anglican Church are amongst the people who may be said to live in glass houses, and who, therefore, according to the well-known proverb, ought not to throw stones. Still, after giving Dr. Newman the benefit of the admission, that we should not like to be judged by the vagaries, either in practice or doctrine, which are tolerated amongst us; after expressing our great satisfaction in Dr. Newman's expression of his opinion of the passages quoted in the 'Eirenicon,' that they seem to him like a bad dream, we must be permitted to say that he has by no means succeeded in doing away with the impression produced on our minds by these opinions. After all the explanation and the softening down, there are too many of them, and they are too extravagant to admit of being ignored, in taking a fair estimate of the wisdom of establishing the doctrine as *de fide*. If the decision of the Pope were equivalent to the decision of the Church in Œcumenical Council, there would be an end of the matter; but from an Anglican point of view, we feel we have the same right to demur to later decrees of the Roman Communion, that we have in standing aloof from that Communion, and refusing that absolute submission which at present, it seems, is the only condition of union. Meanwhile we may observe that sober writers in the Roman Communion—such as Petavius, Raynaldus, and Canisius—whom Dr. Newman quotes, are evidently afraid lest the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin should run into excesses, and that though private theologians may have expressed their disapproval of such shocking things as were quoted in the 'Eirenicon,' yet we hear little or nothing of authoritative notice or condemnation of them. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* And we do not know a more remarkable instance of the application of this proverb, than the recent stir that has been made among the Roman Catholics of England and the Continent, by the exposures made by the 'Eirenicon.' Dr. Newman, taking them from the 'Eirenicon,' where alone he has met with them,

—reserving only the exception, that if they had been sayings of Saints in ecstasy, they must have had a good meaning—speaks of them as 'calculated to prejudice inquirers, to frighten the 'unlearned, to unsettle consciences, to provoke blasphemy, and 'to work the loss of souls.'

We part with reluctance from the 'Letter,' which is beyond all question the most interesting and valuable contribution to the history of the present controversy.

It will be seen from what has been said, that the 'Eirenicon' has created a profound sensation in this country. Nor has the impression been less marked on the Continent. It has roused, not to say stung, those of the Roman Communion who have read it in France and elsewhere. In evidence of this statement, it will be sufficient to refer to some articles which appeared in a fortnightly publication, entitled 'Revue du Monde Catholique,' in the months of February and March last. They are written by a French Jesuit, but have evidently been drawn from information communicated by an English convert. And though the author has been successful in exposing some mistakes into which Dr. Pusey had fallen, yet it is evident that he and his community, generally, are very sore at the *exposé* of the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin which has been advocated by some of their party, and which has been so unsparingly denounced by Dr. Pusey. This writer has given a lucid account for the benefit of French readers of the whole movement which has so convulsed and metamorphosed the Anglican Church. He goes back even so far as to quote a saying of Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, when he was Regius Professor of Divinity, to the effect that when young he had had opportunities of conversing with several French priests and Jesuits and others, and that he could assure his hearers that the impression generally entertained as to Roman Catholic views and belief was altogether erroneous. The *résumé* of the history of the forty years that have followed the publication of the 'Christian Year' is most interesting, and has evidently been corrected by a hand very familiar with Oxford and all its proceedings. But when the author comes to the present state of things, he is utterly unable to conceal his chagrin. He is evidently very angry at the state of things which he hears of in the Church of England. He admits that the widely prevailing custom of private confession is acting in the way of preventing secessions to Rome, which he asserts are far less numerous of late years than they used to be. The Ritual movement finds equally little favour in his sight. It is a substitute which answers the purpose of fascinating those who would otherwise be glad to exchange the dull routine of an ordinary English service for the more gorgeous mode in which the Roman offices are performed. Whilst as

regards the accusation of Mariolatry, he thinks Dr. Pusey will have much to answer for, not only in deterring those who are on the high road towards Roman Catholicism, but also, and chiefly as it would appear, in shaking the faith of those who have been brought up under the system of the Roman Church. That the author has given some hard hits we do not wish to deny, as, for instance, when he asserts that Dr. Pusey's quotation from Oswald's work is quite worthless, because the work from which he quotes has been placed upon the Index. The most telling passage of the whole critique is that in which he takes the same ground as Dr. Manning takes about the absence of an existing infallible authority—such as we Anglicans should most wish to submit to if we could. He observes :—

'Que s'il refuse d'admettre cette autorité, que lui restera-t-il ? Que résulterait-il cette partie de son argumentation si elle était aussi péremptoire qu'elle est en réalité peu concluante ? Il en résulterait une seule chose ; c'est qu'il n'y a plus sur la terre aucune autorité infaillible qui nous parle au nom de Dieu et sur laquelle notre foi puisse se fixer avec une inébranlable certitude. Si l'Eglise Catholique Romaine n'a pas le droit de s'attribuer l'autorité infaillible qui résulte de l'assistance promise par Jésus-Christ aux Apôtres et à leurs successeurs, évidemment aucune autre Eglise n'a ce droit, et le docteur Pusey le reconnaît. Il veut bien nous accorder que *l'Eglise non divisée*, c'est-à-dire, dans sa pensée, l'Eglise des sept premiers siècles, avait une autorité infaillible pour combattre l'erreur et enseigner la vérité ; mais depuis le schisme grec, et surtout depuis la prétendue réforme du XVI^e^ siècle, cette autorité n'existe plus dans aucune des communions separées. Ainsi, d'après cette prodigieuse théorie, Jésus-Christ n'aurait promis d'assister son Eglise que jusqu'au moment où l'hérésie serait assez puissante pour envahir tout une contrée tant soit peu considérable. Dès ce moment, c'est-à-dire lorsque l'Eglise aurait un besoin plus pressant de l'assistance de son divin fondateur, cette assistance lui serait inexorablement refusée ; et l'Eglise nouvelle ne pourrait plus affirmer infailliblement la vérité qu'autant qu'elle obtiendrait dans cette affirmation le concours des Eglises particulières tombées dans l'erreur. De fait, à l'heure présente, l'Eglise n'a d'autorité pour diriger souverainement notre croyance qu'autant qu'elle réunit ensemble dans un même témoignage toutes les communions séparées ; et comme cette réunion de tout ce qui est séparé est de fait chose impossible ; comme l'Eglise Romaine, l'Eglise Grecque, et, en Angleterre, la haute et la basse Eglise se contredisent à peu près sur tous les points, notre foi aujourd'hui n'a plus de guide sûr, la vérité n'a plus sur la terre de témoin divinement assisté, les portes de l'Enfer ont prévalu, Jésus-Christ a manqué à des promesses, le scepticisme seul est raisonnable.'—P. 679.

We had hoped to have taken some notice of several other pamphlets bearing on the question from the Roman point of view, but they have, for the most part, come to hand too late.[1] And we must confine ourselves to the single observation, that the list of publications issuing, and to be issued from the press, bears out our previous remarks. They are all from one side. We are unable to

[1] Mr. Oxenham's beautiful pamphlet is amongst their number.

account for it. Nothing of any importance, with the single exception of a kindly review from the Nonconformist organ, the 'British Quarterly,' has appeared from the other side. We candidly admit, we are puzzled. Evangelicals do not know enough, and Latitudinarians do not care enough, to write about it. But what has become of the Church party? Why are they silent? We ask questions; but we are unable to answer them.

Thus far we have described, or attempted to describe, the impression made by the 'Eirenicon' on the Roman Communion in this country. Two especial points seem to make themselves prominent. The publication has been received with satisfaction, ranging from the lowest degree of acquiescence to that of exuberant delight; but, on the other hand, the issue of proposal for union with Rome, on any other terms than those of absolute submission, has been treated as the merest chimera. It may be doubtful how far Roman ecclesiastics have been taken by surprise. Perhaps Dr. Newman was alone, or almost alone, in guessing at the probable state of feeling which pervaded what we may call the upper ranks of the English Church. But, without stopping to speculate further upon this, it will not be denied that the reception of the proposal on the part of Rome has been quite as encouraging as could have been hoped. No one could have expected that Rome would at once open her arms to meet halfway people who have begun to find out that the Articles are only a temporary document, and that, perhaps in some things, the Council of Trent is more in the right than English divines have for three centuries supposed. The prospect of union is distant. It does not look more distant than it did, nor, it may be admitted, does it look much nearer. But when proposals for union have been mooted, and the press has been teeming with letters and pamphlets and articles, all from the Roman side of the question, our readers will be tempted to ask, What has become of the reception of the 'Eirenicon' amongst ourselves? And this is a question which yet remains to be answered. One thing is certain. It has provoked much less notice, either in the way of approbation or opposition than we should have expected. Yet Dr. Pusey has certainly done nothing to screen his book from notice. On the contrary, those who might feel aggrieved at its publication must feel something like the sentiment that he has added insult to injury, if they would but allow themselves to express their feelings, by the republication of 'Tract XC.' with an historical preface by himself, and a postscript by the late Mr. Keble, which is, in fact, a reprint of a private letter written to Mr. Justice Coleridge in 1841. And now, how has the Tract and its lineal descendant the 'Eirenicon' been received by the three great parties that divide the English Church between them? It is instructive

to observe the changed attitude of parties. The condemnation of 'No. XC.' was procured by the junction of the Evangelicals with an old-fashioned party, who will probably always find representatives in the Established Church; the Evangelicals, as far as influence is concerned, may be said to be already dead. Their present attitude is that of standing by with their arms folded, vainly attempting to understand what it is all about—and uttering here and there a feeble wail when they dimly catch the idea that the now dominant party in the Church of England do not consider the Pope to be anti-Christ. On the other hand, another coterie, which twenty-five years ago had scarcely shown its head, has sprung into a more or less vigorous existence, and now advocates more or less openly the abolition of all dogmatic teaching. This party might have continued to gain an ascendency if they could have put the gag upon Mr. Jowett and Dr. Colenso. And though these two writers do not differ from the great majority of those who act with them, it is certain that they have given their friends a great deal of trouble by their plain speaking and entire want of economy. The Latitudinarians have, of course, no liking for Roman doctrine, but they have sufficient knowledge of history to know that they cannot afford entirely to ignore the existence of the large body of Christians who are under the Roman obedience—neither would they be shocked at any one holding any tenet of the Tridentine faith, however obnoxious it might be to the religious public in general. And their present policy is, to make capital for themselves out of the great diversity of opinion which is manifestly tolerated in the Church of England. Their ultimate object is, to get rid of doctrine—and to that end they will tolerate the 'Eirenicon.' They will also not object to the party who may be called Ritualistic, and if these latter, as seems likely, should gain a considerable amount of popularity, they will, no doubt, be their defenders.

But the most remarkable feature of the case is the suddenly exhibited strength of Churchmen. All of them, or nearly all who are worth speaking about, seem entirely to go with the 'Eirenicon.' Some very small archdeacons have been making a faint outcry against it. A still smaller American bishop has uttered his growl; but we are much mistaken if the episcopate at home are likely to attack it, however some of the body may disapprove of its contents. And we cannot be wrong in asserting that the republication of 'Tract XC.' is only the earnest of a certain victory for the principles therein advocated. It may be long before the Thirty-nine Articles are abolished: but the interpretation of them in 'Tract XC.' is perhaps nearly equivalent to their abolition. It is not of the slightest importance now, to be able to

show that this or that Reformer, in a casual way, gave utterance to sentiments which admit of being interpreted in a Catholic sense. And beyond all question, the securing of a status for the 'Eirenicon' has, *à fortiori*, secured the like standing ground for the interpretation of 'Tract XC.' That interpretation, for the most part, may be,—we fully believe ourselves that it is—in diametrical opposition to what Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer meant. But it cannot be dislodged; and, having made good its ground, it will make progress: and no considerable amount of teaching can go on at our Theological Colleges, without its being seen and admitted that there is no other method of reconciling the Prayer Book and the Articles, than that advocated in the celebrated publication of Dr. Newman.

Of late the Articles appear to have been considerably ignored. We believe the more orthodox bishops and their examining chaplains have been content to place the Bishop of Ely's work on the subject on their list of books recommended. But it is certain that much stress has not been laid upon the candidates' knowledge of the work. Indeed we suppose the average of candidates for Ordination are scarcely advanced enough in theology to master such a work as this, ignoring, though it does, the difficulties of almost every question which it treats of.

The significance, then, of the republication of 'Tract XC.' is scarcely to be overrated. It reveals an amount of strength in the Church party, which scarcely any one imagined it to possess, and it will, beyond all doubt, consolidate the strength which, hitherto latent, is now beginning to develop. Bishops will, probably, one by one gradually learn to know the secret of their own strength as well as their weakness. Almost powerless in law, excepting in cases where stipendiary curates are concerned, they have only to throw themselves heartily into the Catholic movement, to gain an ascendency which they themselves would almost fear to possess, and which alone would make them cautious in all they say and do. As regards the attitude of the Church party towards them, things have materially changed since the publication of 'Tract XC.' At that time, nothing could exceed the deferential tone of Churchmen towards the episcopate. Even when they materially differed in opinion from any individual bishop, they were slow to express such difference; they tried hard to honour the office as well as the individual who occupied the position. But now the attitude is one, we fear, rather of jealousy and suspicion. The occupants of the sees of 1866 are, as it were, paying the penalty for the act of their predecessors of 1841. The bishops of 1841 succumbed, for the most part, to a popular cry, and, almost without exception, condemned the interpretations which the bishops of 1866 are forced

to accept and allow, whether they will or no. But there are at least two or three bishops who retain a hold over their clergy, which is clenched by mutual respect and affection; and we wait anxiously in the hope that others, who have not as yet been so demonstrative, will accept and confirm the good-will that may yet be theirs. What we ask for is, a hearty advocacy of Catholic doctrine, and a forbearance towards ritualistic practices which neither we nor they should care absolutely to endorse.

It will be thought, perhaps, that we have wandered a little from our subject, but the remarks we have made have been provoked by reading the calm and temperate letter to Sir John Coleridge, entitled 'The Case of Catholic Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles considered.' The whole tone of it is surely very different from what would have been written by Mr. Keble now; and if Mr. Keble would not have expressed himself in the language he used twenty-five years ago, assuredly no one else would. The tone of his letter is the tone of 1841; what he would have said if, in defending the same principles, he had been induced to write in 1866, it is useless for us to speculate upon.

At p. 19, we have, for instance, the following representation:—

'First, the old sacred maxim, *He that heareth you heareth Me*, or, as the Church afterwards expressed it, *Ecclesia in Episcopo*, could not but weigh heavily on a consistent Churchman's mind, receiving, as it does, in our days, (if possible) additional point and force from the fact, that our own Bishop's personal direction is almost the only mode left by which we may ascertain the mind of the Church on any doubtful matter of practice.'

The note which is appended to this passage illustrates what we mean, though it is far from expressing as strong a view of the altered circumstances as we have been attempting to give. It is as follows:—

'By God's good providence this statement in its fulness is now (1865) no longer applicable to our position, and apparently becoming less so year by year, as the idea of synodical action with appellate authority is gradually reviving among ourselves and in Christendom generally. And the perplexities and alarms to which these pages address themselves are, in the like proportion, vanishing away.'—P. 20.

We must not part with the republication of 'No. XC.' without a passing allusion to the Preface, which recalls the eventful history of its first publication and instant condemnation. Dr. Pusey has given the exact dates of all the occurrences connected with it, with the view of exhibiting the precipitate haste with which the whole matter was conducted; his own opinion evidently being, that the condemnation would not have taken place at all, or, at least, not in the terms in which it was worded, if the manifesto had been delayed till the appearance

of Dr. Newman's letter to Dr. Jelf. We confess we are unable to see that it makes much difference in the case. After all the explanations given, and yet to be given, of the Catholic mode of signing the Articles, it will still remain true, that to most minds the interpretations of 'No. XC.' will seem evasions rather than explanations; and this on the simple ground that the interpretation is at variance with the known opinions of those who drew up the Articles. If the characters of the bishops who were appointed by Edward be considered, if the writings of Cranmer and Ridley be consulted, it would be simply impossible to believe that they meant the Articles to be taken in any other than the popular sense which has for three hundred years been pretty uniformly assigned to them. Or if we go to the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, the case is not mended. Neither Edward's bishops nor Elizabeth's meant the Catholic sense of the Articles, and, as we have before said, it is quite needless to inquire how far any of them may have intended, by the use of equivocal or ambiguous language, to include Catholics. The position has been won for us by 'Tract XC.,' and it is assured by the 'Eirenicon.' Let us be honest, and admit that, whatever stress we may lay on the opinions of those who in the last instance imposed the Articles, viz., the divines of the Restoration, we have not a leg to stand upon as regards what is known of the opinions of those who first drew up the Articles, or those who first imposed them upon the clergy. We do not want the support of either Edward's or Elizabeth's divines. We boldly assert, that a sense of the Articles which they would have repudiated as ridiculous is regarded in fact as tenable by everybody, and will, we believe, soon be the recognised exposition of the Church.

The only party that will support the Edwardian and Elizabethan sense of the Articles is diminishing into absolute insignificance, excepting as regards the one important point of numbers. We must not forget the

'Defendit numerus junctæque umbone phalanges.'

And their very weakness, of which probably they are beginning to be conscious, will make them hang together. At the same time we are not without our hopes from an opposite quarter. And now we are going to say a bold thing—

'Via prima salutis,
Quod minime reris, Graiâ pandetur ab urbe.'

We are not going to press our quotation to the exact letter. And the hopes we are now beginning to entertain are not from the Greek Church, but from the Nonconformists. Readers *of this Review* will not for a moment suppose that we are going

to propose anything approaching to a compromise with those who are further off from the rest of the Western Church than we ourselves are placed. But we repeat our assertion, that we are not without hopes that the strength of the Church of England may be recruited by a large accession from the ranks of the Nonconformists. The attitude of the Church of England towards them is entirely different from what it has ever been in past time. There never has been a time when there has appeared so great an opportunity of establishing friendly relations with them. There is now no longer the bitterness of contending parties fighting about what, on both sides, must have been felt to be small differences of opinion. There is now a broad and intelligible issue. They know that there are certain doctrines and practices which are no longer a mere dead letter, but are a living and palpable reality. They see, far better than the Evangelical party within the Church, the meaning of theological expressions, and the mutual bearings of the Prayer Book and Articles. They, at least the better educated amongst them, appreciate the attitude of the Church party, and understand the advances of the party of latitude towards them. And they like the Church party far better than they like the Latitudinarians. These latter, they know very well, care no more for them than they do for the uneducated poor of the Church of England; they are well aware that the Latitudinarian has a very difficult course to steer, to adjust dogmatic assertions which he does not believe with the claims of conscience, and that he wants all things to be left as open questions, not for the sake of including them, but with the view of relieving himself of a burden. Moreover the Latitudinarian party want far more extensive changes in the dogmatic teaching of the Church of England than almost any body of Dissenters are willing to acquiesce in. They hold in no favour the general principle of scepticism, and they do not care to see the Scriptures, for which most of them still feel a reverence amounting to superstition, melt away in the crucible of criticism. Some, indeed, are learned enough and candid enough to admit that their views, both of inspiration and the sufficiency of Holy Scripture, must be modified to meet the requirements of modern learning. And though they may be quick-sighted enough to perceive, and candid enough to admit, their fears as to what foundation they shall have on which to raise or sustain any dogmatic structure, few will be content to abandon dogma because dogma is not to be found in Scripture. The horizon of sight has been cleared on all hands since the time when the early Reformers thought that their systems rested on the evidence of Scripture, and entirely forgot the influence on their belief exerted by the prejudices in which they had been

educated. People know now that doctrine cannot be proved from Scripture alone, and those who care for such amount of doctrine as each separate sect has retained will be very shy of adopting the Bible, mutilated as it has been by this party, as their sole standard of faith. There is little or no sympathy, then, between the Church Latitudinarians and the Nonconformist dissenters, if we may be allowed so to call them. Of course there are amongst dissenting bodies people who agree exactly with the party we are alluding to. But what we say is, that they do not form the nucleus of any sect, but are mere hangers-on, who might by any accident belong to one sect to-day and to another to-morrow. Things, then, are very much changed since the scheme of comprehension of Burnet and Tillotson was proposed. Then, in the absence of the Non-juring party, there was scarcely life enough in the Church to exhibit any difference from the more or less influential religious bodies to which overtures were made. If there is anything to be wondered at in that scheme, it is that it was so entire and dead a failure. But there is not the remotest chance of any scheme which proceeds on the principle of leaving questions open, finding favour with Nonconformists now. Of course, if we could for an instant conceive the possibility of Parliament doing so foolish a thing as altering the formularies of the Church in this direction, the new theology would secure a certain amount of sympathy, perhaps an amount as great numerically as the whole body of Churchmen who would be alienated, and who would decline communion with a body which would be on the high way towards forfeiting its position, if it did not by the very act forfeit its place as a branch of the Holy Catholic Church.

It would, therefore, be a fatal mistake to suppose that the taking down the barriers of faith would open the way towards union with those who differ from us on either side of the question. On the contrary, paradoxical as the view may seem, nothing is so likely to move Dissenters as the exhibition, in all their distinctness of dogmatic utterance, of the belief which the Church of England has inherited from the ancient and mediæval Church; and if we may decline a little from the beaten path which we have set ourselves to follow in this article, we may be permitted to add, that we believe Dissenters will be materially influenced by the display of ritual which some of our brethren have of late years adopted, albeit it does not fall in with our principles to endorse all the development in this direction which the last few years have witnessed.

Let us not be misunderstood. In advocating the claims of those who differ from us, to an equitable consideration, we must, *as we suggested* in our review of the 'Eirenicon,' be prepared to

make concessions on our own side. It is no time now to harp upon the well-worn string, the wisdom and the moderation of the Church of England. Surely it is the highest wisdom on our part to admit, that a handful of bishops, under difficult circumstances, may have been injudicious; may possibly have misunderstood the people or the doctrines they were attacking; and may probably have erred in their opinion, even in 'matters pertaining unto God.' Surely the provincial Church could scarcely boast of moderation, if she should set herself up as the exclusive standard of orthodoxy to the Eastern and Western world. At least, it is incumbent on her to show what her formularies really do mean, and not be content to allow people to draw exactly contradictory conclusions from them on vital matters of faith and practice; or assuredly her enemies will think that moderation is a mere unwarrantable euphemism for indifference. And, if this argument applies to the relations in which we stand towards other branches of the Catholic Church, the same admits of being adapted to the circumstances under which the Church of England is placed as regards those who have seceded from her communion. In almost all places where Dissent has prevailed, the history has been, with tolerable uniformity, something of this kind. People have found the preaching intolerably dull, and the prayers, unrelieved by anything to attract the senses, intolerably long. And they have preferred setting up a Conventicle, where a more exciting style of preaching has prevailed, and where the monotony of prayers has been somewhat relieved by the introduction of congregational psalmody. Nor must it be forgotten, that the pew-system has been the means of alienating not a few, and the modern fashion of pew-rents has driven away many more into more hospitable refuges. We do not doubt that the Free and Open Church movement has done much, and will do considerably more, towards remedying this evil. And, if we are right in speaking of these as the main causes of Dissent, the removal of these will, on the principle of *sublatâ causâ, tollitur effectus*, probably induce many Nonconformists to reconsider their position, and seek re-admission into the Church from which they have seceded.

In the interests of Unity, then, on whichever side we look, it must be admitted, that the Church of England has no right to expect other communions to concede everything, whilst she herself will admit not a hair's breadth of deviation from her formularies. And here arises at once the distinction between the two classes of formularies. Some she has inherited, and has no right or power to part with; others rest merely upon the sanction of her own individual authority. The body of dogmatic truth which she has inherited from the centuries previous to the

Reformation, rests on the authority of the Universal Church, the only authority which we can recognise as paramount. That she can neither part with nor alter in any particular. But the case is very different with the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. Whatever agreement or disagreement there may exist, or be thought to exist, between them and the Decrees of the Council of Trent on the one hand, or the Augustan Confession on the other, it must be allowed that they belong to a body of Christians as yet small in number, a body which by its own act isolates itself from the Protestant world, and is in its turn anathematized by the rest of the Western Church, and all but ignored by the Eastern. Surely, on the Protestant side, it may fairly be urged, whether by Nonconformists at home, or by Protestant bodies on the Continent,—What probability is there that you are wholly right and we wholly wrong, where we differ in opinion? We both profess to take Scripture for our guide; why should we not meet upon that ground, and see if, by discussion as to the sense of Scripture, we cannot agree to modify our formularies, or to drop some of them, for the sake of the so much desired unity? We are, of course, urging now an argument which does not touch our own view of the matter, which is, not that things are to be decided by angry disputants, according to what they think the sense of Scripture, but that there is no other authority short of the decision of an Œcumenical Council which we should be bound to consider infallible. But we are urging how utterly untenable, on any reasonable ground, is the idea that the English Church, looked upon as a Protestant body, should expect other Protestant bodies to succumb to her.

On the other side, surely it is much more preposterous that she should exalt her claims against that of the Roman and the Eastern Churches. If she longs for unity, it is but reasonable that she should consider that, where there are real or apparent differences of expression in the formularies, it is possible she may be either in the wrong, or have expressed herself the more ambiguously or clumsily. This is merely an obvious, and as one may call it, an outside view of the case, as between two combatants. It is like saying to one of two prejudiced disputants, Depend upon it the fault is not wholly on the other side. Of course, it is but natural for each to suppose that it is much more on the other side than it really is; and it is, therefore, the part of wisdom to be on one's guard against so foolish a prejudice. But, indeed, the more the case is inquired into, the stronger it becomes. Not only has the English Church to admit, what is obvious, that she is but one party in a dispute, which necessarily implies, at least, two parties; but it has to be *remembered, that* the time at which the Thirty-nine Articles were

drawn up, was by no means a time distinguished for learning, or caution, or judgment, and that other circumstances were most remarkably unfavourable to the formation of a dispassionate judgment of the controversies with which Christendom was convulsed. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more deplorable state of laxity than that which prevailed, both in England and on the Continent, during the beginning of the sixteenth century. Ecclesiastics were thought models of propriety, if their lives were not sullied by the grossest sins—that is, if they were neither known nor suspected to be guilty of adultery, murder, and other crimes of the worst description. And it was scarcely possible not to read the doctrines of the Church in the light shed upon them by the evil practices of those who taught them. Such things would have caused a prejudice against Roman doctrines, even in the most learned and upright controversialists; but when it is recollected that many of the Reformers, such as Bale, Holgate, and Poynet, were men whose characters will not bear investigation, whilst others of them, such as Ridley, Hooper, Parker, &c., nowhere show any traces of superior intellectual power, and do not rise above the level of moderately and ordinarily virtuous men, what probability was there that Articles drawn up under their superintendence should exhibit any great grasp of mind or appreciation of truth, or at any rate should maintain a perpetual obligation? However, it is not our business to account for the Articles being what they are; we must rather take them as they are, independently of all their antecedents. If it can be shown that they are likely to be effective for the future, in any degree, in preserving truth of doctrine, or promoting unity either in faith or practice, let them, by all means, be kept inviolate. If they are a snare to weak consciences; if they are a hindrance to the Unity of the churches of Christendom; nay, if they tend to keep Nonconformists in their present attitude of alienation; if they cannot be shown to be necessary for the preservation of the Church of England, or at least to rest upon some intelligible ground of expediency,—let us make the first generous effort in the way of liberality, by conceding, what every one who understands the position will admit may be conceded by the Church of England without forfeiting her right to be considered a true branch of the Catholic Church. She pointedly disclaims infallibility; why should she act as if she were practically infallible?

ART. VII.—1. *The Lady's Mile.* By the Author of 'Lady Audley's Secret.' London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.
2. *Miss Marjoribanks.* By the Author of 'Salem Chapel.' London: Blackwood.

AN ideal which once seemed inseparable from civilized, or, at least, Christian humanity, is certainly suffering an eclipse in our day. We cannot dip into the pages of modern fiction, modern poetry, or modern journalism, without perceiving that youth and innocence are no longer associated as they used to be in men's minds. Things are said contravening this alliance which not only people would have been ashamed to say thirty years ago, but which would not have occurred to the same people to say. The charm of girlhood used to be indissolubly connected with purity and innocence—an innocence which certain writers despised, because intercourse with the world took off its edge; because it was, according to their view, a merely passive, involuntary quality, depending on seclusion and ignorance of evil; but such as it was, virgin purity was a generally received ideal. Whatever a girl of eighteen might become, however soon simplicity and bashfulness might be exchanged for their opposites, youth, to be like itself, and also to be engaging and attractive, was supposed to be innocent. And love naturally attached the idea of freshness and goodness to the thing it loved. Even if appearances were unfavourable, and the woman beloved showed objectionable qualities to the world at large, the lover of past fiction believed in her; he saw farther than other people; what was faulty was a mere outside mask; he could discover truth and womanly virtue underneath; and this persuasion, erroneous or well founded, was necessary to his allegiance. To realize a woman's worthlessness or selfishness, was to cease to love. 'I shall never meet with such another woman,' sighed the boy-lover of old, even when he had been jilted by a heartless coquette, and resigned his pretensions. Once to have loved her was to have supposed her excellent, and to cling to the idea still. As far as we can judge from newspapers, books, and detached scenes and critiques upon them, the popular press is altogether changing its tone; and so far from frivolity, selfishness, and heartlessness, when plainly and obtrusively apparent, being repellant qualities, they are in the new view of things essentials to fascination. The beautiful women of modern sensational romance are syrens, not pretending to be angels and taken for what they pretend to be, but known for syrens, and adored as such. And the younger she is, the more her years point to the old 'age of innocence,' the more

cold-blooded is the enchantress, and worshipped accordingly. The men in a modern novel will apostrophise the woman who engrosses their thoughts and makes their hearts ache—or, in sober language, makes them neglect their business—as a fiend; and the young lady accepts the insinuation at least as a compliment to her charms; and gaily enlarges on her want of heart, on her entire selfishness, her indifference to the feelings of her lovers, who are an essential part of her state, and, above all, on her resolute eye to the main chance—not the old, sober main chance of rank and a certain income, so much as a future of riotous, reckless parade and profusion. In English prose fiction we have scarcely got farther than an exhibition of these qualities, and the complications that arise out of them. They are not pushed to their natural consequences. For up to this time the success of a book—which means its sale—depends on some outward illogical attention to the decencies of society; a requirement which must exceedingly bore and embarrass any writer who cares for philosophical correctness and the dependence of effects on causes. In comparing themselves with French novelists, our writers must feel at a cruel disadvantage, and must often be ashamed of the clumsy expedients they are driven to by punctilio, the necessities of the publisher, or whoever else feels the pulse of popular morality. It has been agreed hitherto, that in any novel which hopes to find a place on the drawing-room table, there must be a pull-up somewhere if things seem to be going too far,—some coincidence preventing the last scandal, and arresting the headlong progress of events. How long this awkward inartistic mode of saving appearances is to be submitted to is a question which is evidently trying some of the more popular of our sensational writers; and we discern a growing courage on their part, no unnatural consequence of the toleration they have hitherto met. People who have endured so much, they may well think, have committed themselves to more. 'Lady Audley's Secret' and 'The Doctor's Wife' lead up very naturally to 'The Lady's Mile,' a recent novel by Miss Braddon, which heads our article, and which we cannot but regard as a bold, if not impatient, effort in its authoress to cast off trammels which must daily grow more irksome.

The story's two heroines are, it is true, both saved to society; but the one wife has packed up her trunk, and handsomely enclosed the key of her jewel-box in an envelope addressed to her husband, preparatory to her departure next morning with her lover in the 8.30 train of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; when the unexpected arrival of the husband, and his announcement that he is taking the lady off to Devonshire by the 8 train to-morrow morning, frustrates the scheme of elopement, and re-

stores everything at once and for ever to its right footing. And to the other married heroine a similar journey, at the close of the third volume, is suggested under similar circumstances—a proposal which the whole course of the narrative would lead us to suppose would be acquiesced in without the fraction of a scruple, when the authoress turns round upon us with the assurance that this lady, named Flo,

'Was just one of those women who may balance themselves for ever upon the narrow boundary-wall between propriety and disgrace, and never run the smallest risk of toppling over on the wrong side;'

and we are left abashed at our want of discernment. This paragon of prudence is thus first introduced to us:—

'Did she ever pause to think that her life was useless, extravagant, and unwomanly? Well, no; not yet. She was only eighteen, remember, the age when a woman has not quite ceased to be a kind of refinement upon a kitten—beautiful, graceful, capricious, mischievous, treacherous. She was at an age when a woman is apt to take pleasure in treading on masculine hearts, and if remonstrated with upon her cruelty, would be quite inclined to echo the question of the poetess, and cry,

'"Why should a heart have been there
In the way of a fair woman's foot?"'

Flo insisted on making a confidante of Cecil: the other prudent wife, who proposed a breach of the Seventh Commandment by half an hour—

'"I'm the most mercenary creature, you know, dear," she said; "and I made up my mind ever so long ago that I would marry for money, and nothing but money. All the nicest girls marry for money now-a-days, and live happy ever afterwards. I daresay there was a time when it was quite nice to be poor, and live in a cottage with the husband of one's choice. What a musty old Minerva Press phrase that is," cried Flo, with a grimace, "the husband of one's choice! But that was in the days when women wore cottage-bonnets with a bit of ribbon across the crown, or hideous gipsy hats tied down with handkerchiefs, and white muslin dresses with a breadth and a half in the skirt, and when a woman on horseback was a show, to be followed by street boys. I suppose Lady Godiva and Queen Elizabeth were the only women who ever did ride in the Middle Ages. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* A woman in the present day must have three or four hundred a year for pin-money, if she is not to be a disgrace to her sex in the way of gloves and bonnets; and she must ride a three hundred guinea hack, if she wants to escape being trampled upon by her dearest friends; and she will find herself a perfect outcast unless she has a box in a good position at one of the opera houses; and she must go in for dogs and china—not vulgar modern Dresden abominations, in the way of simpering shepherdesses, and creatures in hoops drinking chocolate and playing chess; but old Vienna or Chelsea, with the gold anchor, or deliciously ugly Wedgwood, or soft paste. In short, my dearest Cecil, a woman now-a-days is a very expensive creature, and love in a cottage is an impossibility. Why, there *are* no cottages for the poor lovers! The tiniest, tiniest villa on the banks of the Thames costs about two hundred a year; and if the poverty-stricken creatures who marry for love want a house, they must go to some horrible place beyond the Seven Sisters' Road, and *be happy amongst* a wilderness of brickfields and railway arches!"'

This exceedingly fluent and precocious young lady, Flo, is the daughter of a painter, who embodies Miss Braddon's ideas of success in art as well as its true principles. And success in these books can hardly be called such under six thousand a year, which, if we recollect right, is his professional income at the date of this story. Having early lost his wife, he had allowed her relations to take his only child, and to choose the fashionable school in which the ideas of life just quoted were formed, and put to the test in the course of these volumes.

We have said that the prose fictions now in vogue amongst us do not dare to push the triumphs and perils of selfishness beyond a point. Their heroines dance on the brink of the precipice, but do not topple over; the men rail at them, in good set terms, as syrens and Delilahs; but in a corner of their hearts we are expected to detect that they cannot quite believe in the selfishness that charms them; they fancy it assumed where their own interests are concerned—though, in fact, there is nothing so rarely simulated as selfishness—and we are not to think things as bad as they seem. The dominion of the five senses over every higher influence, however persistently inculcated, is not boldly professed. It is felt decorous, and probably satisfies some feeling in the writer, to introduce at intervals certain reflections on the hollowness of society, the vanity and short duration of pleasure, the general wickedness of the world, and the position and office of women, as merely reflexes of the motives and influences of society at large, as though they were victims of a sort of necessity. It is only in verse that selfishness is acknowledged without disguise as the proper and most effectual inspiration of a pretty woman. Such of our readers as have read 'Chastelard,' will not think we have spoken too strongly. Mr. Swinburne accepts Mary as her worst enemies, or, we should rather say, as history and every fresh insight into her times, have drawn her. He has formed his idea of her character from the letters of the casket, beautiful, bright, cruel, merciless, sensual, shameless, and utterly selfish; and portrays her as the ideal fascination, and the man's love for her as only intensified by his knowledge of her real nature, to which he appeals, even to her face, in his last parting with her who loved him after her tiger fashion, and yet gave him up to execution for her convenience. His fear is, that she may be making a mistake.

> 'It may be, long time after I am dead,
> For all you are you may see bitter days;
> God may forget you, or be wroth with you:
> Then shall you lack a little help of me,
> And I shall feel your sorrow touching you,
> A happy sorrow, though I may not touch:
> I that would fain be turned to flesh again,

Fain get back life to give up life for you,
To shed my blood for help, that long ago
You shed, and were not holpen; and your heart
Will ache for help and comfort, yea, for love,
And find less love than mine—for I do think
You never will be loved thus in your life.'

Chastelard knows that the only chance of winning even a passing regret is to divest her thoughts from the self of the present to the self of the future. And again he contemplates the terrible victories of the queen of hearts:—

'Men must love you in life's spite,
For you will always kill them; man by man
Your lips will bite them dead; you, though you would,
You shall not spare one; all will die of you:
I cannot tell what love shall do with these,
But I, for all my love, shall have no might
To help you more, mine arms and hands no power
To fasten on you more.'

And while Mary visits him in prison for the purpose of wheedling out of him the reprieve which her self-interest had led her to grant at one stage of the affair, he lets her know what is in her heart, thus:—

'Yea, sweet, what should I do,
Did I not know you to the bone, my sweet?'

She had no treachery or cruelty hidden from him; he loves her with his eyes wide open to it all.

All this is regarded by a good many as very moving and passionate verse. This, however, is not our subject; but it seems to us that unwholesome brooding over unwholesome reading is more at the bottom of such pictures and ideas than anything deserving the name of imagination. After all the scenes the reader of 'Chastelard' has been admitted to, we cannot but regard the lover's false oath on the point of execution, wherein he invokes upon himself the 'heaviest place in hell' if the queen is not 'stainless towards all men,' as a blunder as well as a crime against morality. No imagination capable of spanning the gulf between sense and reason could give to mere sensual passion such a triumph at such a moment. But we quote them as illustrative of the bold line of mere sensualism which is more than tolerated amongst us. To love a bad woman because she is pretty and graceful, under no illusions, but knowing that she is bad, is simple baseness. It is a mere insult to our nobler emotions to expect to excite them in such a theme; but there are people who imagine they see an emancipation from puritanical prejudice, and a deeper, freer insight into human nature in this delineation of passion, which, if possible at all, can only be in natures too earthy and vulgar to be fit subjects for art. But we must revert to prose.

In one place, the authoress of the 'Lady's Mile' seems to

tell her readers pretty plainly that she goes no further than they wish her to go. In this novel she brings upon the scene her favourite sensational writer, who made his first appearance in the 'Doctor's Wife' as the novelist of penny papers. It is a very sprightly conception, exceedingly well sustained. The most commonplace of men, the most quiet and moderate in all his tastes, sensation is his business, and all the pleas of the crown his stock-in-trade. He is for ever constructing the most terrible of plots, which come as they are wanted into his fertile brain, and are as much his day's work as an allotted space of ground is to the digger. In the 'Lady's Mile' this industry has told in an advanced social position. Still business-like and severely correct in his habits, he expatiates over all the eccentricities and atrocities of passion upon paper, and does so because he finds it answers.

'Mr. Smythe had taken to himself a pretty country-bred young wife, the orphan niece of his old friend, Charles Raymond, with whom he lived in perfect harmony, and who never read a line of his novels. This was a point on which the novelist insisted.

'"If you read my books, you'll make suggestions, and if you make suggestions, I shall hate you, and the better your suggestions are, the more I shall hate you," said Sigismund. "Nor do I care about your knowing the depths of infamy which the human mind, for an adequate consideration, can fathom. The critics inform me that my fictions are demoralizing. As a writer and ratepayer I believe in my fictions; but as a husband I defer to the critics, and forbid my wife to read my novels."'

In fact, her ideal sensationalist has nothing of the 'Bohemian'—to adopt the odious euphemism for disrepute—but that one feature of housekeeping—that one geniality which our authoress never withholds from an individual or a society worthy of her sympathy. No landlady—not Mrs. Gamp herself—has a greater horror of locks and keys, and distinct times for eating and drinking, which may not be anticipated or unduly prolonged, than she manifests on every occasion where the expression of the sentiment is possible. The word *unlimited* is dear to her. It atones even for homely surroundings otherwise abhorrent. Whenever something to eat and drink and smoke is *always* going, her spirit can conceive the idea of comfort, repose, and positive satisfaction. So the modest dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Smythe, far removed from the felicity and true life of fashion, was yet a home, for—

'Here was always to be found dry sherry and unlimited soda-water, the palest brandy and the most genuine seltzer-water and Vichy; here little wicker-covered bottles of liqueur and sherry cordials, that had come straight from Copenhagen by convoy of friendly hands, were found lurking in corners of side-boards.'

Even the young artist, before we are expected to care for him, is so far emancipated from the first struggles of his profession that he can entertain his friends with unlimited bitter beer from

the nearest tavern, and keep an unfailing supply of mild tobacco in the French china jar that adorned his chimney-piece. It is these two representations of small profusion whom we find in the first chapter watching the carriages in the 'Lady's Mile,' which we may as well inform our quiet country readers means the drive in Hyde Park, and introducing the coquettish heroine, Flo, the painter's daughter, to us:—

'"I say, Foley, old fellow, when are you coming out of this, eh?" demanded Sigismund Smythe, the novelist. * * *

'"Out of which?"

'"The reflective line—you haven't spoken for the last quarter of an hour. That's a pretty girl with the strawberry-ice coloured parasol. I say though, old fellow, you don't suppose I've written two dozen three-volume novels, without knowing something of the human mind, when contemplated in relation to the tender passion. I know all about it, you know, and it's not the least use your abandoning yourself to melancholy meditation on *that* subject. She's all your fancy painted her, &c. &c. I allow; but she's the coldest-hearted and most mercenary little scoundrel in creation, and she never can be yours. Put a clean sponge over the tablet of your brain, dear boy, and turn your attention to somebody else."

' * * The young painter gave a sardonic laugh. "I should be a fool to trouble my head about her," he said, contemptuously.

'"So you would be a fool, old fellow; and so you are a fool, for you do trouble yourself about her. You've been on the watch for her carriage for the last half-hour, and she has not gone by; and instead of tormenting creation at large by driving here, I daresay she is torturing mankind in particular by staying at home. Don't be an idiot, Phil, but come to Greenwich and have some dinner."

'"No," cried Phil, "I will stop here till she passes me by with her insolent little affectation of not seeing me, and all the pretty tricks that constitute her fascination. You think me a fool, Sigismund, but you can never think of me so poorly as I think of myself, when I find myself here day by day, while the very light I want is shining into my wretched painting-room at Highbury. Do you remember what Catullus says:

'Odi et amo; quare id faciam, fortasse requiris;
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.'

Do you know that it is quite possible to love and hate the same person at the same moment? I love Florence Crawford because she is Florence Crawford. I hate her for the fatal bondage in which she holds me. I hate her for her evil influence upon my career. I hate her as the slave hates his master. Do other men suffer as I do, I wonder? or has feeling gone out of fashion, and am I behind the time? The most devoted lover now-a-days only calls his betrothed a 'nice little party,' and hopes the governor will do the right thing. The men whom I meet take pains to advertise their contempt for anything like real feeling; and girls of eighteen tell you with a smile, that a love-match is the most preposterous thing in creation. The women of the present day are as heartless as they are beautiful, as artificial as they are charming, the Dead-sea fruit of civilization, the—"

'"The natural growth of the age of sixty-mile-an-hour locomotives," rejoined the placid Sigismund. "Do you forget that man is an imitative animal, and that the rate at which we travel has become the rate at which we live?" * * *

'"*Do you think* I don't know Florence Crawford?" Philip said; "and

know that she is no wife for me?—if she would have me—and she would as soon think of marrying me as the carver and gilder who makes her father's frames. Indeed, I daresay she'd rather have the frame-maker, for he earns more money than I do, and could give her finer dresses. She has told me a hundred times that she will marry for money; that when she leaves her father's house—a bride, with innocent bridal flowers upon her brow—she will bid farewell to her home on the same principle as that on which her housemaid leaves hers—to better herself, &c. &c."'

In spite of the implied protest against these mercenary ideas in girls of eighteen, the whole bearing of the book is to teach them that there is no happiness without money—that life is not life without carriages and shops, and inexhaustible riches, and a *carte blanche* from somebody to indulge in every extravagant whim. The mere repetition of these two words '*carte blanche*' page after page is immoral in its suggestion of riot among costly trifles: the very catalogue of shops, the knowledge our authoress possesses or affects to possess of the right places in which to spend a fortune, is dissipation. The reader is seldom introduced to a dinner, a bonnet, a chair, a table, or a chariot, without being told what it cost and where he, or rather she, may get one like it. In fact, the book may be regarded as a key for the use of those whose ideas of high life are derived from shop-windows and equipages. A hundred articles, unintelligible as they stand, have their purpose explained and are classed among the essentials of fashionable existence. To be sure, they are often denounced in the lump, and sentences and chapters are rounded off with a few phrases of trite morality on the unsatisfying nature of such joys; but it must be observed that they are the only joys the authoress succeeds in effectively presenting to her readers. From all ideas of thrift and economy her soul recoils with a force very apt to communicate itself to the unwary reader. Now and then, indeed, we have pictures of simplicity and moderation; but the images she draws under this temporary influence are more depressing to the owner of a limited income than her profusion. She introduces the sentimental heroine, Lady Cecil, to the sentimental hero over a breakfast of chops, fish, and game, luscious plums, and hot-house grapes, with the following parade of their content in such homely fare, made tolerable by the excitement of a new sensation:—

'The trio in the little breakfast parlour in Sea View Cottage, was perhaps one of the pleasantest parties that ever met at so simply furnished a board. The spirit of the immortal Clicquot, whose vintages have made his widow's name so celebrated, may have smiled contemptuously at such a breakfast-table, on which the strongest beverages were tea and coffee; the mighty chiefs of Philippe's and the Maison Dorée would have held up their hands and shrugged their shoulders with amazement, if told that these benighted insulars could really enjoy these coarse viands,' &c. &c.

Eating and drinking, we observe, are very courageously

treated as tastes upon which the heroines of this school may show as fine and practised a discernment as the heroes. French dishes, it is true, have always been found by the novelists a very convenient mode of proving themselves on familiar terms with fashionable life; but there is a reality and sentiment given to them in these pages as denoting profusion and self-indulgence, which coupled with contemptuous denunciations of 'the torture of genteel poverty,' and all the economies indispensable to small means, centres the mind on a merely sensual existence.

Writers of this school have as great a contempt for work as they have for economy. Genius is allowed, indeed, to make occasional frantic efforts. A painter may paint his eyes out without incurring reproach; but the work of the world is done in these novels by men incapable of inspiring a passion. Every man who does anything useful spoils himself for a hero, and degenerates into a machine. All the honest callings which constitute a social community are passed in review only to show how mean, poor, and unsatisfying a part a woman must play in the companionship of those who carry them on. A lover worthy of the name must have nothing else to do, and has a very poor chance if fortune has not aided him with the means to be idle and worthless and devoted on a very splendid scale. It is *always* an excuse for whatever this authoress's heroines may find themselves tempted to do, that their husbands have a profession that occupies their morning, and even infringes upon the evening. In the novel before us, the sentimental heroine finds her dishonourable lover at an advantage over her husband, that he had sold out just before his regiment sailed for Japan that he might keep near her. Of course, we are assured that all this is very wrong—it is even, to suit the English market, called wickedness; but there it is. The word sacrifice comes over and over again—sacrifice of credit and honour, and so forth—all regarded as natural claims:—

'She tried to despise him for the dishonour, but even dishonour was a sacrifice he made to his love. "My husband will not waste an hour from his profession for my sake," she thought, "and this man, who was once so true and honourable, is ready to sacrifice truth and honour for love of me."'

Thus worth and noble qualities are not more esteemed by the ladies than we have shown to be by the men. But 'it had not been given to Cecil' (nor, as far as we can see, to any of this lady's heroines)—

'To understand the possibility of hidden fires burning steadily beneath the dull outward crust of the working man's nature. She did not know the capacity for deep and passionate feeling which may exist in the nature of a man whose daily labour leaves him no leisure for the revelation of the *better* and brigher part of his mind. She had expected to find a husband

only an improved edition of a lover, and finding him something altogether different—a creature who accepted her affection as a matter of course, and was disagreeably candid on the subject of an unbecoming bonnet—she concluded all at once that she was no longer beloved, and that her life was desolate.'

Lady Cecil had married to escape 'the slow torture of genteel 'poverty, represented in her aunt's *ménage* by a careful casting 'up of butcher's bills and a vigilant eye over domestic peculations.' Her soldier-lover, Hector, after flirting with her some months, had put it to her on parting whether he ought to keep an engagement of which, till this moment, he had not said a word, or throw the first love over and marry her. In this predicament Cecil is honourable: bids him go to India and keep his word with the lady, she herself, in due time, marrying the great lawyer Mr. O'Boyneville, a brisk, and indeed entertaining personage, to escape her aunt's painful economies. The lawyer is amusing to everybody but his wife:—

'Never, until her marriage, had Cecil been familiar with the people who do the work of this world; and it was scarcely strange if her husband, in work-day clothes, with his work-day manners, seemed to her a being of a different race from that to which belonged the high-born idlers she had been accustomed to encounter. She knew that he loved her, she knew that he was generous, good, true; but this knowledge was not enough. She knew that he was clever, but her lonely days were never brightened by any ray of his intellect, her desolate evenings were never enlivened by his wit. Was he *her* husband? Was he not rather wedded to that inexorable tyrant which he called his profession?'

In justice to this business-loving husband, it must be explained that when he talked to her of what interested him she gave no response; and when he invited his friends and their wives to grand dinners, where there was no longer need to weigh the respective cost of different dishes, the 'legal magnates with 'whom the great O'Boyneville chiefly associated were not in-'teresting to his young wife.' So, when Hector comes back a widower and meets Lady Cecil O'Boyneville at Flo's (now Mrs. Lobyer's) grand palace of a house, she at once conceives more mistrust of herself than the legal magnates' stupid wives would have at all approved. She is represented as making feeble efforts to escape the danger she finds in the presence of her old lover; but her honest, straightforward husband does not assist them. He persists in thinking change of air and scene good for her; for the shuddering, shivering dulness of Brunswick Square had been too much for her delicate sensibilities, and the luxurious and congenial society of Flo's home were of evident service to her health and spirits. This absolute and thoughtless trust of her husband offends his wife. Like the Odalisque of the Harem, she would prefer being 'the guarded flower.' The husband

drops down upon his wife in the transient intervals of business, and instead of detecting that things are going wrong, makes himself the life of the party and the idol of all the ladies, young and old, who pour out their feelings to his wife.

'Cecil acknowledged these praises somewhat coldly. This noisy frivolous Irishman, whom other people thought so delightful, was no nearer to her than the overworked barrister of Brunswick Square. She was weak enough to feel something like anger against him for his genial good temper —for his utter blindness to her deadly peril. Hector Gordon had broken his promise. He had stayed at Pevenshall; and in the social intercourse of that pleasant mansion it was impossible for Cecil to avoid his companionship; nor did Lawrence O'Boyneville's presence shield her in any manner from that dangerous association. Serene in perfect confidence, the barrister amused himself noisily at one end of the drawing-room, while Major Gordon talked to his wife at the other.

'So perverse is the human heart, that this placid truthfulness offended the woman who was trusted. Cecil resented her husband's confidence as an evidence of indifference,' &c. &c.

Of course, Fate is a power made to bear a great deal in stories like this. 'Heaven knows that she did her best to avoid him '(the major); but her best efforts were very weak and futile as 'compared to the machinery which the Eumenides employed 'against her.' At races, and picnics, and water-parties, and rustic gatherings of every description, Lady Cecil was always finding Hector Gordon by her side. Our disapproval is to be propitiated by the 'remorseful agonies' that embitter her share of these entertainments; but the great point made after a few sentences of that high-flown morality for which the penny press is famous—where our authoress probably acquired her proficiency in the dialect—is woman's helplessness. There are two extreme schools in the present day: the one the strong-minded, which gives to women the task of guiding not only themselves but mankind; the other, which expresses itself in the sensational novel, and represents woman as the creature of circumstances—as possessing no independent existence—as personating, against her will, the predominant influences of society—as being what man makes her. Whatever phrases of abstract morality may be interspersed in the narrative, we remain with the impression that Cecil could not help herself. The real moral of the story shows itself in such profanities as:—

'In vain she called upon her womanly pride to help her; in vain she supplicated better and surer help from that heaven her sin had offended, even while she prayed. Day by day she fought her battle bravely, but a dim consciousness of coming danger perpetually oppressed her. The odd simile of the precipice is the only comparison which fits the state of her mind.'

This is one state; but soon 'that fatal feeling of helplessness which holds the dreamer in its spell' possessed her. In fact, the

interesting woman in these books never does help herself, or get out of any quagmire she may plunge into, without the aid of some violent intervention, to which the French novel is superior, leaving things to take their natural course. We have said how Cecil was saved at the last moment from adultery when her boxes were packed. After this very narrow escape she has a nervous illness, out of which she issues a good wife, and quite content to receive the wedding cards of Hector's second marriage with a smiling face. But all this propriety is left for the last chapter or two: the progress of the story is entirely after the French model. And yet Cecil has had that unusual feature of respectability, 'a woman shrewd, a widowed aunt,' belonging to her. Most of this writer's heroines stand absolutely alone, and have to manage their affairs without feminine aid or hindrance. And this imparts a sort of disreputableness to the whole series of her fictions: independent of the doings and sayings of the isolated beauties, it suggests a very queer, rakish sort of society, where young women can come and go with no elder to advise or protect them. The society depicted in these books has no resemblance to the received ideas of respectable English society in any class, and on this account alone is very unsafe reading for young people.

The lively heroine, Flo, the painter's daughter, inasmuch as she is heartless and money-loving, is represented as moving with much less peril than the superior Cecil in the dissipation which it is the skill of Miss Braddon to depict with cleverness and a certain attraction. She marries a Manchester millionaire. Now money *earned* in any way is, under the ideas we find dominant here, sullied in the earning. Flo is mercenary for marrying a man whom she acknowledges to be '*tout ce qu'il y a de plus Manchester.*' This 'Manchester man,' Flo's husband, Mr. Lobyer, has mercantile men about him, he talks of funds and stock, and it is not supposed possible that the money-market, or any of the politics of the subject, can be interesting to the 'butterflies' who profit by the master's conversance with these topics. He is therefore utterly out of place and keeping with the luxury with which he surrounds himself and the pretty wife whom he has married, on the principles upon which he chose his horses and furniture. As a portrait he is not without cleverness. In fact, the writer has a large collection of portraits of the particular sort of men steady-going folks do not want to know, who, indeed, rarely come under their ken. Mr. Lobyer is a mean and heartless lout, who has passed through Eton and subsequent experience of the world with the merest outside polish; but 'out of a crowd of beautiful and intellectual women the Manchester man might have chosen the loveliest.' On the ground that 'the value of wealth increases with the growing re-

'finement, of taste the purest attributes of the human mind—'the love of art, the worship of beauty, the keen sense of grace—'combine to render intellectual men the slaves of material pros-'perity;' and so on. All these fine terms, if reduced to practice, mean, with this authoress, the passion for spending; for buying pictures, and statues, and expensive nick-nacks; for having everything luxurious and handsome about you; for diamonds of the purest water; three hundred guinea chariots, matched footmen, and high-stepping horses—which all are tastes which, for their 'unlimited gratification,' need a millionaire, wherever he got his money. There is one touch in his portrait which strikes us as highly descriptive of the boor class. In the beginning of his courtship he pays court to Florence's cockatoo:—

'It was not that he especially affected the society of cockatoos, but he was a young man who always seemed restless and uneasy if deprived of the companionship of some animal. He carried a toy terrier in his pocket when he made morning calls, and caressed the miniature brute stealthily in the frequent pauses of conversation. He was dull and embarrassed in the presence of an accomplished young lady, but he got on admirably with a ferret or a weasel; and there were people who said he could have made himself at home with a boa-constrictor. The cry of rats! stirred him with as profound a thrill of emotion as that which vibrates through the frame of a thorough-bred Dandie Dinmont, or agitates the bosom of a sharp young bull-terrier.

'He was fond of his horses, and still more fond of his dogs; but the animals he affected were not the mighty natives of Newfoundland, or the noble denizens of Mount St. Bernard; the dogs which Mr. Lobyer purchased at high prices from crack dog-fanciers, were generally accomplished ratters and miniature specimens of the bull-dog tribe, renowned for their tendency to attach themselves to the calves of unoffending legs, and their high-bred objection to being removed from their prey.

'As the uncertain temper and occasional restlessness of his favourite terriers rendered it rather dangerous to take them to evening call, Mr. Lobyer was always glad to fall back upon the society of any animal attached to the household in which he visited. He would retire into a dusky corner and stir up the inhabitants of an aquarium with the point of his gold pencil-case, in the apparent hope of getting up intimate relations with a jelly-fish. He would beguile the golden inmates of a crystal globe by tearing up minute fragments of one of his visiting cards, and passing them off for such edible morsels as unwise benevolence offers to gold-fish. His intercourse with the inferior animals was not necessarily of a friendly order. His hands were disfigured by the teeth of his dogs, goaded into desperation by his playful sallies; for it was sometimes his humour to worry the distinguished ratters very much as the distinguished ratters worried the rats.'

Most of us have been entertained by the exhibition of sallies of this sort in men feeling themselves privileged to stop all rational or continuous discourse by noisy or tumultuous cat or dog contests, and fancying their bad manners atoned for by the show of kindliness and geniality indissolubly associated, in some *minds, with* what is called love of animals, though the thing

we mean may seem to the sufferers more the preference of the brute over the human, than any positive admiration or tenderness. On such occasions we feel, with the ladies of Cranford, tantalized at a tea-party, by witnessing the whole contents of the miniature cream-jug poured into one saucer for Dash, under the plea, 'Poor fellow, he is *so* intelligent.' '*We* were much more intelligent,' argued the defrauded company; but it had not appeared so to their entertainer.

Flo insists, in the face of that 'dear, disagreeable old darling,' and 'wonderful old party,' her artist-father, on marrying Mr. Lobyer, and revels in wealth and fine company till a smash comes. Mr. Lobyer very appropriately goes to the dogs, and she finds herself a young widow; and the story ends, in her case, in her marrying, not the baronet she has flirted with all along, but the young artist, after all. As for anybody getting punished for wrong-doing, or any harm coming of it, this is not at all in the authoress's scheme. Thus the moral—if we mean by it the end—is hardly as satisfying to poetical justice as in the French novel. Folly and wickedness are treated as diseases of youth, from which there is little hope of escape, but which leave no subtle mischief behind. Middle life retains no more traces of them than it does of the measles and scarlatina which fevered its infancy.

It is a relief to turn from these fine ladies, lively or sentimental, who depend for what principles or character the last page accords them, to anything rather than their own moral strength, to a heroine of altogether another stamp, though she, too, embodies an ideal of modern society, and is a conception which could not have occurred to its author out of our own time. However sound and intensely respectable is Mrs. Oliphant's Lucilla, however removed from the meretricious Delilahs of a popular school, it is not intended that we should detect in her any of the unconscious innocence of girlhood. She starts life if anything a deeper schemer than she leaves off; the world teaches her nothing that she did not know before. With the aid of a little instruction from 'Friends in Council' she appears upon the scene a Minerva all armed, and from henceforth bows the world to her behests.

There must be resemblances where we can hope to establish a contrast, and perhaps one of these arises out of the wonderful fecundity of the authoresses before us. Since Miss Braddon appeared upon the scene, she writes with a rapidity that probably cannot be surpassed. But Mrs. Oliphant—the name is too well known for any discourtesy to attach to our connecting it with the work before us—has carried on the process of production at the same rate for a much longer period. We imagine, if we could see in one book-case the collected works of this lady, the

display would test the limits of human belief. It has been held an impossibility, on this ground alone, that all the novels, not to speak of graver and more important works which report has attributed to her name, could be by the same hand. And when we consider further the difference of merit, the extremes of poverty and excellence, of which the series offers examples, the perplexity increases. That one and the same hand should produce so many weak and so many capital stories; that the good and the bad should dovetail into one another; that, after seeming utterly worn out, the pen should start in a new vein better than any that has been before;—all this is baffling to ordinary penetration. The writer evidently has the power of putting more or less of mind into her work, as the subject deserves it. There seems a capability of writing as in a dream, working from a mere reflection of a mirror, like the lady of Shalott, and never lifting her eyes to see the real life which passes by: and then, turning from these shadows, the powers can rouse themselves to an effort, and draw a character like Edward Irving's, and produce a Mr. Tozer and her Australian heroine—creations of whom any novelist may be proud; portraits for truth and life scarcely to be surpassed.

Rapid writers must resemble each other in an evident yielding to certain innate guiding impulses. It takes time and study to see the world as it really is, and character as it reveals itself. We believe that throughout the impossible series we have contemplated as a fact, there are certain images and situations that invariably occur, not material enough to constitute a likeness in the face of so much dissimilarity, but weakening the best below what might otherwise have been their place. A real consistent picture of the life we see, is perhaps as far beyond this accomplished writer's wishes as her powers. The habit of composition at full speed is incompatible with even the aim to produce it. To reconcile the world within with the world without, there must be pauses. It is pleasanter and easier to the flowing pen to ignore everything that calls for a stop. Acute as is the authoress of the Carlingford series, bright and quick-sighted as are her observations on life and character, the world she draws is, as a whole, a perfectly different world from the world we see; the real motives and forces that influence men have no affinity very often with the influences she represents as controlling them. Above all, the effects of extreme rapidity in composition, and the absorption necessary to the effort, are injurious where the narrative occupies any length of time. Events which in real life would have a transient importance, influences which could only tell for days or weeks, dominate over long spaces of time, and an *undue and extravagant* weight is given to trifles and insignificant

characters. It is amazing what things are supposed possible, and under tension of mind held for such, where the daylight of deliberation is never let in. The story before us is an especial example of this. The conception of Miss Marjoribanks' character is admirable, the drawing full of spirit and humour. Her start in the life she plans for herself, if not probable, is at least allowably so for fiction; but to make her so royally potent for ten years of actual life, to represent all Carlingford thronging to her 'Thursdays,' and under her control, and occupied generally with Lucilla for ten years, is an absurdity of the sort which irritates. Think of everything the same for ten years, and Lucilla arresting the wheels of time, and keeping Carlingford in act, in words, feelings, and intention, dependent on her direction!

But it is the especial infirmity of female writers, otherwise very acute discerners, to reason from too bounded a view, to make great things hang on small occurrences only calculated to influence a family circle; to excite a neighbourhood, and to represent society as moved to its depths by incidents which would be lost and utterly disregarded in the real stir of life, to stretch nine-days' wonders into historical events, and to draw into the vortex of the plot and stimulate with its interests numbers on whom it can have no personal bearing.

The character of Miss Marjoribanks might be called elaborately drawn for the number of touches, but they are struck off on another principle. It is a true picture of a mind of a very distinct and genuine order, commoner than some of us are aware; and as the work of a real observer who evidently has taken extraordinary pleasure in the delineation, it is a valuable and suggestive contribution to the literature of fiction. Lucilla is a born actor; she instinctively plans for spectators and an audience. She could not be innocently unconscious of the world; and in this sense is never alone and off her guard. With a fancy embracing beforehand every point of the situation, whatever it is, she can realize nothing apart from the effect of her own action in it. She rehearses everything beforehand with a view to this action. She is full of schemes for the benefit of others, but can entertain no ideas apart from self. With much foresight and boundless readiness, and an ambition to lead and direct all the world for their good, the impression she really makes on others never occurs to her: she cannot contemplate herself from without. She is impervious to ridicule on this ground, being satisfied with her own idea, and never for a moment off her guard. She profits, as we frequently find persons do in real life, from a bounded view and the absence of fancy and humour; and in the plenitude and even simplicity of self-esteem, speaks of herself and enumerates her designs with a straightforwardness which

passes for playfulness and wit—for anything but the grave literal meaning which it really is. We can quite understand how she gains the ascendency she does over the little kingdom she means to rule, consisting at first of two very impracticable elements,—her cool-headed father, accustomed to his own way, and his cook, hitherto supreme over him and his establishment; and how she uses them to accomplish her design of putting society upon a right footing in Carlingford and herself at the head of it. A strong will, a good understanding, favouring circumstances, and, above all, entertaining no aims or ideas beyond this very material ambition, are the means by which she accomplishes it. It is only a limited class of readers who care enough for skill and ingenuity in common-life portraiture, pursued in mere love of the sport, to be carried on unwearied to the end of Lucilla's ten years' labours; but such as do will have found themselves rewarded in the perusal of one of the least commonplace of novels. Such delineations are studies in a double sense. If we are only told what such heroines do and say we know nothing; we must always be admitted to the workings of the mind. For this great delicacy of touch is needed; the habit of dissecting thought may otherwise degenerate into a trick, the processes may easily fail in variety, or the author, letting us into the inner mechanism, may forget to put thought into words, or be negligent of the mode by which they express themselves. The present writer fails often through this inadvertence. In the habit of telling her readers how the mind of her favourite works its ends, she grows careless of actual expression, and is content with a formula where this is least to be tolerated. Persons always intent on producing one class of effects are likely enough to fall into mannerism; they are pretty sure to want nature and spontaneity of expression; but this authoress, when she has found a formula that represents the character of her subject, does not scruple to make it serve for ten years at a stretch; and in her best novels there are always some one or two, who, whatever mental fluctuations they may pass through, and however carefully these may be drawn, always deliver themselves with the same action and in very much the same words. If Lucilla had really asserted to all her friends, and wound up every revelation of her designs by the declaration that her one aim in life 'was to be a comfort to papa,' she would have had no influence at all. All people are sensitive to verbal repetitions, and minds of real power scarcely ever fall into the trick of them. With this writer these repetitions stand for a sort of *et cetera* which the reader is expected to interpret and dress into variety. Another habit we must specify as, where not a deliberate affectation, a mark of hurried composition, that of introducing certain colloquial turns of expression—phrases which are only agreeable

when they come rarely and are of sudden occurrence to the writer. Rapid voluminous talkers fill up what would be pauses and blanks in less fluent speakers, with a sort of bye-play of communication with the person addressed, with frequent repetitions of his name, invoking his attention with 'You knows,' 'You sees'—all efforts to keep hold of the ear by the button, as it were. The pens of not a few female writers adopt the same system, and interpolate familiar appeals into the narrative; so that each reader shall fancy himself individually addressed and coaxed into sympathy. With imitators this trick is deliberately put on. In the present instance it comes of the mere carelessness of facility, and disfigures an unusually clear and graceful style. The printers ought to have licence to strike out nine out of every ten 'to be sures' and 'naturallys' that meet their quick, detective glance. 'Miss Marjoribanks' suffers exceptionally in this respect, because the character so fully delineated extremely amuses the author, and is drawn throughout with gentle irony, for which she craves the reader's sympathy. It is, in fact, a satire on the managing class on the one hand, and the world that submits to be managed by women of this order on the other. The story so far gives in to the new worldly idea of girlhood, that Lucilla starts her career an 'older hand'—if we may be permitted the vulgarism—than she leaves off. In fact, like all biographers, the author grows fond of her creation. The tears her heroine sheds in the opening page for her mother are not such genuine tears as those that flow for her father at the end; and ten years of scheming—not exactly selfish scheming, but which cannot be otherwise described—leave her a simpler character than we find her at fifteen.

Lucilla is first introduced to us on her journey homewards, whither she had been summoned on the unexpected death of her invalid mother. A fine, tall, forward girl, and already a woman of the world, her thoughts embrace all the consequences to herself of the new situation:—

'These were the external characteristics of the girl who was going home to be a comfort to her widowed father, and meant to sacrifice herself to his happiness. In the course of her rapid journey she had already settled upon everything that had to be done; or rather, to speak more truly, had rehearsed everything, according to the habit already acquired by a quick mind, a good deal occupied with itself. First she meant to fall into her father's arms—forgetting, with that singular facility for overlooking the peculiarities of others which belongs to such a character, that Dr. Marjoribanks was very little given to embracing, and that a hasty kiss on her forehead was the warmest caress he had ever given his daughter—and then to rush up to the chamber of death and weep over dear mamma. "And to think I was not there to soothe her last moments!" Lucilla said to herself, with a sob, and with feelings sufficiently real in their way. After this, the devoted daughter made up her mind to come down-stairs again,

pale as death, but self-controlled, and devote herself to papa. Perhaps, if great emotion should make him tearless, as such cases had been known, Miss Marjoribanks would steal into his arms unawares, and so surprise him into weeping. All this went briskly through her mind, undeterred by the reflection that tears were as much out of the doctor's way as embraces; and in this mood she sped swiftly along in the inspiration of her first sorrow, as she imagined, but in reality to suffer her first disappointment, which was of a less soothing character than that mild and manageable grief.'

Nothing can be more apparently unpromising than the father for whom this sacrifice was contemplated. But the manager must not be sensitive. Thought, in this character, takes another direction; positive aims are too absorbing things for the torturing suggestions of sensibility to get any hold. The doctor—throughout admirably sustained—was from home on her arrival:—

'Lucilla was not the woman to be disconcerted. She carried out the second part of her programme without either interference or sympathy, except from Mrs. Marjoribanks' maid, who had some hopes from the moment of her arrival. "I can't abear to think as I'm to be parted from you all, miss," sobbed the faithful attendant. "I've lost the best missus as ever was, and I shouldn't mind going after her. Whenever any one gets a good friend in this world, they're the first to be took away," said the weeping handmaiden, who naturally saw her own loss in the most vivid light. "Ah, Ellis," cried Miss Marjoribanks, reposing her sorrow in the arms of this anxious attendant, "we must try to be a comfort to poor papa!"

'With this end Lucilla made herself very troublesome to the sober-minded Doctor during those few dim days before the faint and daily lessening shadow of poor Mrs. Marjoribanks was removed altogether from the house. When that sad ceremony had taken place, and the Doctor returned, serious enough, Heaven knows, to the great house, where the faded helpless woman, who had notwithstanding been his love and his bride in other days, lay no longer on the familiar sofa, the crisis arrived which Miss Marjoribanks had rehearsed so often, but after quite a different fashion. The widower was tearless, indeed, but not from excess of emotion. On the contrary, a painful heaviness possessed him when he became aware how little real sorrow was in his mind, and how small an actual loss was this loss of his wife, which bulked before the world as an event of just as much magnitude as the loss, for example, which poor Mr. Lake, the drawing-master, was at the same moment suffering. It was even sad, in another point of view, to think of a human creature passing out of the world, and leaving so little trace that she had ever been there. As for the pretty creature whom Dr. Marjoribanks had married, she had vanished into thin air years and years ago. These thoughts were heavy enough—perhaps even more overwhelming than that grief which develops love to its highest point of intensity. But such were not precisely the kind of reflections which could be solaced by paternal *attendrissement* over a weeping and devoted daughter. It was May, and the weather was warm for the season; but Lucilla had caused the fire to be lighted in the large gloomy library where Dr. Marjoribanks always sat in the evenings, with the idea that it would be "a comfort" to him; and, for the same reason, she had ordered tea to be served there, instead of the dinner, for which her father, as she imagined, could have little appetite. When the Doctor went into his favourite seclusion, tired and heated and sad—for even on the day of his

wife's funeral the favourite doctor of Carlingford had patients to think of —the very heaviness of his thoughts gave warmth to his indignation. He had longed for the quiet and the coolness and the solitude of his library, apart from everybody; and when he found it radiant with firelight, tea set on the table, and Lucilla crying by the fire, in her new crape, the effect upon a temper by no means perfect may be imagined. The unfortunate man threw both the windows wide open and rang the bell violently, and gave instant orders for the removal of the unnecessary fire and the tea-service. "Let me know when dinner is ready," he said, in a voice like thunder; "and if Miss Marjoribanks wants a fire, let it be lighted in the drawing-room." Lucilla was so much taken by surprise by this sudden overthrow of her programme, that she submitted, as a girl of much less spirit might have done, and suffered herself and her fire and her tea-things to be dismissed up-stairs, where she wept still more at sight of dear mamma's sofa, and when Ellis came to mingle her tears with those of her young mistress, and to beg dear Miss Lucilla, for the sake of her precious 'elth and her dear papa, to be persuaded to take some tea. On the whole, master stood lessened in the eyes of all the household by his ability to eat his dinner, and his resentment at having his habitudes disturbed. "Them men would eat and drink if we was all in our graves," said the indignant cook, who indeed had a real grievance; and the outraged sentiment of the kitchen was avenged by a bad and hasty dinner, which the Doctor, though generally "very particular," swallowed without remark. About an hour afterwards he went up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Miss Marjoribanks was waiting for him, much less at ease than she had expected to be. Though he gave a little sigh at the sight of his wife's sofa, he did not hesitate to sit down upon it, and even to draw it a little out of its position, which, as Lucilla described afterwards, was like a knife going into her heart; though, indeed, she had herself decided already in the intervals of her tears, that the drawing-room furniture had got very faded and shabby, and that it would be very expedient to have it renewed for the new reign of youth and energy which was about to commence. As for the Doctor, though Miss Marjoribanks thought him insensible, his heart was heavy enough. His wife had gone out of the world without leaving the least mark of her existence, except in that large girl, whose spirits and forces were unbounded, but whose discretion at the present moment did not seem much greater than her mother's. Instead of thinking of her as a comfort, the Doctor felt himself called upon to face a new and unexpected embarrassment.'

Under this stimulus he begins to talk to her of an early return to school, as the means of restoring her spirits to their natural tone:—

'"Papa!" cried Miss Marjoribanks, and then she summoned courage, and rushed up to him, and threw herself and her clouds of crape on the carpet at his side (and it may here be mentioned that Lucilla had seized the opportunity to have her mourning made *long*, which had been the desire of her heart, baffled by mamma and governess for at least a year). "Papa!" she exclaimed with fervour, raising to him her tear-stained face, and clasping her fair plump hands, "oh, don't send me away! I was only a silly girl the other day, but *this* has made me a woman. Though I can never, never hope to take dear mamma's place, and be—all—that she was to you, still I feel I can be a comfort to you if you will let me. You shall not see me cry any more," cried Lucilla with energy, rubbing away her tears. "I will never give way to my feelings. I will ask for no companions—nor—nor anything. As for pleasure, that is all over. Oh, papa,

you shall never see me regret anything, or wish for anything. I will give up everything in the world to be a comfort to you!"

'This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, "Get up, Lucilla;" but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother's sofa, where the Doctor was sitting; and the sobs of that emotion which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room. "It is only for this once—I can—cannot help it," she cried. When her father found that he could neither soothe her, nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother, too, had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears; and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded Doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognise, with a thrill of dismay, the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life out, and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing her duty by him in his widowhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.

'Accordingly, when her sobs had ceased, her father returned and raised her up not unkindly, and placed her in her chair. In doing so, the Doctor put his finger by instinct upon Lucilla's pulse, which was sufficiently calm and well regulated to reassure the most anxious parent. And then a furtive momentary smile gleamed for a single instant round the corners of his mouth.'

The Doctor keeps his daughter at bay four years; but after finishing her education by a year of foreign travel, she returns home and takes possession. Her desires are not of the ordinary young lady sort, but somewhat Amazonian in character. Marriage with her is a resource, not a primary object. All the freshness of her youth and powers she means to devote to the formation of society in Carlingford. A little scene with a quondam schoolfellow lets us into the religious aspect of the character. She has allowed it to transpire that the language of love and admiration is not new to her:—

'"Nonsense," said Lucilla, "I only want you to understand that I am not likely to fall into any danger of that sort. My only ambition, Fanny, as I have told you often, is to go home to Carlingford and be a comfort to dear papa."

'"Yes," said Fanny, kissing her devoted companion, "and it is so good of you, dear; but then you cannot go on all your life being a comfort to dear papa," said the intelligent girl, bethinking herself, and looking again with some curiosity in Lucilla's face.

'"We must leave that to Providence," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a sense of paying a compliment to Providence in intrusting it with such a responsibility. "I have always been guided for the best hitherto," she continued, with an innocent and unintentional profanity, which sounded solemn to her equally innocent companion, "and I don't doubt I shall be so till the end."

'From which it will be perceived that Miss Marjoribanks was of the

numerous class of religionists who keep up civilities with Heaven, and pay all the proper attentions, and show their respect for the divine government in a manner befitting persons who know the value of their own approbation.'

The modes by which Lucilla gains the ascendency she covets are original, and a testimony to the authoress's penetration. Her candour is one great engine—that candour which we often see the result of profound self-reliance. There is a lady in Carlingford celebrated for her talent of mimicry, by which she renders herself a terror to her own circle. Miss Marjoribanks takes an early opportunity of showing her fearlessness. There is a dear old lady who believes profoundly in Lucilla; this lady the mimic takes off, in her way:—

'"I am sure by her face she has been telling you about my niece Susan," said the mimic, assuming Mrs. Chiley's tone, and almost her appearance, for the moment, "and that one of them was a baronet, my dear. I always know from her looks what she has been saying; and 'the Colonel was much as usual, but suffering a little from the cold, as he always does in this climate.' She must be a good soul, for she always has her favourite little speeches written in her face."

'"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Marjoribanks, who felt it was her duty to make an example; "there has always been one thing remarked of me all my life, that I never have had a great sense of humour. I know it is singular, but when one has a defect, it is always so much better to confess it. I always get on very well with anything else, but I never had any sense of humour, you know; and I am very fond of Mrs. Chiley. She has always had a fancy for me from the time I was born; and she has such nice manners. But then, it is so odd I should have no sense of humour," said Lucilla, addressing herself to Mrs. Centum, who was sitting on the sofa by her. "Don't you think it is very odd?"

'"I am sure it is very nice," said Mrs. Centum. "I hate people that laugh at everything. I don't see much to laugh at myself, I am sure, in this distracting world; any one who has a lot of children and servants like me to look after, finds very little to laugh at." And she seized the opportunity to enter upon domestic circumstances. Mrs. Woodburn did not answer a word. She made a most dashing murderous sketch of Lucilla, but that did the future ruler of Carlingford very little harm; and then, by the evening, it was known through all Grange Lane that Miss Marjoribanks had snubbed the caricaturist who kept all the good people in terror of their lives. Snubbed her absolutely, and took the words out of her very mouth, was the report that flew through Grange Lane; and it may be imagined how Lucilla's prestige rose in consequence, and how much people began to expect of Miss Marjoribanks, who had performed such a feat almost on the first day of her return home.'

Her next care is to bring her father's *ménage* into such a state of perfection as shall assist her in the primary object of her life. Her cousin, Tom Marjoribanks, who assists in the following scene, is an admirer whom she has had to snub. Refurnishing is not at all in the Doctor's style; but she takes the bull by the horns, and after some comments on the twenty-two years which have elapsed since the process had been gone through before:—

'"Papa, if you have no objection, I should like to choose the colours myself. There is a great deal in choosing colours that go well with one's complexion. People think of that for their dresses, but not for their rooms, which are of so much more importance. I should have liked blue, but blue gets so soon tawdry. I think," said Miss Marjoribanks, rising and looking at herself seriously in the glass, "that I have enough complexion at present to venture upon a pale spring green."

'This little calculation, which a timid young woman would have taken care to do by herself, Lucilla did publicly, with her usual discrimination. The Doctor, who had looked a little grim at first, could not but laugh when he saw the sober look of care and thought with which Miss Marjoribanks examined her capabilities in the glass. It was not so much the action itself that amused her father, as the consummate ability of the young revolutionary. Dr. Marjoribanks was Scotch, and had a respect for "talent" in every development, as is natural to his nation. He did not even give his daughter the credit for sincerity which she deserved, but set it all to the score of her genius, which was complimentary, certainly, in one point of view; but the fact was that Lucilla was perfectly sincere, and that she did what was natural to her under guidance of her genius, so as always to be in good fortune, just as Tom Marjoribanks, under the guidance of his, brought discredit even upon those eternal ordinances of English government which fixed the time of the Carlingford assizes. Lucilla was quite in earnest in thinking that the colour of the drawing-room was an important matter, and that a woman of sense had very good reason for suiting it to her complexion—an idea which accordingly she proceeded to develop and explain. "For one can change one's dress," said Miss Marjoribanks, "as often as one likes—at least as often, you know, as one has dresses to change; but the furniture remains the same. I am always a perfect guy, whatever I wear, when I sit against a red curtain. You men say that a woman always knows when she's good-looking, but I am happy to say *I* know when I look a guy. What I mean is a delicate pale-green, papa. For my part, I think it wears just as well as any other colour; and all the painters say it is the very thing for pictures. The carpet, of course, would be a darker shade; and as for the chairs, it is not at all necessary to keep to one colour. Both red and violet go beautifully with green, you know. I am sure Mr. Holden and I could settle all about it without giving you any trouble."

'"Who told you, Lucilla," said the Doctor, "that I meant to refurnish the house?" He was even a little angry at her boldness, but at the same time he was so much amused and pleased in his heart to have so clever a daughter, that all the tones that could produce terror were softened out of his voice. "I never heard that was a sort of thing that a man had to do for his daughter," said Dr. Marjoribanks; "and I would like to know what I should do with all that finery when you get married—as I suppose you will by and by—and leave me alone in the house!"

'"Ah, that is the important question," said Tom. As usual, it was Tom's luck; but then, when there did happen to be a moment when he ought to be silent, the unfortunate fellow could not help but speak.

'"Perhaps I may marry some time," said Miss Marjoribanks, with composure; "it would be foolish, you know, to make any engagements; but that will depend greatly upon how you behave, and how Carlingford behaves, papa. I give myself ten years here, if you should be very good. By twenty-nine I shall be going off a little, and perhaps it may be tiring, for anything I can tell. Ten years is a long time, and naturally, in the meantime, I want to look as well as possible. Stop a minute; I forgot to put down the number of paces for the length. Tom, please to do it over again for me."

There is no doubt something of caricature in all this, but it is derived from nature, and is true at bottom. The people who get their way in this world are not those who sound the depths of other minds, but who have profound faith in themselves and their power of getting it. The programme of her life here laid out is carried out in the course of a story. The writer amuses herself rather with depicting things as they are or seem, than drawing a moral from them; and Lucilla, who in some hands would degenerate in the process, gains under the habits of a decorous and energetic life. Many impossible scenes, to illustrate her presence of mind, control over circumstances and general sway over persons and events, are given; for in spite of so many happy strokes and evidences of keen insight, it seems indispensable with this authoress that the society she depicts should be a fancy picture, and something entirely alien from our experience. At the close we come to a change in Lucilla's fortunes. Her wealthy father dies suddenly from the shock, as it proves, of an entire loss of his property. The effect of both trials on the heroine are given with an extraordinary truth and delicacy of delineation. The spirit of management, it may have been observed, renders those under its influence philosophical under some classes of loss. They don't lose themselves at once in losing surroundings; for they still have faith in a work to be done of which they must be the doers. But the merit here lies in the photographic truth with which the course of sensation incident to an active mind upon sudden reverse is given. The circumstances of the Doctor's last evening are given with detail. The next morning he is found dead, to the horror and dismay of all Carlingford:—

'Inside the house, naturally, the state of affairs was sad enough. Lucilla, notwithstanding the many other things she had had to occupy her mind, was fond of her father, and the shock overwhelmed her for a moment. Though she was not the kind of woman to torture herself with thinking of things that she might have done, still at the first moment the idea that she ought not to have left him alone—that she should have sat up and watched or taken some extraordinary unusual precaution—was not to be driven away from her mind. The reign of reason was eclipsed in her as it often is in such an emergency. She said it was her fault in the first horror. "When I saw how he was looking, and how he was talking. I should never have left him," said Lucilla, which indeed was a very natural thing to say, but would have been an utterly impossible one to carry out, as she saw when she came to think of it. But she could not think of it just then. She did not think at all that first long snowy, troubled day, but went about the house, on the bedroom floor, wringing her hands like a creature distracted. "If I had only sat up," she said; and then she would recall the touch of his hand on her shoulder, which she seemed still to be feeling, and cry out, like all the rest of the world, that it could not be true. But, to be sure, that was a state of feeling that could not last long. There are events for which something higher than accident must be held account-

able, were one ever so ready to take the burden of affairs on one's own shoulders; and Lucilla knew, when she came to herself, that if she had watched ever so long or so closely, that could have had no effect upon the matter. After a while the bewildering sense of her own changed position began to come upon her, and roused her up into that feverish and unnatural activity of thought which, in some minds, is the inevitable reaction after the unaccustomed curb and shock of grief. When she had got used to that dreadful certainty about her father, and had suddenly come with a leap to the knowledge that she was not to blame, and could not help it, and that though *he* was gone, *she* remained, it is no censure upon Lucilla to say that her head became immediately full of a horror and confusion of thoughts, an involuntary stir and bustle of plans and projects, which she did all she could to put down, but which would return and overwhelm her whether she chose it or not. She could not help asking herself what her new position was, thinking it over, so strangely free and new and unlimited as it seemed. And it must be recollected that Miss Marjoribanks was a woman of very active mind and great energies, too old to take up a girl's fancy that all was over because she had encountered a natural grief on her passage, and too young not to see a long future still before her. She kept her room, as was to be expected, and saw nobody, and only moved the household and superintended the arrangements in a muffled way through Thomas, who was an old servant, and knew "the ways" of the house; but notwithstanding her seclusion and her honest sorrow, and her perfect observance of all the ordinary restraints of the moment, it would be wrong to omit all mention of this feverish bustle of thinking which came into Lucilla's mind in her solitude. Of all that she had to bear, it was the thing that vexed and irritated and distressed her the most—as if, she said to herself indignantly, she ought to have been able to think of anything! And the chances are that Lucilla, for sheer duty's sake, would have said, if anybody had asked, that of course she had not thought of anything as yet; without being aware that the mere shock, and horror, and profound commotion had a great deal more to do than anything else in producing that fluttering crowd of busy, vexatious speculations which had come, without any will of hers, into her heart.'

Then comes the funeral, the peculiar sense of loss and emptiness in the mere thought of death, in a man of the Doctor's sort.

'For, to tell the truth, Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the men who, according to external appearance, need never have died. There was nothing about him that wanted to be set right, no sort of loss, or failure, or misunderstanding, so far as anybody could see. An existence in which he could have his friends to dinner every week, and a good house, and good wine, and a very good table, and nothing particular to put him out of his way, seemed in fact the very ideal of the best life for the Doctor. There was nothing in him that seemed to demand anything better, and it was confusing to try to follow him into that which, no doubt, must be in all its fundamentals a very different kind of world. He was a just man and a good man in his way, and had been kind to many people in his lifetime—but still he did not seem to have that need of another rectifying completer existence which most men have. There seemed no reason why he should die—a man who was so well contented with this lower region in which many of us fare badly, and where so few of us are contented. This was a fact which exercised a very confusing influence, even when they themselves were not aware of it, on many people's minds. It was hard to think of him under any other circumstances, or identify him with angels

and spirits—which feeling on the whole made the regret for him a more poignant sort of regret.'

But Lucilla has to be further tried; and succeeding upon the funeral come the vision and confirmation of ruin. The news is broken to her by a weak-minded aunt, who happens to be on a visit at the time. Aunt Jemima, after the pattern of inconsistent womanhood, will not understand the circumstances, feels as if she never could forgive her brother-in-law for bringing up Lucilla as he has done, and leaving her without a farthing, and breaks into offers of protection and a home :—

'But Lucilla put her aunt away softly when she was about to fall upon her neck. Miss Marjoribanks was struck dumb; her heart seemed to stop beating for the moment. "It is quite impossible—it cannot be true," she said, and gave a gasp to recover her breath. Then Mrs. John came down upon her with facts, proving it to be true—showing how Dr. Marjoribanks' money was invested, and how it had been lost. She made a terrible muddle of it, no doubt, but Lucilla was not very clear about business details any more than her aunt, and she did not move nor say a word while the long, involved, endless narrative went on. She kept saying it was impossible in her heart for half of the time, and then she crept nearer the fire, and shivered, and said nothing even to herself, and did not even seem to listen, but knew that it must be true. It would be vain to attempt to say that it was not a terrible blow to Lucilla; her strength was weakened already by grief and solitude and want of food, for she could not find it in her heart to go on eating her ordinary meals as if nothing had happened; and all of a sudden she felt the cold seize her, and drew closer and closer to the fire. The thoughts which she had been thinking in spite of herself, and for which she had so greatly condemned herself, went out with a sudden distinctness, as if it had been a lamp going out and leaving the room in darkness, and a sudden sense of utter gloom and cold and bewildering uncertainty came over Lucilla. When she lifted her eyes from the fire, into which she had been gazing, it almost surprised her to find herself still in this warm room where there was every appliance for comfort, and where her entire wardrobe of new mourning—everything, as Aunt Jemima said, that a woman could desire—was piled up on the bed. It was impossible that she could be a penniless creature, left on her own resources, without father or supporter or revenue; and yet—good heavens! could it be true?'

When left to herself she begins to think, and the train of thought, and the effect of external things upon it, are given with what, in spite of feminine authorship, we may call a master's hand :—

'But after Mrs. John had gone away full of wonder at her philosophy, Lucilla drew close to the fire again, and took her head between her hands, and tried to think what it meant. Could it be true? Instead of the heiress, in a good position, who could go abroad or anywhere, and do anything she liked, was it possible that she was only a penniless single woman with nobody to look to, and nothing to live on? Such an extraordinary incomprehensible revolution might well make one feel giddy. The solid house and the comfortable room, and her own sober brain, which was not in the way of being put off its balance, seemed to turn round and round

as she looked into the fire. Lucilla was not one to throw the blame upon her father as Mrs. John had done. On the contrary she was sorry, profoundly sorry for him, and made such a picture to herself of what his feelings must have been, when he went into his room that night and knew that all his hard-earned fortune was gone, that it made her weep the deepest tears for him that she had yet shed. "Poor papa!" she said to herself; and as she was not much given to employing her imagination in this way, and realizing the feeling of others, the effect was all the greater now. If he had but told her, and put off a share of the burden from his own shoulders on to hers who could have borne it! but the Doctor had never done justice to Lucilla's qualities. This, amid her general sense of confusion and dizziness and insecurity, was the only clear thought that struck Miss Marjoribanks; and that it was very cold and must be freezing outside; and how did the poor people manage who had not all her present advantages? She tried to put away this revelation from her, as she had said to Aunt Jemima, and keep it for a little at arm's length, and get a night's rest in the meantime, and so be able to bring a clear head to the contemplation of it to-morrow, which was the most judicious thing to do. But when the mind has been stimulated by such a shock, Solomon himself, one would suppose, could scarcely, however clearly he might perceive what was best, take the judicious passive way. When Lucilla got up from where she was crouching before the fire, she felt so giddy that she could scarcely stand. Her head was all queer, as she had said, and she had a singing in her ears. She herself seemed to have changed along with her position. An hour or two before, she could have answered for her own steadiness and self-possession in almost any circumstances, but now the blood seemed to be running a race in her veins, and the strangest noises hummed in her ears. She felt ashamed of her weakness, but she could not help it; and then she was weak with grief and excitement and comparative fasting, which told for something, probably, in her inability to bear so unlooked-for a blow.'

We wish, if only as a matter of taste, that the flippant allusion to Solomon, which at once interrupts and vulgarizes the tone, had been omitted; but it is a passing specimen of the easy terms on which Mrs. Oliphant stands towards all themes and topics.

It is owing, no doubt, to the feminine tendency already alluded to, of giving undue weight and influence to trifles, that there is uniformly to be found, in her best novels, a glaring discrepancy between her plots and her characters. The incidents are apt to be far-fetched, romantic, improbable—the connexion between cause and effect fails—the reader's experience rebels against them: the characters themselves, and the observations upon life and society, are full of truth, point, and originality; and it is just as the reader's own leanings dispose him to overlook absurd improbabilities in the story, for the sake of the lively and graphic realizing energy with which the detail is worked out, or to weary of the elaborate touches by which it is attempted to prove the impossible probable, that he will read with pleased sustained attention to the end, or flag midway.

Every study of a character, working out fair natural aims in a

wholesome state of society, if done with care and love of the work, is, in its degree, of real value to literature. 'Miss Marjoribanks' is such a contribution; she teaches something, and leaves an image of vigorous self-reliance on the mind. But the society of Miss Braddon's heroines—the best and steadiest of them objects of impertinent gallantry, and indifferent, indeed unconscious, of the disrespect; radiant in dazzling toilettes, their heads adorned with 'Ode's last madness, in the shape of a bonnet,' running from shop to shop, and for ever presenting cheques for their milliners' bills to subservient mankind, and shaping themselves inside and out into fascination with the sole view, as we gather, of *cartes blanches*, of flirting and idling, eating and drinking; with no thought but the present, with no joys but of sense; no griefs that may not be indulged in the depths of easy-chairs, or that are incompatible with an unbroken succession of picnics, operas, balls, and fine clothes—is *mischievous* and dangerous company. Apart from direct harm, or morality openly infringed, never was life made so poor a thing, or ambition so mean, or woman so mere a slave to luxury, so incapable of self-help or an independent existence, or of any pleasures or occupations that have not attentions and admiration—for their own sake, not for his who bestows them—and supremacy in show and parade, for their end and aim. It is impossible but that much reading of this sort must be injurious to young people, as tending to lower their ideas at once of the poetry, the dignity, and the purpose of life. Never was it more necessary than it is at present for their elders and advisers to point out to them what fiction is safe and even profitable relaxation, and what is harmful and degrading.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Liturgy of the Church of Sarum, together with the Kalendar of the same Church.* Translated from the Latin, with a Preface and Explanatory Notes, by CHARLES WALKER, with an Introduction by the Rev. T. T. CARTER, M.A., Rector of Clewer. London: J. T. Hayes, Lyall Place, Eaton Square.

2. *The Supper of the Lord and the Holy Communion, commonly called The Mass.* Reprinted from the First Book of King Henry the Sixth. London: sold by Joseph Masters, Aldersgate Street. 1863.

3. *The Office of the Holy Communion, or Celebration of the Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper or Holy Eucharist, anciently called The Mass, for all Days throughout the Year.* By RICHARD WALDO SIBTHORP. London: Hamilton and Bird, High Street, Islington. 1844.

CERTAINLY there are set tides and currents in the affections, as well as in the affairs of men. Ebb and flow, though in contrary directions, are not occurrent, but are part of the same action and process. From the spring to the ocean, from the mouth to the source, is really all one—one principle, one tendency, one progress—only different turns of the same thing. So it seems with us in the course taking with ecclesiastical or Church-service literature among ourselves. Only three months ago we were called upon to pass in review a Latin version of the thrice-reformed English Book of Common Prayer; and now we have our attention drawn to an English translation of an unreformed book of Salisbury use—the 'Divine Liturgy' of Sarum. And divine it may well be called, in every sense of the word: divine, as leading us up almost to the threshold of Apostolic times; divine, in the substance of its sacred service; divine, in the sweet sounds to which it was wedded in the manly melodies of S. Osmund.

It is not, however, on the holy character of the book that we will now trust ourselves to dwell, and detain the reader—whose knowledge of, and love for, the book itself is probably as great as, or greater than our own—so much as on the special characteristics of the translation before us, which, briefly summed up, are great faithfulness and care.

This, so far as we know, is the first complete version into *English* of the Sarum Liturgy—that is, of the Ordinary and *Canon of the Mass*, as it existed and was used in England from

the days immediately succeeding the Norman Conquest to the eve, or rather the morrow, of the Reformation; to the accession, that is, of King Edward the Sixth, and from the accession to the death of Queen Mary. What that Liturgy was before the Conquest, say on the day of the Dedication of S. Peter's, Westminster, we may well imagine from the knowledge we seem to have of S. Osmund.

Trenchantly as he would deal with the innovations of Thurstan, and the quaverings of William of Fescamp, as contrary to the rite and custom of southern England, most reverent would be his handling of the service itself, which he sought and was labouring, not so much to remould, recast, or reform, as to restore, consolidate, and in the south, at least, re-establish. In fact, the Ordinary and Canon of the Mass would remain, almost of necessity, without variation, the present points of difference from York and Hereford being assignable to other causes; and if, in common with the Anthems of the Breviary, any alteration whatever of introit or office, of offertory and gradual, or, indeed, of verse-proper generally, was admitted, it must have been very slight indeed. So great a reformer as S. Osmund was too good a conservative to alter for altering sake. A restorer of paths to dwell in, he was too true a lover of the old paths, and too loyal in his love to wander far from the great highway. Repairer of the breach occasioned, perhaps, by English laxity and French intrusiveness, he had too long understood, 'Donec templa refeceris,' himself, to cut gaps in the hedge that fenced the Church, or to suffer a hunger and thirst for mere change to break down the stone walls of prescription. As a Norman, he stopped Norman officiousness from interfering with English service. He did but maintain, even if he slightly but not lightly altered to improve, the service of the Confessor's day, and that would have varied in no essential, we had almost said perceptible, point from the service of S. Augustine and S. Gregory. 'The Norman conquest 'followed [the Conversion of Norway] a revolution which, as it 'transferred the English sceptre to the hands of a foreign prince, 'transferred also the English Church to the government of 'foreign prelates. But the change was confined to the persons 'of her rulers; in other respects she was still unchanged. In 'the essential points of constitution and doctrine, of liturgy and 'sacraments, and of subordination to the authority of the 'Apostolic see, there existed no difference between the new 'Anglo-Norman and the old Anglo-Saxon Church.' The words are Dr. Lingard's, and form the last paragraph in the text of his 'History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church,' vol. ii. p. 357. To these let us add the stirring and farewell passage from Dr. Rock's 'Church of our Fathers' (vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 259),

commencing with these words: 'Between the Anglo-Saxon and 'the Sarum rite there was but small difference. This latter bore 'about it a strong sister likeness to the first, so that, while look-'ing upon the one, we, after a way, behold both.'

It may be very well to speak of insertions from the Gallican and other national and provincial uses so charitably permitted, nay suggested, to his missioner, S. Augustine, by S. Gregory: or of the tone of Scottish or British rite, or, as some will have, of Irish (which is one with Scottish), which S. Augustine may have insensibly imbibed from the atmosphere of the Churches by which he passed, and with which he came into official and friendly contact. But upon any great change, in the way either of addition, substitution, or excision, we look as upon a myth. It may be that the Gallican was in full vigour when S. Augustine, with his companion missioners, passed through the country on his way to England; for we know that it so continued to the year 789 after Christ, when the capitulary issued by Charlemagne from Aix-la-Chapelle, did for that what Alcuin's letter to Archbishop Eanbald, a few years later (796), did for the common, though not perhaps unvaried, use of the Scottish Liturgy, in the Metropolitical Church of York—suppress its use and substitute the Roman. It may be, likewise, that S. Augustine did avail himself of the great Gregory's permission, and take among other matters of edification the Rogation-days into the order of his rite. As a Roman Churchman he had the Greater Litany on the roll of his service-books already. Those of the Rogation-days, with the days themselves, though new to him, and in some degree breaking the Paschal-tide tradition of the Church, he may have thought it proper to assume and observe. Certainly the Council of Cloveshoe (747), under Archbishop Cuthbert, while ordaining the former, the Greater Litany, for use on S. Mark's day, as in obedience to the rite of Rome, sanctions to Englishmen the latter as being in accordance with the custom of their fathers —a custom apparently not derived from Rome, but theirs by some independent tradition. After Cloveshoe, whatever of Scottish service had been lingering on in the south, seems to have totally died away and disappeared out of Mercia, with which we, in connection with the after-Salisbury use, are most concerned. We have seen that, in York, it may have had footing for a precarious twenty years longer: to be succeeded by what? By the then Roman—nearly identical, for aught we know to the contrary, with the York use as still existing: which is Roman in all its features, and in much, very much, of its detail. But in the south all was Roman.

It might be, but not necessarily, that in the early post-

Augustinian Church lesser matters, the colours for example, were varied from those of Rome, and a very few further points of conformity embraced in the direction of Gaul, through their near neighhourhood to and use of the primitive, we are almost tempted to say patriarchal, church of S. Martin, near Canterbury, where the first missioners found Bishop Luidhard officiating as chaplain to Queen Bertha, on the occasion of their memorable entry into Canterbury. All this may have been the case, but the broad fact remains, that, when compared with the Liturgies of Rome and York, that of Salisbury comes out to all intents and purposes their true yoke-fellow—its differences less than nothing — resemblances all but unbroken — differences enough to show perfect freedom—resemblance, all but identity —rule with, perhaps, an exception or two, but exception proving the rule. Everything, were proof needed, would tend to prove this. The Council of Cloveshoe bidding conformity to Rome in Liturgy as well as hour-service: not a line in the Durham Ritual, in Elstob and other extracts, in the Leofric and other MSS., tending to shake or disprove this. In a word, Sarum Mass was Rome, and Rome was Primitive and Apostolic in all things essential to the truth and to the divine character of the Liturgy. Sarum is unmistakeably a member of the greatest of the western families, having a special family line to which she more directly belongs—true to her royal descent, her ancient lineage; true in her tone to that note which, once sounded, has never ceased to vibrate through Christendom. We are now speaking especially of the 'Divine Liturgy' of Sarum. Of course, it holds good in an almost equally great degree with the other services of the Church. Only the Hour and other Services were, by their very nature, more the handiwork of, perhaps, a succession of cunning artificers, than was the Liturgy proper, which, bating the addition of a few words from the hand of the great S. Gregory, seems to have been perfected so early as to be really what we have called it, primitive.

If we contemplate the steps upward between S. Osmund and Cloveshoe, and Cloveshoe and the coming of S. Augustine, and then say whether we can reasonably imagine any essential departure from the tradition of S. Gregory and S. Augustine to have taken place, even at the Conquest or down to the days of S. Osmund; if, then, we feel satisfied that essentially S. Osmund was and is S. Gregory, let us take S. Gregory and compare him with Gelasius, and Gelasius even with the Sacramentary supposed to be that of S. Leo: and that same oneness of character will be apparent through all, which speaks a common and most remote origin. But it is of the Ordinary and Canon that we are now principally speaking: of

the latter especially. And here the oneness is unquestionable. Take, for example, the 'Missa Apostolica, sive Divinum Sacrifi-'cium Sancti Apostoli Petri (cum Wilhelmi Lindani Episcopi 'Gandavensis apologiâ ad Illustrissimum S. R. E. Cardinalem 'Antonium Carrafam), Antverpiæ, 1589,'—and comparing with that the Roman Canon, say whether the subject-matter be not verily and indeed the same, and then whether the Sarum Canon be not in fact 'Divine.'

When, therefore, we look upon the second book which we have prefixed to this paper, and this is in its own person our English First Book of 1549, we are lost in amaze at two points: first, at the roughness of resolution which could bear to sacrifice so much of majesty and beauty for what was at best a principle of expediency; and, secondly, at the faint and enfeebled spirit, or rather lack of spirit, which, with its former sacrifice on its conscience, if it had any, could bear to abrogate and throw aside what it allowed to be a work set forth by the aid of the Holy Ghost, in a vain endeavour to propitiate the poor good-will of adversaries who were never won, and the favour of false patrons who were neither conciliated nor secured. It was curious, that men accustomed to Salisbury use could bring themselves down even to the First Book of King Edward; but when they had got that as their own, their own rule, their own rite, how they could have given it up for the Second Book of 1552 is, and must remain, a mystery—of psychology not less than theology. The 'Ad Interim' might have taught them better. Probably the Upsal Liturgy, could it have been made thirty years earlier, would have, in some measure, checked their tendency to drop downwards with what they thought the set of the current under them. They had lost all confidence in themselves. Others blew upon them, and they were discomfited. They had sold their birthright, and having done that, proceeded further to sell their pottage also.

Perhaps, however, not the whole fault lay with them. At least, not to them, those first Edwardian reformers, is to be attributed our permanent loss—the disadvantage under which we now labour—a loss and disadvantage deep, and becoming every day, in the renewed life of Catholic principle within us, more and more apparent: and that, too, despite the worthy labours of the Oxford translators, to put the best face they could upon the matter. And a very fair and classical, or rather saint-like face it is. Still, the features are not what they once were: what they might, under other auspices and better treatment, have been now. But no fault is that of the Oxford men. They do but pay a penalty incurred through the fault of their fathers.

Supposing that, at Mary's decease and Elizabeth's accession,

the Roman party in England, which, but for the persecution and martyrdoms of the late reign, would have been almost all England in one, had watched and caught the signs of the times, and, first of all, subjecting the Sarum books to revisal—heartier, perhaps, and even sounder, than that which the Roman experienced at the hands of Pius after Trent—had then set itself in earnest to translate them; who can picture to himself what the result of such an act might have been? Even were it necessary for the Breviary, with an English retention of particulars, such as proper Psalms and Lessons for certain days, to undergo an almost Quignonic revision, previous to translation, still the 'Divine Liturgy' might, in great part, have been retained—in all essentials, certainly, as was the case with the missal so-called of Quignon: and then England and the queen would have rejoiced, and the mouth of all gainsayers been closed, and their quibblings quieted, if anything could quiet them, and the Church been spared much of that misery which is a consequence, almost invariably, of any set departure from principle. We do think, and have ever thought, that to the unwise, outrageous conduct of the leading Roman Catholics during Mary's rule, quite as much as to the Protestant meddlers of the foregoing and following reigns, all subsequent failure amongst us of sound Church principle was owing—all our permanent loss of Catholic privilege is due. Through Catholic churchmen of our own we have lost throughout Christendom the prestige of being counted Catholic at all. But if we could not hold our own when we had it, confessedly, we must have deserved to lose it, wherever the fault might lie. No thanks to ourselves if the loss was not worse, and more overwhelming, more fatal and past all recovery. No thanks for that to us or our princes—we have no merit to claim.

Let it not be thought that in avowing this we are insensible of the Providence that was all along watching over us for good, and out of man's feebleness was working a people's strength. For it seems to us, that had the Church been in communion with Rome, when the blow of the Rebellion fell on her, great is the question whether as a Church, that is as a National Church, an establishment as men call it, she would ever have risen again. No, if the matter had to be done, doubtless it was a good thing to have it done when and as it was. Our occasional prayers suffice to show how sadly such a work would be done now. If in the hands of foreign Reformers the men of our 1549 and 1552 books were but babes and sucklings, as to religion, doctrine, and divinity, and were handled by them accordingly: in their English they were men, were giants. They had a good weapon, and knew how to use it. Their quill was stouter than their staff. If they taught like waverers and sophists, they prayed like confessors and

scholars. They were our Liturgical lights, so to call them; when they went out, all was gone; the day grew dim, and after a lingering, lessening, deepening twilight of a hundred years, died utterly away with the men of 1662. Then came the Revolution, with all its natural historic Whig heartlessness and want of Church and every other principle. And so by natural process the awful specimens of taste and feeling in revision exhibited by the Royal Commissioners in 1689, while they certainly make us sad and make us merry, make us more than joyful that the attempt to spoil utterly us and ours, was not to be effected then. Though in 1832 one good man wished it done, we are quite sure that Bishop Vowler Short does not wish it done now. In the interval of years he has no doubt read over again their 'Tentamen,' and been heartily glad to wash his hands of their patchwork, and of all the other sayings and doings of the court doctors of King William of Nassau. From this, at least, we have been and are saved. Never, therefore, do we read our Prayer-book without being thankful that what was ordered to be done, was so done in time and purpose, taste and style, then—and not left to be done afterwards when all Church tone was taken away from high places, and the savour of Church feeling lost. And, therefore, whenever books like those of Mr. J. D. Chambers and Mr. Walker come before us, and force our thoughts back on our own Prayer-book, so far are they from rendering us practically dissatisfied with our own, that they rather dispose us to thank God heartily that in the wreck of things holy and divine, holy buildings, holy books, and divine liturgies, so much was saved—so great a salvage could be claimed. Every such book, so far from tending to disgust us with our own, does what the first book before us has done, made us look more practically to ourselves, and with an eye for possible improvement in the one we have—in some few, perhaps, of its contingent and accessory particulars, not in the texture, frame, and substance of the book itself. We are no Church-reformers beyond this: restoration of losses in things unwritten, and regulation of things long existent. Nor will we affect to be what we are not.

But points there are, which publications, or rather republications, like this of Mr. Walker—for it is, after all, but an old friend under a new face—are calculated, and indeed intended, to press home upon us. Setting aside the grand doctrine of the Sacrifice to which the 'Divine Liturgy' is an unerring, an unmistakeable witness; very many other points there are, interesting to an English Churchman of to-day, upon which the book of ages past, the old Liturgy of Sarum, bears with a weight and a force of authority, all the more effective for being implied rather

than imposed, and therefore acknowledged as that of a venerated counsellor, and accepted as that of a Divine guide.

In much, no doubt, even in the case of our First Book, the English Reformers desired a return to what they accounted primitive practice, rather than a resting on middle-age rule and precedent. The spirit which deferred to the first four general councils—or rather to 'those six councils which were allowed and received of all men,' (to say nothing of that 'In Trullo,' the quinisextum, as supplementary to the sixth at Constantinople,)—the voice which was thus ever appealing to earlier precedent and antiquity, to Council, Church and Father, spoke likewise in the rubric and ritual of the Church. If all things, too many things at least, were to become new, many things were, nevertheless, to remain as they were, to be yet referred to an older standard, and regulated by an anterior yet still existing precedent of authority.

For example, passing by the multitude of inferences and the multiplied statements to this effect, contained in our Preface, we are met on the threshold of our present service with that injunction or direction as to the retaining of things in use in 1549, which not even convocation can evade or ignore. At no time could we reasonably shut our eyes to words so plain; now, least of all, when on their just interpretation so much of the peace of the Church seems to rest, so much of the threatened battle appears to hang. For our own parts, we rejoice at anything now-a-days, which will make men think and stir and act—even if they be too thoroughly stirred with the physic before they discover the wholesomeness of the draught. So long, then, as this opening direction, the very head and front of all our ruling clauses, holds its place in our Prayer-books, (and we fancy the Archdeacon is not yet born who will displace it, though some there are who would pall the altar in black on Easter Day, which is about the next thing to it;) so long as we are taught thus by our present book, so long will the rules of Sarum, as to Church ornaments and vestment and colour continue to be the law to the Church of England, recognised by her as of authority within her, and recommended by her as sea marks for her sons to sail by. As to the discretion of the when and how and where how to revive ceremonial, or of the necessity of reviving much of it at all, we say nothing at present. But it is a matter of considerable interest, to ritualists, to understand the ancient rule of the English Church on any point.

We read that rule, too well known to print again, and turn to Mr. Walker's 'Divine Liturgy' for direction how to understand and accept its teaching as to colours. We say here, particularly, as to colours. Many other collateral points there are, certainly

of greater importance, upon which we must be content to say little. And if we are right in our opinion—an opinion formed from probabilities and corroborated and confirmed, as we have seen, by one who has the right of judgment in such matters—that Sarum and the Church before the Conquest differed little or nothing the one from the other—then we may reasonably make Dr. Rock our referee: and remit those who want fuller information to 'The Church of our Fathers,' especially to portions of the first and second volumes, and to the second part of the third.

From authorities then, specified and classed by him, Mr. Walker thus draws his conclusion as to colours. The following, he says (Preface, p. 8), are recognised as such:—

'Black, *blue*, *brown*, cloth of gold, *grey*, green, red, violet, white, and *yellow*. Of these, those printed in italics are peculiar to Sarum use, the rest common to the Western rite.

'Red for all Sundays in the year out of Eastertide, when the office is of Sunday, Ash Wednesday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, both feasts of Holy Cross, and all feasts of Martyrs, Apostles, and Evangelists out of Eastertide. Another rubric assigns red as the colour also of the altar frontal in the Sundays in Lent.

'White for all Sundays, feasts, and ferias (except the Invention of the Cross) in the Paschal Season, *i.e.* from Easter Day till the Vigil of Pentecost, the Annunciation, Conception, Assumption and Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and other octaves, the feast of S. John in Christmas week, and the feast of the Dedication of a Church and through its octave, and both feasts of S. Michael.

'YELLOW for all festivals of a confessor.

'The analogy of Western usage would extend—

'WHITE to Christmas, Epiphany, the Holy Name of Jesus, the Transfiguration, Nativity of S. John Baptist, all feasts of Virgins not Martyrs, Trinity Sunday, and Corpus Christi.

'RED to Pentecost and all feasts of Martyrs out of Paschal-tide.

'CLOTH OF GOLD served for red, white, or yellow in festival use.

'This leaves the remaining colours, viz.:

'BLUE, BROWN, GREY, GREEN, and VIOLET to be shared among vigils and the ferial seasons between Septuagesima and Easter, after Epiphany, and after Trinity.

'Of these—

'GREEN is assigned to after Epiphany and after Trinity by Western usages.

'BLUE may be regarded as equivalent to green, and as constituting indifferently with it the ordinary ferial colour of the Church of Sarum.

'BROWN, VIOLET, and GREY remain for vigils, Advent, and the season from Septuagesima to Easter.

'BLACK was confined to the office of the dead.'

This we have preferred giving almost in the words and order of Mr. Walker to setting out an independent form of our own, long ago made, or to printing at length the elaborate comparative table of colours according to the Sarum, Roman, and Eastern use, which the reader will find at page lxxix. of Mr. John Henry Blunt's 'Annotated Book of Common Prayer,' pt. i., and which will well repay an attentive reading, and even study,

of its contents. Mr. Walker goes on to say that it is important to settle this sequence of colours, because the rubric in the Book of Common Prayer, which sanctions the eucharistic vestments, virtually prescribes the form and colours employed by the Church of Sarum, when it limits them to such as were in use in the second year of King Edward the Sixth :—'It is 'not enough for those who would prefer the Roman sequence 'of colours to say that among the vestments shown by existing 'documents to have been then in use, some were of each of the 'five Roman colours, and to argue from this that it is lawful to 'make use of these and reject the rest.' 'It would appear, then, 'that while a clergyman would be at liberty to use violet vest-'ments in preference to brown or grey, or green in preference 'to blue, he would be acting as illegally in celebrating in a red 'chasuble on the feast of a martyr *in tempore Paschali*, or a 'violet one on Ash Wednesday, or a green one on an ordinary 'Sunday, as he would in wearing a chasuble of what colour 'soever at any such service as matins or even song, on the plea 'that the rubric legalised the vestments, but was silent as to 'when they should be worn.'

'It will be seen that the peculiarities of the Sarum usage consisted—1. In the employment of white, in the Paschal season, for all feasts indiscriminately. 2. In the use of red as the ordinary dominical colour. 3. In the employment of yellow instead of white as the colour for the festivals of confessors. 4. In the permitted choice of blue or green for the ferial seasons after Trinity and Epiphany ; and, 5. In the indiscriminate use of brown, grey, or violet on vigils or other fasting days in Advent, and the ferial seasons of Septuagesima and Lent.'—*Divine Liturgy*, Preface, pp. 8—12.

We have preferred letting Mr. Walker speak thus far on this matter for himself: because he seems to have a clearer view as to the immediate necessity of reviving the special colours than we have. There is much more to the same purpose, but of more minute direction, which we omit. Upon his remark (p. 220 *supra*) that black was confined to the office of the dead, we merely note from the service for Saturday in the Lent Ember week: 'Duo clerici de secundâ formâ, in cappis nigris, ad 'gradum chori simul cantent totum et integrum istum Tractum.' 'Laudate'—Ps. cxvi. On the Roman use of the colours of the Church we have no intention, because no reason, to enlarge. Mr. Blunt details their application in the use of Rome as well as of Salisbury. It is with the latter, with Sarum, that we have now to do. And we think there is a broad rule, affirmed by Sarum, apart from the *rationale* of the colours, which we cannot but remark upon, inasmuch as the principle which originated it is a special characteristic of Sarum and the churches of her family. We mean the bold observance of season in the general, over-

ruling the special exception of feast day in particular. All Easter time it was white for Christ and His resurrection, overruling all days following until Whitsunday, except the Finding of the Cross; and that, because it was of the Cross, red. For the same reason, as being touched with the shadow and toned by the colours of the Cross, the three last days of Holy Week, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday, take red, the hue of blood-shedding, and not violet or black, the dye of mourning and bereavement. So all the Sundays out of Easter, considered as one dominical season, which they are, belonging to the Temporale, or *proprium de Tempore,* take their colour from Whitsunday, of which Trinity Sunday was the octave day, and when made a great feast was, in our opinion, ruled as no exception, though Mr. Blunt seems doubtful, and Mr. Walker determines, if we properly understand him, for white. From Whitsunday, then, and Trinity Sunday, even through Advent and Lent down again to Easter Day exclusive, the red ring of Sundays ran on, and that, too, notwithstanding the fact that almost all churches of the Sarum family, or of that to which Sarum, amongst others, belonged, call them Sundays, as we do, after Trinity, not after Pentecost. Those, of course, which, like Coutances, had ever retained the enumeration after Pentecost, were more warranted than even the others in keeping the Whitsunday colour throughout that line of Sundays. Does not, or may not, this old tradition account for the very general use of red altar hangings in our churches, of whatever material —velvet, silk, or cloth—which we all must have witnessed in the days of our boyhood and youth?

Akin to this use of colour—in principle, we mean, if not in detail—was Sarum use as to the utter silencing of 'Te Deum' and 'Gloria in Excelsis,' during Advent and from Septuagesima through Lent, save and except on Maundy Thursday, the ancient Corpus-day, when a bishop celebrated mass. In short, as we have already remarked, and remark again once for all, the temporale rule of season seems ever to take precedence of sanctorale, and no part of the temporale was more highly reckoned of by Sarum than the Dies Dominica, the Lord's Day, the Sunday. Hence, no doubt by an undying tradition in the English mind down to the present day, the peculiar character which with us attaches still to Sunday, the English Sunday. Before, however, taking final leave of this curious question of colours, we will cite from Mr. Blunt's 'Ritual Introduction,' by Mr. T. W. Perry, of Brighton, a sentence which contains perhaps the greatest curiosity of all:—

'*It is* worth noticing that the more usual ecclesiastical colours are those

which may be especially accounted the colours of England—red, white, and blue—being combined in the national flag, and designating the admirals of this country's fleets. Possibly the close, though curious and apparently untraceable, relations which have for several centuries subsisted between the Church and the Navy, in the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Courts, may have tended to perpetuate this correspondence.'—*Blunt's Ritual Introduction to the Prayer Book*, p. lxxviii.

Little, no doubt, when doing away with Doctors' Commons and the three squadrons the other day, did the unthinking agents of change for changing sake imagine that they were upsetting an ancient instinctive arrangement, very descriptive of English character and feeling: the squadrons of the fleet actually ranking in something of the preponderating ecclesiastical order—the dominical and more usual colour, red, marking the senior squadron; white, but with S. George's Cross, the second; and blue, equivalent to ferial green, the junior squadron of the fleet; which blue, it may be observed, would seem to have been of two shades, light and dark—the light the original garter or Stuart blue, the dark like the second garter or Dutch-William blue. It is curious, however, if we remember rightly, that of the Dugdale Tabards exhibited in South Kensington, one or more showed light garter blue, and one or more a dark blue. Perhaps the change of dynasty suggested an heraldic reason; and yet in the instances of those heralds'-coats, if our memory serves, both or all the discrepancies of colour were in coats older than the change in 1688 between the colour at S. Germain's and S. James's. Copes were in regular use at Durham in and long after Dean Granville's time; and copes, if copes they be, of cloth of gold, richly worked and tissued, may still, in accordance with Salisbury use, be seen on the backs of those confessors the canons of Westminster, but worn over black cassocks, not over albs of white. Let this suffice for colours: a subject not perhaps of the first importance, though of curious interest; *nimium ne crede colori.*

We will simply observe that, from a foot-note of Mr. Walker at page 8, incorporated by us above p. 220, we are reminded that red was the colour for the altar frontals on the Sundays during Lent. Otherwise, we may add, the Sarum clergy would have been in the same case with those of the Spanish churches; those few who surreptitiously, as it were, and for mere convenience' sake, using Quignon's Breviary in quire with one commemoration, had forthwith to sing mass from their old missal with another. We question whether the missal of Quignon came ever into use at all. Bodley has a copy, which he should set more store by and take more care of than once he did.

One of the highest purposes which an early book can answer is to supply the defects, explain the obscurities, and settle the

uncertainties of a later; and it would be much cause of congratulation to Mr. Walker if, in translating the old Sarum Liturgy, he had contributed to amend, improve, and simplify, not the text, but the use of the English Church of to-day.

Any who have been in the habit of attending divine service in Westminster Abbey on Sundays and holydays must have been struck with the conventional, yet extraordinary, use there made of the 'Holy, Holy, Holy' in the office of Holy Communion. They will have heard it sung as a constant rule and practice after the 'Grace of our Lord' at the end of Morning Prayer or Litany, while the clergy are going up from their stalls to the rails of the altar. They will have found it to be there so used and sung in a model, if no longer a mother, Church, as what is commonly called an introit. And if they chance to be persons with any taste for, or knowledge of, Church matters, they may have probably both felt and expressed surprise at such an apparent anomaly as the turning words so sacred, solemn, and peculiar in their eucharistic use and place, to such a seemingly accommodation purpose. And the worshipper's surprise would probably grow a size greater, when, supposing it to be noon-day Sacrament Sunday, he found that, in its proper place in the service, after the preface, either common or proper, the canticle of angel and archangel and all the company of heaven was no longer sung, but said; and said probably in the most prosaic and least praise-like manner, from its falling to the lot of the reading canon, not of the singing minor. 'Strange this,' he would say or think, 'that 'Tersanctus should be used where it ought not, and if it be no 'Sacrament Sunday, not used when it ought; or if it be 'Sacrament Sunday, strange that it should be sung when made 'an excrescence from, and not when it is part and parcel of and 'in the very root and body of the service.' But at the same time that he would be feeling all this, the worshipper would probably be struck with one point in that use of the sanctus which would go nigh to reconcile him to its unauthorized and interpolated character. Without effort, let, or hindrance, without pause, preparation, or giving out, he hears it flow on with the gentle current of the service, or rather, with the rivers of Euripides, float upwards from the quire to the altar—an air of heaven, without stop or stay, leading naturally from the holy through the more holy up to the most holy place, and linking, in a way too Catholic, we fear, for Archbishop Grindal, one part of divine service to another—the lesser to the greater, the less to the more divine. Thus far, then, he will have learned, from the teaching of the Abbey, that it is very possible to do *wrong things* in a right way. Let us look, however, for their

authority, for the authority of the authorities of Westminster, in doing it at all. In our present book of 1662 they have no more prescript authority for this than they have, for example, for singing the psalms from side to side, when they sing, and saying them, minister and people, when they say, or (as being a place where they sing,) for leaving out, when they sing, the anthem after the third collect and before the Litany on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. If, then, the book of 1662 fails to help us, let us try further back. That of 1552 is in the same condition, silent as to introit. Still further back, then, must we go, to 1549. And here we find in great measure what we want. The fourth paragraph (¶) of the opening rubrics in 'The SUPPER OF THE LORD and HOLY COMMUNION, commonly called the MASS,' is as follows:—

'¶ Upon the day and at the time appointed for the ministration of the Holy Communion, the priest that shall execute the holy ministry shall put upon him the vesture appointed for that ministration—that is to say, a white albe, plain, with a vestment or cope. And where there be many priests or deacons, then so many shall be ready to help the priest in the ministration as shall be requisite: and shall have upon them likewise the vestures appointed for their ministry—that is to say, albes with tunicles. Then shall the clerks sing in English for the office or introit (as they call it) a psalm appointed for that day.

'The priest standing humbly afore the midst of the altar shall say the LORD'S Prayer with this collect:

'ALMIGHTY GOD, unto Whom all hearts be open—Amen.'

'Then shall he say a psalm appointed for the introit; which psalm ended, the priest shall say or else the clerks shall sing,

'iii. LORD have mercy upon us.
'iii. CHRIST have mercy upon us.
'iii. LORD have mercy upon us.

'Then the priest standing at God's board, shall begin

'GLORY be to GOD on high.

'*The Clerks:* And in earth peace, good will towards men.'

Here, then, we have the whole matter respecting the office or introit, as set forth by our first reformers, when constructing the book of 1549. After vesting, and before or at the commencement of the service, the clerks are to sing in English a psalm for the office or introit, as they call it. They are not to sing an anthem with a verse or two of a psalm and *Gloria Patri*, repeating the anthem-verse twice or thrice as they had been used to do up to that time, but they are to sing a psalm, a whole psalm, appointed for that day. And when the priest has said the Lord's Prayer and collect, then shall he, too, say a psalm—evidently the forementioned psalm—appointed for the office or introit, and this in exact accordance with the custom of Salisbury, as described by

Dr. Rock in the 'Church of our Fathers.' 'As soon as they (the 'quire) had begun singing *Gloria Patri* at the end of the "introit," 'the celebrant came forth. Going with the deacon and sub-'deacon to the right or south end of the altar, he read the introit 'or "office" which the quire had just sung.'—Vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 186. This is Dr. Rock's description of Sarum use, with evidently a colouring from Roman and more modern practice. Still, it does remarkably explain the direction of 1549, though it seems but little to tally with the wording and direction of the Sarum book itself, as existent in the missals and described below. Thus much for custom, which is simple in itself, but hard to reconcile with the letter and teaching of the great book.

In order, then, to get a clearer view of this office or introit, 'as they call it,' we must go back a step, not to the mere custom, but to the book which they used who did so call it. For obvious reasons we will refer to Mr. Walker's version. It is the book before us, has special claims on our notice, and, besides, simplifies a rather complicated series of directions:—

'The priest about to say mass shall say the following hymn while he clothes himself in the sacred vestments [Veni Creator Spiritus], "Come Holy Ghost," with the Versicle and Response. Then the collect "O GOD, unto Whom all hearts be open—Amen."

'The choir having taken their places, the priest standing with his assistant below the sanctuary step, shall say this antiphon:

'*Ant.* I will go to the altar of GOD. Psalm 43. Judica me, DEUS, *entire, with* Gloria Patri. *Then is said* the antiphon, I will go to the altar of GOD: the GOD of my joy and gladness.

'KYRIE eleyson. CHRISTE eleyson. KYRIE eleyson.

'OUR FATHER. HAIL MARY, *all in secret* (*i.e.*, inaudibly.—Note, p. 38).

'*Let the principal ruler of the choir then enquire the Introit of the Precentor, and inform his fellow, and let it be begun together by them both. While it is being sung the ministers go up to the altar in order: first the two taper-bearers, then the ministers, afterwards the sub-Deacon, then the Deacon, and lastly the Priest. Arrived at the step of the altar, the Priest says the confession as follows, the Deacon assisting at his right hand, the sub-Deacon at his left.' Then the service having proceeded through* Confession and Absolution, *and* "Our help standeth in the name of the LORD" *having been said, the Kiss of Peace given, the altar kissed and afterwards censed, and the Priest censed, and the Text or book out of which the sub-Deacon executes his ministry having been kissed likewise, the choir having finished the* Introit, *proceed with the* KYRIE.

'KYRIE eleyson' three times.

'CHRISTE eleyson' three times.

'KYRIE eleyson' three times.

'*Then the Priest in the midst of the altar sings aloud,* "Glory be to GOD on high."'

Proceeding thus far, we reach the same point in the book

of Sarum, and in that of 1549—namely, the finishing of the office or introit, and repetition of the KYRIE preparatory to the priests beginning aloud 'GLORIA in Excelsis.' In 1549 that office or introit was, as we have seen, an entire psalm, proper, appointed for the day, and regularly prefixed to each Sunday and saint's day collect, just as the Easter anthems stand before the collect for Easter Day now. In Sarum, however, it was something very different, as will be seen from the introits which we will now proceed to give—those for Advent, and which, for the sake of comparison, always pleasant and instructive in such matters, we will parallel with those of Milan (the Ambrosian), of Toledo (the Mozarabic), and, it may be, another or two of churches more modern, for the sake of contrast as well as comparison. We will commence with Mr. Walker's version of that for the first Sunday in Advent, which he gives in note 6, p. 39, by way of specimen, introducing it with the following observation ;—'The introit consisted of a short antiphon, with one or 'two verses of a psalm with Gloria. When the choir had 'rulers, the antiphon was repeated three times—viz. once at the 'beginning, once before the gloria of the psalm, and again after '—but otherwise only twice. The service was sung *cum 'regimine chori* on all Sundays and double feasts, and on simple 'feasts so marked in the calendar. On double feasts there were 'four rulers, on simple feasts *cum reg. chori*, two.'

SARUM. MR. WALKER.

1st SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Ad te levavi.*

[*Office* or] *Introit.* (*The Rulers begin*) To THEE, (*The Choir continue*) do I lift up my soul : my GOD, I have hoped in Thee : and shall not be confounded, neither shall mine enemies laugh me to scorn, for all they that hope in Thee shall not be confounded.

Psalm. Shew me thy ways, O LORD : and teach me Thy paths.

The Introit. To THEE do I lift up my soul . . . . for all they that hope in Thee shall not be confounded.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

As it was in the beginning, &c.

The Introit. To THEE do I lift... ...not be confounded.

'The original Gregorian adds to this,' says Dr. Neale, ('Essays,' 137).

Vers. ad repetendum. Lead me forth in Thy truth, and learn me,

MILAN. DR. NEALE.

1st SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Ad te levavi.*

[*Ingressa*]. UNTO THEE, O LORD, do I lift up my soul : my GOD, I have put my trust in Thee. O let me not be confounded, neither let mine enemies triumph over me. For all those that seek Thee shall not be confounded.

MODERN PARIS. *Introit* as above.

Psalm. According to thy mercy think Thou upon me, O LORD, for Thy goodness.

TOLEDO. DR. NEALE, p. 138, cf. p. 175.

1st SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Ecce super montes.*

[*Office*]. BEHOLD upon the mountains the feet of him that preacheth glad tidings of peace, Alleluia ; that telleth good things, Alleluia ; celebrate, O Judah, thy Feasts, Alleluia ;

for Thou art the GOD of my salvation: in Thee hath been my hope all the day.

and pay unto the LORD thy vows, Alleluia.

V. The LORD gave the word: great was the company of the preachers.

Ps. And pay unto the LORD thy vows.

V. Glory and honour be to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST [for ever and ever], Amen.

Ps. And pay unto the Lord thy vows, Alleluia.

V. For ever and ever. *R.* Amen.

Dr. Neale points to the beauty of the Mosarabic or Toledan, as furnishing a fine and fitting opening of the season of Advent, and, indeed, of the Christian year.

SARUM. DR. NEALE.

2nd SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Populus Syon.*

Office, or *Introit.* PEOPLE OF SION, behold the LORD cometh to save the nations: and the LORD shall cause the glory of His voice to be heard in the joy of your heart.

Psalm. HEAR, O Thou Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep: shew Thyself, Thou that sittest upon the cherubim.

Repeat as before, with Gloria.

Intr. PEOPLE. *V.* Glory. *R.* As it was. *Intr.* PEOPLE OF SION.

TOLEDO. DR. NEALE.

2nd SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Super montem altissimum.*

Office. GET THEE up upon the high mountain, thou that preachest glad tidings unto Sion. Lift up thy voice with strength, thou that preachest glad tidings to Jerusalem: say to the cities of Judah, Alleluia, Alleluia.

V. OUR GOD shall manifestly come; OUR GOD, and shall not keep silence, Alleluia.

(*Repeat as before*).

Ps. Say. *V.* Glory and honour. *Ps.* Say.

MILAN. DR. NEALE.

2nd SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Memento nostri.*

Ingressa. REMEMBER us, O LORD, according unto the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people: O visit us with Thy salvation. That we may see the felicity of Thy chosen, and rejoice in the gladness of Thy people, and give thanks with Thine inheritance.

[*See Sarum, 4th Sunday in Advent, infra.*]

MODERN PARIS. Complete Missal.

2nd SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Præparare in occursum.*

Introit. PREPARE to meet thy GOD, O Israel. For behold HE that formeth the mountains and breatheth the wind, and declareth His word to man: the LORD, the GOD of HOSTS is His name.

Ps. THE EARTH is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof: the world, and all they that dwell therein.

V. GLORY. *Intr.* PREPARE.

It will be observed, that Toledo here carries on the subject of *the first* Sunday's Office. Rome agrees with Sarum here, and *where not specially* noted to the contrary.

SARUM. MR. SIBTHORP.
3rd SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Gaudete in Domino.*

Office or *Introit.* REJOICE in the LORD alway, and again I say, Rejoice.[1] Let your moderation be known unto all men. The LORD is at hand. Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto GOD.

Psalm. LORD, Thou hast become gracious unto Thy land: Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

Int. REJOICE. *V.* GLORY be. *R.* AS it was. *Int.* REJOICE.

TOLEDO. DR. NEALE.
3rd SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Ecce revelabitur.*

Office. BEHOLD, the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed; Alleluia. And all flesh shall see; Alleluia. That the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it; Alleluia.

V. OUR GOD shall manifestly come: our GOD, and shall not keep silence. Alleluia.

Ps. THAT the mouth. *V.* GLORY and honour.

Ps. THAT the mouth . . . hath spoken it.

MILAN. DR. NEALE.
3rd SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Superextolletur.*

Ingressa. HIS fruit shall be lifted up above Lebanon, and they shall flourish out of the city, like grass upon the earth; and His name shall be blessed for ever, and His name shall remain before the sun, and his seat before the moon, for ever and ever: and in Him shall the ends of the earth be blessed.

MODERN PARIS. DR. NEALE.
3rd SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Rorate cæli.*

Introit. DROP down [dew] ye heavens from above, and let the clouds rain down the Righteous One: let the earth be opened, and let it bud forth the Saviour.

Ps. THE heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

V. GLORY be. *Intr.* DROP down.

Upon these last four introits, it may be observed, that the Sarum Office for this the third Sunday in Advent, is the opening of the epistle for the fourth Sunday—that the Paris Introit, and that of other French churches for the third Sunday, is the Sarum and Roman Introit for the Ember Wednesday in the third week of Advent—the same being now the Roman and Narbonne Introit for the fourth Sunday, and the Ambrosian or Milanese for the fifth. We may add, that in a popular little book of English Introits this *Rorate*, in the common English version, has been chosen for the standing Advent Introit. It seemed, in our English, to want a little more point here, to give full effect to the application of Scripture. We have, therefore, departed in a word or two from our canon, and excepted, though but slightly, to our rule. As a version of the Vulgate, which here differs very widely from the Old Latin version, and furnishes the words of the Introit, some may like to see the two translations of this verse by

Wycliffe, or rather the two versions of his translation. Oxford, 1850.

ISAIAH XLV. 8.

Deweth ye heavens from above, and clouds rain they the rightwise. Be opened the earth, and burioune it a Saviour.

Heavens, send ye out dew from above; and cloudis rain a just man: the earth be opened, and bring forth the Saviour.

SARUM. Early Rome. Drontheim. Palencia. Aberdeen. Milan (2d Sunday in Advent). Würtzberg. Mentz. Ratisbon. Utrecht. Saltzburg. Modern Sens, and others. *Antiphonar. Gregorian.*, apud Thomasium, v. 13.

4th SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Memento nostri.*

Office. REMEMBER me, O LORD, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people: O visit me with Thy salvation, that I may see the felicity of thy chosen, and rejoice in the gladness of thy people, and give thanks with thine inheritance.

Psalm. WE have sinned, with our fathers, we have done amiss, and dealt wickedly. *Office.* REMEMBER. *V.* GLORIA. *Office.* REMEMBER me.

TOLEDO.

4th SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Office and *Psalm. Same as 1st Sunday.*[1]

MILAN. DR. NEALE.

4th SUNDAY IN ADVENT. *Vox clamantis.*

Ingressa. THE voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: prepare ye the way of the LORD, make straight in the desert a highway for our GOD.

MODERN PARIS.

4th SUNDAY IN ADVENT. Is. lvi. 1.

Introit. THUS saith the LORD, Keep ye judgment and do justice, for my salvation is near to come, and my righteousness to be revealed.

Ps. GOD be merciful unto us and bless us, and shew us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us.

V. GLORY be. *Intr.* THUS saith the Lord.

It is well known that with Milan and Toledo, there are six Sundays in Advent—the season commencing with them about a week before the Prophet Isaiah is begun to be read by us in the daily service at the latter end of November—which is a kind of anticipation of, or preparation for, Advent. The fourth and fifth of the Toledan are the same as the first and second. The fifth Milanese is, as we have said, the same as Sarum and Roman Ember Wednesday—which is the *present* Roman fourth Sunday and the new Paris and Narbonne third.[2] The sixth of Milan is said to be one of those composed by S. Ambrose

[1] Durandus, Lib. VI. xi. 3, says: 'in introitu dicens, secundum quasdam ecclesias. *Memento nostri* DOMINE, *in beneplacito perpetuo tuo*,'—a various reading of the introit not remarked upon either in Thomasius or by Salvator.

[2] *Rorate*, it should be observed, is mentioned in the Gregorian Antiphonar, after *Memento* in the 4th Sunday in Advent, thus: '*Alia Antiphona* [ex MSS. *A and M.*] Rorate cœli. *Ps.* Cœli enarrant. [*Require supra*, Feria IV.]' For it is Gregorian, and stands in full as Introit under Wednesday in the Ember, or 3d week in Advent.

himself, and the sixth Mosarabic is a sort of grand Handelian anthem. These will be found in a former page of ours, and in Dr. Neale's 'Essays,' p. 176. We will give the Latin *Ingressa*. 'VIDES NE Elizabeth cum DEI genetrice Mariâ disputantem: 'Quid ad me venisti, Mater DOMINI mei? Si enim scirem, in 'tuum venirem occursum. Tu enim Regnatorem portas, et ego 'prophetam: tu legem dantem et ego legem accipientem: tu 'Verbum et ego vocem proclamantis Adventum Salvatoris.' *Missale Ambrosianum. Mediolani*, 1768. *Dominica Sexta de Adventu.*

We have now done, for the present at least, with our rather large selection of Introits. We wished to have it sufficiently full, that one might throw light upon the other, and the sequence suggest their *rationale*. It will be seen, at a glance, how utterly unfitted they would be to supply the place, or fulfil the duty performed by the Westminster 'Sanctus.' Such introits never were intended for such a service. They were, in fact, not introits at all, in our present sense of the word, as hymns, psalms, or anthems, introductory to the Lord's Prayer and Collect for purity, and as prefacing the whole service of Holy Communion, although they were very genuine psalms and anthems of approach, commencing a fresh and more solemn portion of the Office and Ordinary of the Mass. Gerbert (i. 362) cites Durandus, as giving, among other reasons for the name Introitus, this, 'Quia per illam antiphonam ad officium intratur' [vel introitur] 'qui etiam vocatur officium, quasi efficium, prout 'dicetur in proëmio quintæ partis,' and a very curious proëm that of the fifth part of the 'Rationale' is, as may be guessed from Durandus' derivation of the word *officium*. Still, a very good reason he gives for calling it the office-introit, because, through saying or singing that, the priest enters upon business. In what special light our reformers of 1549 regarded it, it is difficult to say, with any certainty. As a note of preparation for the whole service, they evidently rated it, by ordering its anticipatory singing by the clerks. As an indispensable portion of the priest's duty they as clearly reckoned it, by directing that he himself should say it. Perhaps, if they had set themselves to define the Psalm appointed for the Office or Introit, as they call it, for that day, they would have said that the clerks sang the 'Introit,' the priest said the 'Office,' seeing that, as its use, so its character, was twofold. If so—and a very debatable and somewhat intricate question might be raised on this—in its former use, it would answer to the anthem *Introibo*, at the commencement of the service, and from thence draw naturally its name of *introitus*; in its latter application, it would become *officium*, because marking the priest's last approach to the altar,

and entrance on its more immediate duty. Having drawn this deduction broadly from the facts before us, and the comparison of 1549 on these points with Sarum, which is in fact one with all unreformed Western Churches, we might at once proceed to make that practical use of our conclusion, which our own Church wants, and would, in this particular of introits, seem likely to invite and welcome. We wish, however, to premise a few words, which must be allowed to save us, though they may suggest, innumerable references. There does seem to have been a double introit, an earlier and a later, the *Introibo* and *Officium*, just as there was a double Psalm, the *Judica me* and the Psalm of the Office. Pope Celestine is said to have ordered the Psalms, and S. Gregory to have added the Anthems, that is the *Introibo*—belonging to the *Judica me* and the *Officium*, pertaining to the other Psalm. 'Bona, Rerum Liturgicarum,' lib. ii. cap. iii. sec. iii.

It will be observed, too, that in each case, in Sarum and in the old books, *Introibo*, and the Psalm *Judica me* (we cannot see that Bangor or York are exceptions), as well as the *Officium* and Psalm proper, are followed by *Kyrie eleyson, Christe eleyson, Kyrie eleyson*—in the case of the *Officium*, perhaps, as became its advancement in the service, with greater dignity and effect. Still, each of the pairs, anthem and psalm, had the same setting, as each was to mark the same kind of act, differing the one act from the other only in degree, namely, the nearer approach to God. In point of fact, if one were asked which of the two more exactly fulfilled the direct and plain signification of the name *Introitus*—'going in,' we should say at once the '*Introibo*.' That others have felt this, is clear from a passage in the 'Observations on the Rites of the Church of Laon,' p. 373: 'Aliis demum Introitus videtur dictus a primo verbo 'quo utitur sacerdos in ingressu ad altare. Nam sacrificium 'incipiens ait "Introibo ad Altare Dei," qui versiculus est in 'missa pervetustus, ut constat ex Liturgiis Basilii et Chrysostomi 'et ex Ambrosio.'

Then the 'Observer' (Ant. Bellotte) goes on to say that this does not square well with what has gone before, and what other people have said, which is nothing very remarkable, considering that 'quot homines tot sententiæ'—that the verse does not belong to the Introit—which, of course, if he means the *Officium*, it does not—and that in some churches, as in Milan and Laon, it is not used—which would be nothing to the purpose, were it so—both churches being otherwise supplied with Introits in name or thing. Milan, however, has *Introibo*, and in its usual place, which, we suppose, the 'Observer' of Laon *must have known*, though he overlooked it at the moment, and

has not the name *Introitus* in its service, but *Ingressa* instead, which, we suppose, was what the 'Observer' meant to have said.

Omitting the many hints and inferences to the like effect, which may be found up and down the pages of all the more noted writers on matters of the Liturgy, we will merely add a passage from Sala, in his notes on Cardinal Bona: 'Liturgicarum,' lib. ii. cap. iii. sect. iii., note (5), tom. iii. p. 34:—'In 'aliquibus ecclesiis dicebatur tantum versus "Introibo" non 'vero Psalmus "Judica," ut videre est in Missâ antiquâ 'Mosarabum, qui Psalmus ibi dicitur post offertorium ante 'præfationem. In aliis Psalmus iste recitabatur pro Introitu 'et ante ipsum versus "Introibo" uti et nunc tempore Pas-'sionis, et apud dictos Mosarabes in Missis Defunctorum.'

Now, of these two sorts of Introits, the Entrance and the Proper Psalm, the *Introitus* and the *Officium*, our service stands much in need. For both of these our Church can make good room—of both can make good use. Westminster, right and wrong at once, both warns and teaches us. Let us thank her for her teaching. What we want is a something—Hymn, Psalm, or Canticle, as it may be, which may be proper enough to so sufficiently mark out the season, as to prevent solecisms in rite, yet not be so far out of men's first thoughts, as to need giving out to be known. Some plain, bold, well-known hymns, psalms, or anthems we want, which, so soon as the first word is uttered, the first note sung by the quire, on the clergy moving up to the altar, can be recognised and joined in at once by all the congregation. No doubt, the Psalm (xliii.) 'Judge me, O God,' with its anthem verse, 'Then will I go unto the altar of God,' is exceedingly fine and appropriate. So also is 'O, be joyful,' with its 'O, go your way into his gates;' but so also are others, as we hope to show, and affording, what with our service we specially need, a greater, though it must still be a safe and simple change. It must be a change, needing no giving out. Giving out mars everything—especially that, which is in fact a link between two services, though purely introductory to the latter—a progress, a procession, an ingress, an introit; an ingoing. One refined and highly instructed congregation could well compass a far more liturgical system of introits, so to speak, as they could a more varied course of hymns and anthems, if they had only themselves to think for; but we are devising for the many, and must accommodate our suggestions to them. With a rather wider latitude, we will take our prefaces as a sort of analogy. Broad seasons must rule our rule—Advent for instance, Christmas, Epiphany and after, Septuagesima and Lent, Easter—

Ascension, Whitsuntide, Trinity—and after, with the Ember weeks, or rather octaves, at the four seasons—these must be our limit, and selection most easy, our line.

For Advent then, the first and second Sundays, we would suggest the taking of 'Jubilate' into the Morning Service, which is of course no unritual act, seeing that 'Jubilate' is one of the Sunday Matin-Laud Psalms for Sarum, and indeed, with certain exceptions of Milan and the Benedictines, for the Western Churches generally. Then for the introit we would use the canticle 'Benedictus,' at that time used rightly enough in the Morning Service after 'Jubilate,' and having by this transference for two Sundays from canticle to introit great, because fresh, point given to its burden. For the Sundays three and four in Advent, we would use Veni Creator, as very fitting for the two Sundays, closing in the Advent Ember week, and as ourselves remembering the Priest's use of the hymn at the beginning of the Sarum and Bangor, and we may add, among many others, at the commencement of the Drontheim, Palencian, and Aberdeen ordinary of the mass: so making it, in fact, the primary element of a triplex introitus or ingressa.

For Christmas we would have the good old 'Hark, the herald Angels sing,' a chorale all over: and total abstinence from that mawkish favourite 'Adeste fideles.' For Epiphany, with no proper Psalms appointed for Matins and Even Song, with no preface in the Holy Communion, and falling six times out of seven on another day of the week than Sunday, we would certainly take the seventy-second Psalm, 'Give the king thy judgments, O GOD:' laying special stress on the ninth, tenth, and eleventh verses, and again on the fifteenth. Its noble burst at the beginning, and its majestic close, fit it exactly for a Psalm of entrance with a congregation such as a Twelfth-day one is likely to be in our Churches, able to catch its first words and to understand and value the bearing of every verse and line in it. Besides which, the office Psalm, though not the *Officium*, of Sarum for this day was the first verse of this Psalm, our seventy-second. For the Sundays after the Epiphany, if a change be desired, we would suggest 'Jubilate' as the most appropriate Psalm, we mean our hundredth not the sixty-sixth. For Septuagesima, with the putting on of its violet or sad-coloured apparel, we would appoint the 'Lamentation of a Sinner—O Lord turn not thy face away'—a most plaintive and touching hymn, which all English Churchmen know well and love to sing. For the first and second Sundays in Lent, as enclosing the Ember week, and being what we might call an Ember octave, there will be 'Veni Creator' again, fulfilling, as it were, the duty of the first or *opening* hymn of Salisbury use. For the third Sunday we

return to 'The Lamentation,' and so continue up to Easter. For Refection or Mid-Lent Sunday, the fourth in Lent, it is hardly worth while to make a change, even if it were likely that the twenty-third Psalm would be caught up by the congregation at large—at once, and without hesitation. Perhaps, however, as Refection Sunday is in some measure precursive to Maundy Thursday, the original Corpus Day of the Church, it may be as well to propose for them the twenty-third Psalm in the Psalter. For, on second thoughts, the very words—'The Lord is my Shepherd,' boldly delivered by the precentor or quire, would, beyond all doubt or error, sufficiently indicate the Psalm. For Passion Sunday, the fifth in Lent, there may be no need to vary 'The Lamentation;' for Palm Sunday there is no opportunity, even if it would be proper, to introduce, with a more jubilant Psalm or Hymn of Entrance, a service which contains the reading of the first of the Passion Gospels. Otherwise from Passion Sunday to Maundy Thursday exclusive, we would have suggested, as we will in the table below, the Anthem 'O Saviour of the World—who by thy Cross and pre-'cious Blood hast redeemed us—Save us and help us, we humbly 'beseech Thee, O Lord,' as being known to all, and recalling many a tender and touching recollection of past sicknesses, and of Him who bore them. On Easter-day we would have 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day;' but for the Monday and Tuesday in Easter Week, and indeed through all the Paschal season up to Ascension, we would appoint and continue the Easter Anthems 'Christ, our passover.' On Ascension-day as on Epiphany, though not for quite the same imperative reason, we would choose a proper Psalm, the twenty-fourth—'The earth is the Lord's'—singing the seventh verse, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates,' just as the clergy enter within the altar railings. The Psalm, though 'proper' for the Even Song, does not otherwise, than by use here, form part of the morning service on Ascension-day. If it be thought, when sung at length, needless to repeat the substance of the fifteenth already sung at Matins as one of the proper Psalms—the twenty-fourth, when used here for an introit, might commence at the seventh verse—'Lift up.' The same (twenty-fourth) Psalm might serve for the Sunday after Ascension, unless, for the sake of making sure of being understood, you choose to return to 'Jubilate.'

For Whitsunday, and its week, 'Veni Creator' of course and without question will come on, we should say for Trinity as well. If, however, in the minds of any there might be a lurking lingering wish to retain one fragment of 'Westminster use,' we think that it could never, and in no way be done more seasonably, more appropriately, than by repeating the 'Tersanctus'

for the Anthem of entrance on the morning of Trinity Sunday. In that case, and on that occasion, what is now felt to be a mere convenience and a stop-gap, would become very significant and reverent, because full of meaning. After Trinity, to the Ember Octave, we would use 'Jubilate,' and after the two Sundays enclosing the Ember-days, we would take, for old association sake, and for the joy of all English Church people, 'the Old Hundredth,' as it is called, 'All people that on earth do dwell,' that so the old year ecclesiastical may go out with the heartiest thunder of song that ever Church could boast of. For all the fine hymns and set music phrases in the world, give us a large English church in full voice, and singing 'the Old Hundredth.' Perhaps, having thought of Milan, and Toledo, and of our own use of Isaiah for the daily lessons, anticipatory of Advent, we should be disposed to take 'Jubilate' in its psalm not hymn-form, for the psalm of entrance on the Sunday before Advent, the 'Stir-up Sunday,' as speaking more staidly and in a tone of less exulting invitation, than the jubilant metrical chorale: or it may be that, taking into account, with Mr. J. H. Blunt, the Advent, rather than after Trinity, tone of the collect, and especially of the Epistle and Gospel, for the last Sunday after Trinity it would be better on that day to commence with 'Benedictus' for the Psalm of Entrance, continuing it through the first and second Sundays in Advent, as recommended above. Of the saints' days and other holy days, not much need be said. In a considerable measure they would be ruled by the season, as for instance in Christmas time, and the forty days after Easter, during which, respectively, 'Hark the herald Angels,' and 'Christ our passover,' might be carried on. Then again on saints' days the congregations, as we have said with regard to the Epiphany, are more trained to quickness in catching, and readiness in rendering a fairly known psalm or hymn, than the whole body of the people assembled on Sunday in their crowded church can be supposed to be. About a regular saint's day congregation there hangs a oneness as of a christian family; nothing in reason and ritually correct would be out of place with them. We need say, therefore, little about them. 'Jubilate' would be a very proper general Psalm of Entrance, but on the day of S. John the Baptist, as 'Benedictus' is by rubric shut out of Morning Service, we think we should give it place as a special Psalm of Entrance, so that we may not on S. John's-day lose S. John's canticle, *i.e.* his father's hymn of prophecy altogether, out of the sung service of the Church. On S. Michael and all Angels, we should certainly put in a word for our own old favourite, which is to Sternhold and *Hopkins the* purple patch that the 'Burial of Sir John Moore'

is to Charles Wolfe's Remains, a strike-out of real poetry, in expression unsurpassed for its simplicity, for its plain and quiet grandeur. Lest our readers of this generation may know nothing of what we are saying, we will take the liberty, with a correction long adopted by all who used the verses, of giving the words as they stand in the old version, Psalm xviii., verses 9, 10.

'THE LORD descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky:
On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.'

To guard our purpose from being mistaken, we feel bound to repeat and add, that to obtain for an Entrance Psalm or Hymn a something church-like, well known, congregational in the right sense of the word, and sufficiently characteristic of season to prevent baldness, has been the sole secondary object we have had in view, as accessory to the great object of promoting a sense of reality in devotion and worship, which can be attained only by adopting something that needs no verbal conversational syllabic giving out—no giving out beyond what all such hymns and psalms,and canticles require, a clear, distinct, pronounced,musical, that is, vocal intonation; an utterance as of authority at the commencement. We know the effect of such in the Creed and 'Gloria,' and in the Psalms, at the Abbey and elsewhere. Our first introit should be a burst of song.

This we crave for our introibo, as we might call it, our anthem, or psalm or hymn of approach or entrance, at the priest's second-procession or setting forth from his stall or seat, in the quire or chancel, or from his vestry and sacristy, toward the altar. 'Sacerdotis ad offerendum sacrificium euntis duplex 'est processio: una e propriis ædibus ad ecclesiam, altera in ipsâ 'ecclesiâ ad altare.' Bona, 'Rer. Lit.' lib. ii., c. ii., s. 1. To this second 'processio' it was that the 'Introibo' and 'Judica' belonged. But Sala notes—'*quando* institutum fuerit ut *in accessu* '*ad altare* diceretur Psalmus Judica cum antiphona "Introibo" 'non est ita facile judicare.' Vol. iii. p. 34, col. 1. And he afterwards (col. 2.) cites the author of 'Les Anciennes Liturgies,' p. 392: 'Qui addit S. Carolum Borromæum in Missalis Ambrosiani 'reformatione, per ipsum facta, (uti etiam constat ex præfatione 'Frederici Card. Borromæi ad idem Missale Ambrosianum, ejus 'jussu editum an. 1609) ut Ambrosianum Romano Ritui ac-'commodaret, hunc Psalmum "Judica" dicendum in accessu

'ad Altare instituisse in suâ Ecclesiâ Mediolanensi.' All which tends to show of this Introibo, 'ut a sacerdote ad altare pro-'cedente diceretur. Tandem usus invaluit ut ad altare recita-'retur.' Sala, vol. iii. p. 35, col. 1. In a word; however, during the long course of years, the custom has grown up and obtained in the Roman Church, of overlaying the simple words of the service, at high celebrations, with the singing and music of the quire and orchestra, we cannot doubt that distinctness and intelligibility were originally, and long continued to be, its prime principle. Hear Le Brun, 'Explication,' tom. i. p. 109, edit. 1726.—

'2. Le Prêtre dit l'Antienne INTROIBO.

'3. Il le dit d'une voix intelligible; parce que les Ministres qui sont autour du Prêtre doivent lui répondre, et dire l'Antienne et la Pseaume alternativement avec lui. Les autres assistans qui ne sont pas loin de l'autel, doivent répondre de même. L'Ordre Romain du quatorzième siècle le marque: et plusieurs personnes qui ont souvent assisté à la Messe que le Pape dit ou entend, assurent que cela s'observe toujours ainsi.'

'Respondetur *ad Deum*. Papa incipit Psal. *Judica* et completur tam per eum quam per astantes.'—Ord. Roman, xiv. No. 71, p. 322. Le Brun in marg.

Now, while strenuously advocating some such plain, intelligible, simple, effective, and, certainly in one sense, unisonous church-song for an 'Introit,' as we will call it, in our sense, we must not be thought desirous to displace or dismiss the introit or office proper, as we continue to call that, from its own prescriptive position in the service, after the Collect for purity, and before the Commandments and Kyries. Nor would we wish to cast the shadow of a shade over those little books of introits, framed after the uses of Rome and Paris, for adoption among ourselves; the compilation of which has, at any rate, testified to the wants of the Church of England, that an introit-system is not only looked upon as an accessory to, but as a necessity of her service. We refer to them with no great particularity now, not from thinking lightly of them, their purpose, or execution; but, simply because, their introit-anthems requiring to be given out, they would not meet our view of the introit; and, never having been in an authorized English book, they could scarcely, or with any shadow of authority, be introduced as offices into the service itself, after the Collect for purity. With the Introit Psalms of the first book of 1549, (that book, be it remembered, which the act of uniformity, Edward VI. 2° 3°, chap. i., declares to have been 'set forth by the aid of the Holy Ghost,') and with them as introits to fall back upon, the case is widely different. In the multiplied celebrations of Holy Communion,—*per se* and apart from the Matin service, now so uni-

versal,—a proper psalm would be a very valuable help to the mind. And there, as a thing quite native, and almost acknowledged by all, it would come in properly and with good effect. We should like to see those introit or office psalms introduced, or, at least, the trial made at once. Let some earnest, but calm clergyman try: of course, in the separate celebrations they would be most important and effective, and there, no doubt, could arise no difficulty. Look, for instance, at Psalm xlvii. for this office, at early Communion on Ascension-day. What an improvement and advance would that be upon the old London practice of commencing Holy Communion, when it was celebrated early, with the offertory; leaving out altogether Collect, Epistle, Gospel, and Creed—or rather, we should say, deferring them to an after part of the day, when, perhaps, there was no full service, that is, not any celebration at all.

And here let us interpose one remark more. That, in advocating a comparatively speaking fixed or well-known hymn or psalm before the Lord's Prayer, (for *Introibo* and *Judica* were fixed,) and the proper varying psalm of the office after the Collect for purity, and before the kyrie, (for the *officium* and psalm did vary), we are really only carrying out the intention of Celestine, the prescription of the ancient Church, and the spirit of our first reformed book (1549); nay, in the appointed introits or offices, its very letter; and in that spirit, and with that simple appliance and adaptation to ourselves out of our own sources, which may best conform it to the mind and purpose both of the one and of the other, to the custom of the Church of our day. Let the desire of doing this plead our apology, if one be needed, for so long detaining our readers with the detail of a matter, connected with the Holy Communion, secondary, indeed, to its sacramental, sacrificial character, almost beneath the notice of great Church Ritualists, yet important in itself, and of sufficient practical moment to have not only engaged heretofore the attention of both writers and readers of the *Remembrancer*, but to have invited the notice and remark of Mr. Orby Shipley, in his exhaustive contrast, and comparison of the two Liturgies of 1549 and 1662, in the closing paper of the 'Church and the World.'

Shall we, then, be deemed intrusive if, before dismissing this portion of our subject, and taking up a new line of thought, we put our own notion and suggestion as to the 'Introit,' into a brief tabular form, to assist the mind through the eye—referring for the Table of 'Offices,' to any of the well-known reprints of the book of 1549, and especially to that Psalm Table in Mr. J. H. Blunt's 'Annotated Common Prayer-book,' which he has inserted at page 68, in note 2.

Table of Introits or Psalms, Hymns, and Canticles of Entrance to be used immediately before the Holy Communion.

Advent Sundays 1 and 2.	'Benedictus Dominus.'
„ „ 3 and 4.	'Veni Creator.'
Christmas-day.	'Hark, the herald Angels sing.'
Epiphany.	Psalm lxxii. 'Give the King.'
Sundays after Epiphany.	'Jubilate.'
Septuagesima to Ash-Wednesday.	'O Lord, turn not Thy face away.'
Lent, Sundays 1 and 2.	'Veni Creator.'
„ „ 3, 5, 6.	'O Lord, turn not Thy face away.'
„ Sunday 4.	Psalm xxiii. 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'
Passion and Palm Sundays.	'O Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross.'
Maundy Thursday.	Psalm xxiii. 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'
Easter-day.	'Jesus Christ is risen to-day.'
„ Monday to Ascension, excl.	'Christ our Passover.'
Ascension-day, and Sunday after.	Psalm xxiv. 'The earth is the Lord's.'
Whit Sunday to Trinity, exclusive.	'Veni Creator.'
Trinity Sunday.	'Sanctus,' or 'Veni Creator.'
After Trinity, Sundays 1—15.	'Jubilate.'
Ember Octave.	'Veni Creator.'
After Trinity, Sundays 16—26.	Old Hundredth.
Sunday before Advent.	'Benedictus.'
Saints' days out of Septuagesima and Lent.	Introit of the week or season.
Saints' days in Septuagesima and Lent.	'Jubilate.'
Purification or Candlemas.	'Nunc dimittis.'
Annunciation or Lady-day.	'Magnificat.'
S. John the Baptist's day.	'Benedictus.'
S. Michael and all Angels.	'The Lord descended from above.' Ps. xviii. verses 9, 10, O. V.

Here we have set forth the table; now let us set on the cheer. We owe it to our readers to refresh them, after this wearisome discourse about 'Introits.' And they shall have that refreshment as an *entr' acte*, in the shape of the prelude to, or, to speak more in character, from the Introit of the first of Mr. Thirning Moile's three 'State Trials;' that of 'Anne Ayliffe for Heresy;' a volume the poetry of which has won the strongly-pronounced and repeated eulogy of generous and genial William Howitt, and which, in common with the other works of its accomplished author, has secured the favour of all those self-constituted guardians of the public taste, who rejoice not in the unsavoury prefix or brevet of black.

'The western towers, embattled high in air,
Heaved o'er their bells resounding chimes to prayer;
And up the steps a reverent people marched,
Through portals caverned deep, and lowly arched,
To aisles, where shafted lights their tracery wove,
And pillared vaults embowered a shadowy grove.

Crowds sought the hallowed water, signed their brows,
And gathering eastward knelt to murmur vows;
Which dews descended as from Heaven to meet,
Dews shed by hyssops round the altar's feet.
On that high altar wrought from glittering mines,
Illuminated books, and graven shrines,
The silver pix, and chaliced gold, were laid,
Tall tapers gleamed like jewels. Priests arrayed
In white and scarlet bowed at entrance prone:
The Lord Archbishop mitred graced his throne:
His hierarchs around him filled their stalls:
And mass was sacrificed in great Saint Paul's.
"Come, let us lift for mercy heart and voice
To GOD, my GOD, who maketh youth rejoice.
Here is our refuge when the proud contemn,
O shield me, and discern my cause from them!
Shed from Thy heavenly mountain light and truth!
I come to GOD, who maketh glad my youth."
Thus from the altar's base intoning prayers,
Mid white-robed youths, then mounting up the stairs,
A Friar of orders grey the service said:
Oft bent his knees, oft bowed his shaven head,
Oft crossed him thrice: now smote upon his breast,
Now turning hailed the multitude and blest.
Choirs answered him with anthems soaring loud,
Incense curled up and wreathed on high a cloud:
In choral ranks the palled procession trod,
Hymned every saint, and chaunted praise to GOD.
While through each aisle the faithful gazing stood,
Or reading, knelt, and signed the holy rood.
Till, heard the warning of a silvery bell,
To earth all prostrate bowed the face and fell;
The primate rose, the hierarchy up:
The priest thrice offered Heaven the Host and Cup;
And all tongues quired, adoring cup and host—
"GLORY to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!
We laud, we love, we magnify Thy Name.
Thou, Who for human sins the Lamb became!
Thou, with Whose presence heaven and earth are filled!
Have mercy, Christ!" They paused: the fane was stilled.
Alone the Friar in accents clear and lowly
Pursued the chaunt—"For only Thou art holy,
Thou only wise, Thou only the Most High!"—
"LORD GOD of Sabaoth!" burst the fane's reply.
Then pealed Hosannahs, Hallelujahs rung,
Deep organs shouted with a tempest's tongue;
Through nave and transept rolled the billowy sound,
And swelled, and flooded aisles and arches round;
Each pillar trembles, kneeling statues nod,
And walls with men re-echo—thanks to God.'

State Trials by Nicholas Thirning Moile, Esq. 1st ed. pp. 1—4.

We now turn again to Mr. Walker's quarto, and read with some surprise, note *b*, page 3, of Preface: 'The province of 'York and the diocese of Lincoln had "uses" of their own. In

'North Wales the Hereford breviary and missal were used; in 'South Wales, that of Bangor. These varied slightly from the 'Salisbury office books. But the Sarum ordinale (*i.e.* the pica 'or pye) was in use not only throughout all England and Wales, 'but all Ireland also; the nucleus, perhaps, of the "United 'Church of England and Ireland,"' and we may add the very curious nucleus too, of a nut rather hard to crack. This is surely introducing Ireland into Wales with a vengeance, and reversing the order of things. In the noble MS. once in Mr. Maskell's possession, now in the Library of the British Museum, which is generally styled 'the Bangor Missal,' we find a note, says Mr. Maskell ('Monumenta Ritualia,' vol. i., page clvii. Preface) in the handwriting of the age (circiter A.D. 1400), at the end of the calendar, which 'fixes the book to have belonged 'to a church in a part of the country, where the use of Bangor 'was probably observed.' And often and often have we looked at the old writing, and thought over the changes and chances and hair-breadth 'scapes which may have befallen the venerable book for the 150 years before the Reformation, which certainly did threaten it during that stormy time, and which more or less have attended it ever since, and have yet spared it and the ancient characters which attest its unique worth: whether it really be Bangor unadulterated or not. The writing is as follows:—'This Booke was geuen to the hye alter of the Parysshe 'Churche of Oswestry, by Sr. Morys Griffith, Prist. To pray 'for all Christen soules, in the yere of oure Lorde God, a thou-'sand fyve hundred fifty and foure.' There was anciently at Oswestry a monastery, the church of which, S. Oswald, 'was turned,' says Leland, 'to a paroche chirch,' and is described by him, still in his 'Itinerary,' as having been sometime 'caullid the White minster.'

We have appended this to our notice of the note, simply to show that the reference to the Bangor-book as being that of South Wales, and to the Hereford use as being that of North Wales, must surely be an error of the press or pen.

To the list of books concerning the altar service and its music (p. 5), might be added the Troperium, Troponarium or Troparium,—the Troper or Trope-book, containing, strictly speaking, the tropes or antiphons of the Introits or Offices; the Offertorium, containing the offertories; the Liber Sequentiarius, or Sequentialis, holding the sequences when not contained in the Trope-book, nor comprised, as seems to have been sometimes the case, with trope, proper and improper, with tract and prose, in the gradual or grayle, combined into one chief Antiphonarius, Antiphonar or anthem-book—so called from its containing all the antiphons of the Church, whether of the quire or altar service. To

be quite distinct, perhaps it may be well to say that, when in separate volumes, the anthems of quire,—*i.e.* hour service, together with the responses, were contained in a Responsoriale et Antiphorium; the anthems of altar service, whether introit, offertory, gradual, or other, were comprised in an Antiphonarius, sc. liber antiphonarum. This at least seems to have been the Roman, and is Thomasius' distinction. To speak, however, more generally, and more particularly at the same time, that is, with stricter reference to common custom, while the volume containing the quire, or hour anthems, is called the Antiphonarium, that of the altar anthems is styled the Graduale. 'Quod dicimus gradale,' says Amalarius, 'illi vocant cantatorium;' 'Nam, ideo 'cantorum dulcis vox huic operi' ('decantandi Introitûs, qui 'concentus invitatorium vocatur in vetusto ordine Romano'), 'dedita est; ut sua dulcedine idonea sit hortari populum ad 'confitendum Deum.' (Thomasius, tom. v., p. 6; quoting Amalarius, lib. iii., c. v.) While on the subject of these Church songbooks, we cannot help citing from Mr. Maskell's note 65, p. 34, vol. i., 'Monumenta,' a ludicrous misprint, reminding us somewhat of one that stole into the *Times* some years ago, and created at the time no little surprise and mirth. 'Attulit (the plaintiff) 'in curiâ meâ (Becket speaks) quendam *Toper* et juravit super 'illum! ubi legendum Troper (says Lye, Anglo-Sax. Dict.) scil 'Librum Hymnorum.' These several books and others turn up in lists and inventories, sometimes singly marked, sometimes in very varied combinations, showing that no absolute rule prevailed,—no other, in fact, than such as custom of place or convenience of person dictated. To this, indeed, is owing the fact that the Missal itself grew out of the Sacramentary, with its manifold supplements of song and service: 'Antiphonarius,' 'Lectionarius,' 'Apostolus,' 'Evangelistarium,' called also 'Evangelium,' or 'Evangeliarium,' and others, all contributing to make up the text of the one great altar-book—the Missale Plenarium, the full and perfect Mass-book of the eleventh century, like that so named in Bishop Leofric's book list, the Missale Totum, just as afterwards they had a Breviarium Totum. And even when the Missale was one, one containing not only the ordinary and canon of the mass, but all propers throughout the year; still, for the sake of the quireman and the music, the various portions were multiplied, just as now, with our complete Prayer-book, which serves as breviary, ritual, missal in one,—in short, as a perfect Totum, even we have, in separate volumes our Psalters, pointed and noted; our Communion Service books, containing kyries, creeds, and offertory sentences, set to music, with Prefaces, Ter-Sanctus, and Gloria in Excelsis; to say nothing of anthem, introit, and hymn-books, thick as leaves in

Vallombrosa, all different in more respects than one, all diverse one from another.

Again we turn to the text of all our discourse—the body of Mr. Walker's book. Primarily, then, we open it at the 'Veni Creator,' which in Sarum, Aberdeen, Drontheim, Palentia, and some others, itself opens the ordinary of the mass, standing *in extenso* at its head: as a sort of part instalment of an Introitus Triplex—the second being *Introibo*, the third the *Officium;* the introit, or ingressa, of Rome or Milan. The version which Mr. Walker presents us with is a very good one, conveying the sense of 'Creator' in the first line, which our ordination and Church version does not. We are not now about to institute a comparison of this with the many other versions of the 'Veni Creator,' which lie in such numbers around us, nor to give at length that paraphrase of 'Glorious John,' which he first composed, we believe, for a then forthcoming volume of Roman Catholic devotion, and which, together with his many other golden works, runs the risk of being overlooked by this busy and sensational generation,—too busy to hang over the pages of his poetry, too romantic to relish his staid and strong good sense. We are not engaged in a literary, so much as in a liturgical review. It is not as a portion of a new hymn-book, but as a part of the 'Divine Liturgy' of Sarum, that we would now regard it. Good, therefore, as the rendering is, we are free to add that we regret its insertion here, as the substitution for an old friend of a new; as 'another version,' which does, indeed, sound new and strange to ears accustomed to the ring of our somewhat rough Caroline, but thoroughly English translation. Even in his eclectic version of the office of Holy Communion, Mr. Sibthorp, under Wednesday in the Whitsun Ember week, gives the English vulgate version of 'Veni Creator,' so far as he gives the hymn at all—that is, he gives the first eight and the last six lines of our 'Veni' as it stands, the first of the two hymns, in the Ordination of Priests and Consecration of Bishops.

And upon this we remark *in limine*, and pronounce at once, because the hitch meets us at the very opening of the book, and we think it to involve the breach of a very essential canon of Church criticism, of a very important law in translating the Service-books of the Church: that, namely, which provides that, in rendering one Church-book out of one tongue into the language of another Church, care should be taken to adopt, in every particular, where practicable, the Church tone of the tongue in which the book is to be represented; to translate the formularies of the one into the exact, if possible, if not, into the nearest, form of the formularies of the other. When the second language does not quite reflect the former, it must be moulded and made to do

so; but where nothing of moment stands different, or contradictory, in the one, nothing, not a word, should be altered in the other. Why, then, in this case, should Mr. Walker have gone out of his way upon a mere plea, no doubt, or fancy of precision, to vary from a form which has grown into a strongly marked feature of the English book, and service generally? And this seems to us the more strange, inasmuch as Mr. Walker has not been led away by Mr. J. D. Chambers in his quarto version of the 'Sarum Psalter,' into the strange mistake of making wholesale change where no change was needed; for, not content with simply new moulding every now and then, Psalm-verse and anthem into a necessary agreement, the one with the other, in that very handsome volume of his, Mr. Chambers has actually given us a new 'Te Deum,' to make us, we suppose, dissatisfied with our old one. Now, into an extreme spirit of this odd vagary Mr. Walker has not usually wandered, though we think that he needlessly substitutes such words as 'Festivals' for 'Feasts,' *e. g.*, All Saints in the Calendar; changes away the English word 'Whitsunday,' in the Table of Feasts, for 'Pentecost;' and so literally renders the 'Collect for purity,' as we call it, as to spoil the sense of the English to an English ear, familiarized by long use and prescription to the fulness of our true and truly household version—a version as true to the cadences as to the substance of the grave original.

If one were sitting down to render 'Sarum' for Dr. Cumming to cavil and carp at, we will not say criticize, then, perhaps, the *verbum verbo* would be honest, as it certainly would be useful; but in giving a version of a Church-book for Churchmen, it is surely needless, nay, as contrary to common sense as sound principle, to make it sound stiff and foreign to them. We want to look at 'Sarum' with our own old English naked eyes, not through modern glasses, or glosses. We look to see it with the mellow tone, if not the crust, of antiquity about it, rather than in the ungenial sharpness of a spick and span new fashionable restoration. When we open a Sarum-book in English, we like it to savour of sober and venerable Bodley, more than of Sir Panizzi's gigantic palatial round-house. And this we say without having any favour for, or patience with, mere affected unreal archaisms. In this case, however, reality lies altogether on the side of age, that green old age which can afford to despise affectation, and is content to be what it looks, but demands to look what it is.

In rendering the *Introibo*, Mr. Walker, who calls it *Antiphon*, not *Anthem*, has adopted the version of our Prayer-book, as he adopts likewise the numbering of our Psalms, *e. g.* Psalm xliii. 'Judica me.' Of course when Psalms are in English, they must needs have the English numerations.

Ant. '1 WILL go to the altar of GOD, the GOD of my joy and gladness.'

In the adoption of which rendering he has been preceded by Mr. Sibthorp, who turns the anthem however into versicle and response, after the Mosarabic fashion, which Dr. Neale ('Essays,' p. 155) renders thus—'The Priest continuing after the kiss given and received,'

'I will go unto the altar of GOD.
R. Unto GOD Who rejoiceth my youth.'

Or in accordance with Mr. Thirning Moile's two very beautiful representations, first general, second special and particular: 'To GOD, my GOD, Who maketh youth rejoice;' and afterwards, 'I come to GOD, Who maketh glad my youth,' 'lætificat juventutem meam,' which is the reading both of the Vulgate and Versio Antiqua. S. Jerome's Hebrew or third version is like ours, 'ad Deum lætitiæ, exultationis meæ.' There was reason, of course, for rendering the *Confiteamur*, '*Let* us *confess* unto the Lord, for He is good' (our Bible version), 'and His mercy endureth for ever' but there seems none whatever, when translating the original of our absolution in our Communion service, for altering our Common Prayer version thus:—

English Prayer-Book.	*Mr. Walker's New Version.*
ALMIGHTY GOD have mercy upon you; pardon and deliver you from all your sins; confirm and strengthen you in all goodness, and bring you to everlasting life. Amen.	*May* ALMIGHTY GOD have mercy upon you, pardon you all your sins, deliver you from evil, preserve and confirm you in good, and lead you to everlasting life. Amen. [This rings more of Brighton than Salisbury. It may be polite, not polished.]

The Oxford Latin Prayer is content to render back the above English into its own proper Latin original. If that is a good representation of the English, why not this English of the Latin? Surely this of Mr. Walker's is an error, not in act only, but in principle, in one of the main principles of all such Church translation. And here we may notice the manner in which Mr. Walker has dealt with the rubrics. We will say nothing about condensing or shortening them. Perhaps where they were not to be fully acted upon and carried out, in so far as they concern ceremonial, it might be sufficient to give a general though carefully prepared insight into their contents, into matters so minutely ordered as they were. Only, in that case, great caution should be employed, great care taken *not* to confuse where one is seeking to condense, to displace

while attempting to distribute. We will not vouch for the identity of all the rubrics of Sarum service in the several editions, even in the greater Books. Of course in the 'ordinary' and 'canon' rubrics contained for portability in the Portiforium, one only looks for abbreviations and summaries. Such, however, of the Missals as we happen to have at hand (Regnault, Paris, 1519, Valentine, Rouen, 1554, and the Burntisland, 1861) seem in the main consentient on that head: at least, in most points of consideration or importance, yet we are not sure whether Mr. Walker has any distinct authority for anticipating the rubric (p. 39 'Div. Lit.') relating to the Rector's inquiry after the Introit, or whether he simply forestalls it for clearness and convenience' sake. The edition of all others to which we should desire to refer, is unfortunately not at hand.

The words of the Burntisland edition very possibly induced the translator to make the alteration of place. Beginning, not with 'post repetitionem officii,' but with 'Principalis Rector,' it enunciates, as there printed, a general rule, and Mr. Walker finding the 'office' of the mass to be mentioned immediately after the 'Hail Mary,' proceeds at once to pick out from below (if our readings are the same as his) and to insert here, the rubric about asking for the office. But if the portion of the rubric here referred to began three words back, it may be a question whether the whole passage had better not have been left in its own place. The *Officium* came ritually and sacerdotally immediately before the Kyrie, which without interval succeeded it when it had been sung for the last time solemnly. We have our own opinion about its third and most solemn repetition. The rubric then will read: 'Post repetitionem officii principalis 'rector chori officium missæ a cantore quærere debet: deinde 'illud socio suo intimare et postea simul incipere et similiter 'incipere Kyrie. Sequentia, Offertorium, Sanctus, Agnus, et 'Communio quærantur intimentur et incipiantur.' (Miss. Saris. 1519, 1554.) Both Missals (1519 and 1554) read 'simul incipere et similiter incipere.' Mr. Maskell leaves out the second 'incipere,' and reads 'simul incipere et similiter Kyrie, Sequentia,' &c. The Burntisland Missal does the same, only, as we have said, it omits the words '*Post repetitionem officii*' at the beginning, which Mr. Maskell does not omit (Cf. 'Ancient Liturgies,' 2d ed. p. 20, note 22, and Burntisland Missal, p. 582). This is a curious question taken in connection with our previous discussion upon the Introit; as a simply rubrical point, it has naturally been deferred until now. Mr. Walker's anticipation of the reading of the Burntisland Missal made it worth taking notice of here. Certainly the Sarum rubrics are complicated, and in some places confused. Here, however, it should be observed, that it is

'post repetitionem officii,' after its second time of saying, that the 'principalis rector chori' is to ask it of the præcentor 'a cantore;' and that as immediately introductory to the singing of the greater Kyrie. In Burntisland the former of two clauses seems to have taken the commencement of the following. But, whatever might be Mr. Walker's treatment of the longer rubrics as to their substance and subject-matter, we think that the ancient tone and language should have in any wise been retained throughout. 'The Ministers reply' is certainly not quite the English of 'Ministri respondeant;' but we do not mean to peck captiously at the grammar, because Mr. Walker may have a reason for giving the Sarum imperative, or permissive, or directive, in his own present indicative, rather than in the common indicative future of the Prayer-book. Not that we like this invariable use of the present, but the word 'Ministers,'—that is it which we object to. We unfortunately have fully enough of 'Minister this' and 'Minister that' in our own book, to satisfy us, without importing into English more from Sarum to that effect. Since the Reformation, and its Puritan or rather Genevan abuse of the word 'Ministers,' the term 'Ministers' makes on us a very different impression from that which 'ministri' would make on the users of Sarum. We should have said, 'Then shall the clerks or quire make answer,' 'Then shall they say.' There is no 'ministri' here. Neither is there in our Sarum Missals anything about the 'Ministers' replying Amen. 'Then the Priest adds,' rather 'then shall the Priest go on and say,' and so throughout the whole succession of rubrics, which, with their 'raises,' and 'kisses,' and 'incenses,' and 'follows,' and 'sings,' and 'goes,' and 'gives,' and 'turns,' and 'carries,' and 'inclines,' and 'follows,' and 'executes,' and a number of other such modernized, or at least non-liturgical terminations, only serve to vulgarize the pages, and sound, we cannot tell how harshly and out of place, in a book like Sarum and in a service so venerable. Mr. Sibthorp is much more on his guard in this important matter, though he is not altogether faultless. And this is really a point worth observing in the translation of books, Scriptural and Liturgical; and it always was closely observed by our ancient Church scholars: for, speaking roughly, we remember only one place in our version of the Holy Bible where the modern present termination in 'S' is employed instead of the older ending in 'Eth,' and this place is in the Apocrypha; and in Books of Common Prayer, setting aside 'Liturgies revised' and 'reformed,' we only at this moment remember 'Psalters' and 'Daily Services' where such an expression occurs, and that is, in one of the quasi-rubrics, as to the service of the Easter-day, and Whitsunday Collects for their respective *Holy-days and* Week-days immediately succeeding. And at

this place it may be well to say that, if in reviewing Mr. Walker's book, we were undertaking a mere literary duty, we should perhaps think it advisable to compare it with the best known and accredited versions of the Roman Liturgy, such for instance as Mr. Husenbeth's, Mr. Burns', and that contained in the complete Missal (Paris, 1846) edited by the Abbé J. Jacquin. But as we are engaged about a book done by an English Churchman, we presume primarily at least and mainly for the use of English Churchmen, and done therefore with an English Church bearing, which is right and true enough, we shall, in any further remarks or comparison of ours, restrict ourselves mostly to the version of Mr. Sibthorp, already referred to and quoted more than once, and which stands third at the head of this paper.

In the Latin 'Gloria in Excelsis,' true to their post-Reformation traditions, both translators render 'hominibus bonæ voluptatis,' according to the Greek, 'good will towards men,' rather than to the Latin. At the same time, it is worthy of remark, that 'Codex Bezæ,' in Mr. Scrivener's edition, p. 167, reads in Greek 'ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκίας,' in Latin 'in hominibus consolationis,' as indeed our readers have long known, from the notes of Griesbach and others. There is no question, however, that in rendering the Old Sarum in the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' according to our reading, Mr. Walker has done right, maintaining in this the sound Church principle, and obeying the strict ecclesiastical canon of propriety, and true criticism; as he has done likewise in adopting the English tradition of 1552, further on, by repeating the first, 'Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.' But here Mr. Sibthorp, with the view of conforming, as he thought, to Rome as well, has made a confusion in the Hymn. He inserts our intercalated clause at the beginning—which repeats the first of the original three; and then he deals with the two others by dividing them. Instead of reading, 'Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram;' 'Qui sedes ad dextram patris, miserere nobis'—he reads and renders, 'Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us;' 'Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, receive our prayer.' 'Qui sedes ad 'dextram Patris—*suscipe deprecationem nostram*—pro—*miserere* '*nobis*.' The Oxford Translators, though they retain the second 'Qui tollis' of the English of 1552, leave out the '*Dei*' from before 'Patris,' which was an insertion of 1549. Mr. Walker, as we have said, makes no omissions, but goes with England all through. Why, then, should he not call the 'clerici,' 'clerks,' instead of 'clerics?' It is the better word, and, we should think, quite as good English. In the Nicene Creed, Mr. Walker supplies the 'Holy' in 'one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church,' which Mr. Sibthorp, strangely enough,

does not. Strangely enough, we say, for here the original omission of the word was plainly an oversight. But, upon this matter of omission, which is faulty, as upon that of commission and repetition in the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' above remarked, which scarcely needs apology or excuse, we will, for their great satisfaction, refer our readers to Mr. Orby Shipley. ('Liturgies of 1549 and 1662 contrasted and compared,' pp. 538, 540; 'The Church and the World.')

We have not paused to direct attention to the ceremonial, because that is best gathered from the book itself. The one or two portions, however, which concern ourselves, may be simply pointed out—the 'inclinations,' namely, of the quire in the Creed, (1) after, 'Who came down from heaven,' and while singing, 'And was incarnate by the HOLY GHOST of the Virgin Mary;' (2) while singing, 'And was made man;' (3) while singing, 'And was crucified also for us, under Pontius Pilate;' and for the fourth and last time, while singing, 'And the life of the world to come. Amen.'

We hardly think that we should have had heart to alter the old word 'cup' into 'chalice,' considering that, in our Scriptures and Church books, 'cup' is the word invariably used, and inseparably connected in our English mind with the contemplation of our Lord's Supper and Agony. So, too, we should prefer 'enlighten' to 'illuminate,' 'The grace of the Holy Ghost 'enlighten thine heart and lips, and the Lord vouchsafe to 'accept (accipiat Dominus digne) this sacrifice of praise at thy 'hands, for our manifold sins and offences.' 'Lift up your hearts.' R. 'We hold them up to the Lord,'—even this we think preferable to Mr. Walker's 'We have [lift them up] unto the Lord.' Of course we, for our part, should have retained our own 'We lift them up unto the Lord,' which, both for sense and rhythm, is perfect; only, we suppose, Mr. Walker sticks unnecessarily at the word 'lift' for 'habemus.' He might as well have halted at 'Sursum Corda,' and remembered the Mosarabic (which, may it be forgiven us, we could never read without smiling)—

Priest. [Your] ears unto the Lord.
People. Unto the Lord, we have them.
Priest. Up [with your] hearts.
People. To the Lord let us lift them.

Yet something there is stirring in the very simplicity of these few words, as spoken by men in haste and earnest; and containing great things.

'Non omnia possumus omnes.' Our pages will admit of no *stretching* beyond a certain point. We can, in this notice of

Mr. Walker's book, follow mainly but one view. That view is, and has been, a view of his volume as a translation of old Sarum to new, for the use and benefit of the Sarum that now is, to whose good bishop he so gracefully dedicates his work. And a good translation, and goodly volume it is: worthy of all consideration, worthy of all acceptation, and therefore it is that to it, as a book, and not to its sacred contents, as a subject, we address ourselves. We have 'addicted' ourselves to it as a Church version: as a Church version, then, we must go on to the end considering it, leaving to others, abler ritualists, readier ceremonialists, than ourselves, the task, the pleasant temptation of turning aside in their notice of the book, into the stately alleys, and flowing paths of the 'Ritual and Ceremony of old England'—then quick with a spiritual life; when the book was a living Book, its altar the centre of the parish, and its churches living features in the moral landscape of English society, and when no one thought of voting against Church-rates.

The 'Habemus ad Dominum' has given us our cue. From this, we naturally pass to the prefaces, the few select prefaces of S. Gregory, that 'Golden Decade,' which is but the *residuum* of the Church's old inheritance. Often have we thought, that would any one give us a true, free, bold, yet reverend translation of very many, if not all the old 'ante et post' Gregorian prefaces, what a volume of poetry, of poetry well nigh unapproachable, should we not become possessed of. And this, we say, without desiring to take any part in the question about the Leonian, Gelasian, Gregorian, and other Roman, German, and Western prefaces, to say nothing of the Ambrosian and Mosarabian, with Bona, or his Sicilian censor, the rough Canon of Palermo, with Menard, Muratori, or Sala, or indeed with any of those who have gone deeply into the discussion of the number of prefaces—'Quot missæ tot præfationes,' or, of the truly precious 'novem tantum;' with, for us, the two added, one a proper, by sudden inspiration of a pope, Urban II.—the other, simply a 'Communis,' or more correctly, 'quotidiana.' Mr. Shipley counts the Sarum Prefaces at nine. Surely, he omits that for the 'Cross-days,' making the propers ten in all.

We have treated largely of Introits, because we thought we saw, in the point raised, a practical bearing on our own service. So now, in its measure, we do with respect to these prefaces also. They are practical, in a certain degree; at least, to us. We have retained five in number out of the ten, three from the words of the propers of Sarum—that for Easter, the Ascension preface, and the preface for Trinity Sunday, and two compiled. As we have not retained the Sarum Preface for Christmas, and,

as we have none for Epiphany, it may be as well to take them both as they stand in Mr. Walker's 'Translation,' pp. 56, 57, putting the Latin at their side for the sake of comparison, and commencing with the 'Vere dignum.'

PRÆFATIO IN DIE NATIVITATIS DOMINI.

Vere dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare, nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere: DOMINE SANCTE PATER OMNIPOTENS ETERNE DEUS.

Quia per incarnati verbi mysterium nova mentis nostræ oculis lux Tuæ claritatis infulsit, ut dum visibiliter DEUM cognoscimus per Hunc in invisibilium amorem rapiamur.

Et ideo cum Angelis et Archangelis, cum thronis et dominationibus, cumque omni militia cœlestis exercitus hymnum gloriæ tuæ canimus, sine fine dicentes,

SANCTUS, Sanctus, Sanctus, DOMINUS DEUS SABAOTH; pleni sunt cœli et terra gloriâ Tuâ: Osanna in excelsis. Benedictus QUI venit in nomine DOMINI; Osanna in excelsis.

PREFACE UPON CHRISTMAS DAY.

It is very meet and right, just and healthful, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O LORD, HOLY FATHER, ALMIGHTY, EVERLASTING GOD.

Because by the mystery of the Word made flesh a new ray of Thy glory hath shone upon the eyes of our soul: that, while we behold GOD visibly, we may be carried by Him to the love of invisible things.

Therefore with Angels and Archangels, with Thrones and Dominations, and with all the company of the heavenly host, we praise Thy glorious name, evermore saying,

HOLY, Holy, Holy, LORD GOD of HOSTS, heaven and earth are full of Thy Glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the LORD. Hosanna in the highest.

This Preface was said on Christmas-day, through the week, on Circumcision, the octave of Christmas, on all masses of S. Mary, on to the Purification or Candlemas-day, inclusive; on 'Corpus Christi,' and on the octave: but the prayer within the canon, 'infra canonem,' only up to and on Circumcision; that is, like our Preface on Christmas-day and seven days after.

PRÆFATIO IN DIE EPIPHANIÆ et per octavas et in octavis.

ÆTERNE DEUS: Quia cum unigenitus Tuus in substantiâ nostræ carnis apparuit, in novam nos immortalitatis suæ lucem reparavit.

Et ideo cum Angelis, &c.

EVERLASTING GOD: Because when Thy only-begotten Son appeared in substance of our mortal flesh, He renewed us by the new light of His immortality.

Therefore with Angels, &c.

But does the expression 'He renewed us by the new light of His immortality,' adequately represent the original 'in novam nos immortalitatis suæ lucem reparavit'? We know it is the usual, we believe the universal, rendering in all the English books; but we think it does not so represent it. Recollecting *Philippians iii.* 21, and the kindred Scriptures, we should be

much more disposed to translate, 'Because that when Thine 'Only begotten Son appeared in substance of our flesh, He re-'newed us into the new light of His own [glorious] immortality. 'Therefore,' &c. We should not forget the expression in Maccabees iv. 9, 22, μετασχηματιζόμενος εἰς ἀφθαρσίαν, which is one exactly in point.

While, however, this Preface for Epiphany is before us, and fresh in our minds and memory, we should wish to compare with it some one or two of those many prefaces which the Church, through Pelagius, if Pelagius it was, rejected; among which, if his famous letter be genuine—for all is hypothesis—were all the Prefaces for Epiphany, both vigil and day, and, of course, those which we are going to cite. It will be observed, that there is about them a sort of barbaric pomp and circumstance, well agreeing with the grandeur of the day; which is wanting to the staid Gregorian, *i. e.* to the Sarum Preface for Epiphany. It would not have been wanting, we think, had our Reformers compiled one for us.

PRÆFATIO IN VIGIL. THEOPHANIÆ.
E Sacramentario Gregoriano.

ETERNE DEUS: Et Te laudare mirabiliter DOMINUM, in omnibus operibus Tuis, quibus sacratissima regni tui mysteria revelasti. Hanc etenim festivitatem Dominicæ Apparitionis index stella præcessit, quæ natum in terrâ cœli DOMINUM magis stupentibus nunciavit. Ut manifestandus mundo DEUS, et cœlesti denunciaretur indicio et temporaliter procreatus signorum temporalium ministerio panderetur. Et ideo, &c.

Menard. S. Gregor. Lib. Sacram. 1642, p. 16.

PRÆFATIO IN VIGIL. EPIPHANIÆ.
E Missali Gothico.

DEUM OMNIPOTENTEM, Qui nobis hujus noctis festivitatem indulsit, Fratres charissimi, deprecemur, et det nobis etiam munditiam cordis, ut sicut Magi stella præeunte, DOMINUM JESUM CHRISTUM invenerunt, et optata consecuti sunt gaudia, atque, apertis thesauris suis, obtulerunt ei munera aurum, thus et myrrham: ita et nos famuli sui, Ejusdem Salvatoris nostri auxilio prævoniti, terram promissionis mereamur ingredi; ut gaudeamus nos æternâ regni cœlestis possessione ditari. Per DOMINUM nostrum JESUM CHRISTUM Filium Suum Secum viventem, semperque regnantem.

Mabillon, De. Lit. Gall. 1729, p. 205.

Bearing in mind the poverty of our Epiphany commemorations, no proper psalms, no preface—as contrasted with the greatness of the Feast—remembering, too, that neither the Introit nor Preface of Sarum have any very remarkable beauty, analogically considered, to recommend them, we had intended to have chosen from Mabillon's Gallican 'Sacramentary,' one more preface, in the shape of a *Contestatio e Missa in Ephyfania*, and so to have completed our Twelfth-day collection. But we are warned, and must leave it out: not, however, without

regret; for it is curious to see, from the *præfationes*, *collectiones*, and *contestationes*, how strong a hold the picturesqueness of the day, if we may be allowed the expression, had obtained on the Gothic and Gallican mind.

As we have said, we are more than half inclined to fancy, that, if these had fallen in our Reformers' way, they might have made of them, for the Feast of Epiphany, the use that they made, very possibly, of one from a similar source, for that of Whitsunday—moulded a new preface, to repair what they thought the penury of Sarum. But the mention of Whitsunday and its Preface reminds us of one very striking sentence, or rather word in a sentence, of Mr. Walker's translation, which we really cannot away with, nor indeed pass over, without comment. The words stand in Sarum, 'Qua propter profusis gaudiis totus in orbe terrarum mundus exultat,' which Mr. Walker renders thus: 'Whereof the whole orbit of the world rejoices with joy unspeakable,' which seems about the most eccentric rendering that ever found a footing in a Church-book. His 'heavenly Virtues,' also, we do not much like. We are accustomed, in our book, to have it rendered 'Hosts,' which seems to do well enough. Suicer, under the word Ἀρετή, No. 3, notes it as meaning 'power.' He cites Hesychius, Ἀρετή, inquit, *θεία δύναμις*. Then he says, that *διὰ δόξης καὶ ἀρετῆς*, in 2 S. Peter i. 3, is *ἓν διὰ δυοῖν*, and means 'glorious power.' So here, in the plural, it may be interpreted to mean the powers of Heaven. Therefore, we should prefer the word 'Hosts.' But, as a matter of taste, probably Mr. Walker is right in his rendering. So we leave him to his 'Virtues,' and this, too, in full recollection of Milton's five or six times repeated—

'Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,'

but with the remark, that a word which very well suits a half-epic, half-philosophical poem, like 'Paradise Lost,' might accord but badly with the language and expression of an old Church-book.

Wanting, too, as we are in a Preface for Saints' days, we would have readily extracted one or more from other good sources, in order to institute, through them, a comparison with Sarum, which here is not very striking. At this point, however, we must rest satisfied with merely referring to Mr. Walker's Translation of the Preface (for Apostles and Evangelists), a slight verbal reformation in which would fit very well for our use, even in the eyes of a ritual congregation of archdeacons, timid and tremulous as Chloë.

One preface, however, there is which we must extract, and

give both in Latin and English, in Sarum, and Mr. Walker—for three reasons. First, for its beauty; secondly, for its possible practical use and appliance; thirdly, for the purpose of giving another, what is called the ordinary form of the *Sanctus*, which we do, in its curtailed shape, by direction of Mr. Walker, who, after the words 'praise Thy Majesty,' adds, 'as above in the ordinary preface.'

Sequens *Præfatio* dicitur in utroque festo SANCTÆ CRUCIS et in commemorationibus ejusdem per totum annum.

ÆTERNE DEUS, Qui salutem humani generis in ligno crucis constituisti, ut, unde mors oriebatur, inde vita resurgeret; et qui in ligno vicerat (vincebat, Rom. Daniel) in ligno quoque vinceretur; Per CHRISTUM DOMINUM nostrum; Per Quem majestatem Tuam laudant Angeli, adorant Dominationes, tremunt potestates, Cœli cœlorumque Virtutes, ac beata Seraphim socia exultatione concelebrant, cum quibus et nostras voces ut admitti jubeas deprecamur, supplici confessione dicentes,

SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS DOMINUS DEUS SABAOTH: Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria Tua: Osanna in excelsis.

[Benedictus Qui venit in nomine DOMINI; Osanna in Excelsis. Miss. Sar. Paris, 1519.]

On both Feasts of the HOLY CROSS and in Masses 'DE SANCTA CRUCE' throughout the year.

EVERLASTING GOD, Who hast appointed that the Salvation of mankind should be wrought on the wood of the Cross, that from whence death came thence life should arise, and that He, Who by the Tree overcame, might also by the Tree be overcome; Through CHRIST our 'LORD;' By WHOM the Angels praise Thy Majesty, the Dominions adore Thee, the Powers tremble, the Heavens and the heavenly Virtues, and the blessed Seraphim together rejoice with holy exultation, with Whom we pray that Thou wouldst vouchsafe us to join our voices, saying with suppliant confession,

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD OF HOSTS: Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Hosanna in the Highest.

Here, again, we have 'heavenly Virtues,' just as, in the Trinity Preface, we have 'Deity,' instead of 'Godhead.' And with such perseverance is this latinizing or euphuizing tendency carried out, or, at any rate, indulged in by Mr. Walker, that we begin to think it a set type of a new school of translation from the Latin: we mean specially in the service-books of the Church. Why not in this place have had simply, 'The 'heavens and all the Hosts of Heaven, and blessed Seraphim, 'with one loud voice of holy exultation, together laud and 'magnify,'—remembering, that 'concelebrant,' in this place, still in part governs 'Majestatem' above, not as Mr. Walker renders, in a sort of neuter sense, 'together rejoice,' unless, perhaps, he had added, 'before Thee,'—as equivalent to 'concelebrant.' However, we do but hint and suggest.

The Roman orders this Preface to be used from Passion

Sunday, the fifth in Lent, to Maundy Thursday inclusive (excepting on Feasts with propers), as well as in 'Masses of the Cross' and of the 'Passion.' We should be none the worse for having such an one for the season specified above, and, in addition, for use on all Fridays from Septuagesima to Easter; with 'O Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us,' &c.; for the Friday, and, perhaps, Passion, anthem of Entrance or 'Introit.'

In England its stated days were, as above ruled, May 3d, *The Invention, or Finding of the Cross*, and September 14th, *The day of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.*

With regard to the close of the *Sanctus*, there seems to us a slight uncertainty. The Sarum Missal of 1519 makes no difference, that we can discover, between the ordinary and other *Sanctus*, though, of course, it does between the every-day and Holy-day Preface. Neither does the little ordo and canon contained in the 'Portiforium,' or Sarum Breviary; at least, that in Petit, 1528, does not appear to do so. Neither does Mr. Maskell nor Dr. Daniel point to any difference. The Rouen, 1554, does partially, in appearance at least, and the Burntisland and Mr. Walker do so expressly. We greatly regret, that, at the present moment, we have not the means at hand for a wider collation of copies. We cannot, however, help having our notion of the nature and possible reason of the abbreviated form of *Sanctus* sometimes appearing in the books, under the common or every-day Preface. Mr. Shipley has a very thoughtful passage on this (apparent) variation of *Sanctus* in Sarum ('Church and World,' p. 544), which none who are interested in these matters will be likely to overlook. But, after all, the editor of the Burntisland may have some authority greater, some evidence more conclusive, than that of the mere printing of the text. To this, meanwhile, *in posse*, as *in esse*, we defer. The Drontheim finishes both Prefaces, the Quotidiana and Ferialis, with the *Sanctus* at full: the one great *Sanctus*, with the two Hosannas. Why, we may ask, have the Oxford Translators substituted for the old 'Osanna in Excelsis' of all the books, their own new 'Gloria Tibi, Domine altissime—Amen'? It sounds poor and out of place.

On looking back through these Prefaces, which are, as it were, the great doors shutting off the ordinary of the Mass from the Canon, we observe that Mr. Walker, in the rubrical headings to the Prefaces themselves, employs the term 'octave' but four times in all; namely, before the ordinary Preface, the Christmas Preface, the Apostles' Preface, and that for the Blessed Virgin. In these instances he was, perhaps, almost compelled to do so by the construction of the rubric, and to *avoid periphrases*. But, with the others, we have our familiar

English form, *e.g.* 'Epiphany, and seven days after,' *per octavam et in octavâ*, 'Easter-day, and seven days after,' 'per totam hebdomadam et in omnibus Dominicis,' &c. *ergo*, 'in octavâ Paschæ,' sc.: 'Dom. in Albis.' Ascension-day, and seven days after, 'per octav. et in oct. et in Dom. infra octav.' &c. Whitsunday, 'and six days after,' 'et per hebdomadam,' &c. All this seems very good, as serving to continue an English Church caste to that which is an English Church inheritance. This we may say, without at all reflecting on the convenient, favourite, and musical term 'octave.' We may add, however, our wish that the Oxford Translators had done the same in their headings of the Prefaces, which Mr. Walker has done in his, given the proper words of the tongue into which they were translating. Surely 'In Die Nativitatis Domini et per octavam' would be better and more correct than 'et septem diebus sequentibus.' So of that in 'Die Paschæ;' so of that in 'Die Ascensionis Domini.' And 'In Die Pentecostes et per hebdomadam,' which is quite as exact in calculation, and more correct in Church expression, than 'et sex diebus sequentibus.' We are sure those learned editors will forgive our allusion to their good work here. It is not travelling out of the record. The observation comes to us quite *àpropos*. Mr. Walker's good taste suggested our remark, whatever its worth may be.

With this, then, we close our remarks on the 'ordo' or ordinary of the Mass. Upon the canon, even in the matter of its literary execution, we are, from many reasons, not disposed now to enter in any critical spirit. It is enough to say, that Mr. Walker has acquitted himself here, as in the Ordinary, in all essential particulars, so as to earn the thanks of every English Churchman, who may be fortunate enough to fall in with, and wise enough to profit by, his very seasonable and painstaking publication. To those who, with a comparing eye, are desirous of weighing the contents of the volume, collecting and contrasting it with its fellows, we recommend, of course, one or other of the two editions of Mr. Maskell's 'Ancient Liturgies'—or both, if the reader please—the one for its ruddy beauty, the second for its wider scope. There they who will can compare and confront Mr. Walker—that is, Salisbury, with York, Bangor (?), Hereford, and Rome—and learn how one-hearted, yet independent, our ancestral churches were. If, from comparing Sarum with its fellows, they would compare it with its followers also; with its second as well as its next follower—longo sed proximus intervallo—we would advise, first of all, a detailed inspection of Mr. Walker's 'Comparative View of the Sarum and modern English Liturgies' ('Div. Lit.' Sar. p. 87), and then an attentive perusal of Mr. Orby Shipley's 'Liturgies of 1549 and 1662 contrasted and

compared' (p. 516 of his new volume), to which we are only too happy in having been able already to refer more than once, and will take this opportunity of doing so once again, on the only point on which throughout the body of the canon it concerns us now to remark—the loss of the 'Agnus Dei,' since 1552, from our altar service, though not from our Litany. (Ch. and W. p. 545.)

We do not like, 'Go, you are dismissed,' for 'Ite missa est;' nor, though he uses it (p. 81), does Mr. Walker like it at p. 99. 'Go,' he would say, 'the sacrifice is finished;' or with Mr. Sibthorp, we would say, 'Mass is ended, go in peace;' or 'Depart in peace, all is done;' or 'All is over, depart ye;' anything, in short, but 'Go, you are dismissed!'—like discharged prisoners from a dock or bar of some rough suburban magistrate. We may just hint that we dislike all such grand modes of speech as, 'Let the performance of my homage,' &c. (p. 81). It savours too much of the ermine robes of peer and peeress, of the silk cassocks and gold copes of S. Peter's Canons on the occasion of a Westminster coronation, to please us in a plain Church-book. Why could it not be as at p. 65, *supra*—'Let this my [very] bounden duty and service ['*very* bounden' to mark, if Mr. Walker will, the *obsequium* from the *oblationem servitutis*] be always pleasing in thy sight,' &c.? Nor do we like (p. 85) to see an old friend so changed, and not for the better—so thin and half-starved as this. 'Prevent, O Lord, all our doings with Thy favour, and 'further them with Thy help, that all our work may be begun 'and ended in Thee.' Literal this? Then where is the '*quæsumus*'? Exact? But where is the heart, the run, the ring of the English Collect? The Latin is perfect—happy in its life and liberty; then why not the English also? And the same may be asked and said of others, deficient like this in the 'sermo teres atque rotundus;' the almost 'os rotundum,' so characteristic a type of real good English speech and habit, taste, and feeling, in things divine as well as civil.

Struck as we are with what seems the strange custom of so many of the clergy about us, of having Holy Communion on Good Friday, and possessed with a natural instinct, shared in by the Easterns in the highest degree, then by the Milanese and the Westerns generally, against consecrating on that day, we have especial desire to call attention to the well-known 'Mass of the Presanctified'—the service of the Eucharistic oblation, consecrated in the West on Maundy Thursday, or Good Thursday, as the Drontheim Missal calls it; and to the introduction and notes with which Mr. Walker so well provides it, and which must now stand for us and our readers in the place of longer and fuller information.

Passing over the Lesson from Hosea v. 15, vi. 6, we come upon the Tract from the Prophet Habakkuk iii., remarkable, as Mr. Walker notes, from the reading of the second verse, giving authority to the common representations of our Lord in the manger, receiving the homage of the ox and the ass. He suggests, with others, that by its use on Good Friday might seem to be shadowed out our Lord on the cross between the two thieves. It would be difficult to found any argument for this, on the fact that an earlier version than the Vulgate was chosen for the tract. The mass or altar-psalms, introits, offices, &c., are mostly, if not invariably, drawn from a more ancient psalter than S. Jerome's second, which we call the Gallican or Vulgate. In this instance it would seem to have been from the old Roman, as distinguished from the 'Vetus Itala,' which Sabatier prints alongside of his Vulgate text, in the second volume of his 'Bibliorum Sacrorum Latinæ Versiones Antiquæ.' Whether Bianchini was aware of this is not clear. In his 'Vindiciæ' (p. 157), he gives our Sarum reading, 'auditum tuum,' in the first verse, as a variety from that of the 'Vet. Itala.' But, like Sabatier, he makes all various readings parts of the old Italic though they might have been old African readings—*i. e.*, Scriptures of the African Church. We will just mention that the Latin version is almost as close to the Septuagint, as the Latin version of the LXX. in the 'Brylinger Edition, Basileæ, 1582.' As a short specimen, we will give it for any to compare, if they wish, with the Latin vulgate, and with Mr. Walker's translation.

CHORUS *alternatim dicat* TRACTUM *sequentem.*

TRACTUS.

DOMINE audivi auditum Tuum et timui: consideravi opera Tua et expavi.

In medio duum animalium innotesceris: dum appropinquaverint anni cognosceris: dum advenerit tempus ostenderis.

In eo dum conturbata fuerit anima mea: in irâ misericordiæ memor eris.

DEUS a Libano veniet: et SANCTUS de monte umbroso et condenso.

Operuit cœlos majestas Ejus: et laudis Ejus plena est terra.

Miss. Sar. 1519. fol. lxxxv.

THEN the following TRACT is said by the choir alternately.

TRACT. HAB. iii.

O LORD, I have heard Thy speech, and was afraid: I considered Thy works and trembled.

In the midst of two animals shalt Thou be made known: when the years draw nigh Thou shalt be known: when the time shall come Thou shalt be shewn.

In the time when my soul shall be troubled: in wrath remember mercy.

GOD shall come from Libanus, and the HOLY ONE from the shady and densely wooded mountain.

His glory covered the heavens: and the earth was full of His praise.

Master Wycliffe, from the Vulgate, versions 1 and 2, opens very grandly: 'LORD, I heard Thine hearing, and I dredd.' In

the second verse, we should have preferred: 'In the midst of two 'beasts shalt Thou be made known; while the years draw nigh, 'shalt thou be knowledged; when the time shalt come, thou shalt 'be shewed.'

'God shall come from Libanus; and the Holy One from the 'shady and thick-wooded mountain,' or from the 'forest of his mountain.'

This fine Tract Mr. Sibthorp omits. The next from Psalm cxl. he gives from the Bible version; Mr. Walker from that of the Common Prayer-book. In the foregoing Lesson from Exodus xii. 1—11, Mr. Walker feels himself obliged to conform in one or two points to the Vulgate; *e.g.* 'Your lamb shall be a 'male of the first year, according to which rite ye shall also take 'a kid.' We do not like this word 'rite,' rather 'according to which ordinance (custom, Wycliffe 2) ye shall take you likewise a kid,' 'or a kid also.' 'Im-mola-bit,' 'sacrifice,' is certainly more definite than our 'kill.' Wycliffe has 'offer it,' 1, 2. Ver. 11. For it is Phasë—'that is, the Lord's Passover'—the passing forth of the Lord. Wycliffe 1. Phasë too is Wycliffe's, and the Douay rendering. We should be inclined to write Pascha in this place, rather than Pasche, which is the old, or Pasch, which is the modern Rhemish rendering of 1 Cor. v. 7; for every one would understand the meaning of Pascha, though all might not comprehend Phasë or Pasch.

In the Collect, p. 104, 'O God, from Whom,' we hardly like 'grant us the efficacy of Thy loving kindness, that as our Lord 'Jesus Christ, in His passion, rendered to each a different 'retribution according to his desert,' &c. We hardly like this for the representative of 'Concede nobis Tuæ propitiationis 'effectum: et sicut in passione Suâ Jesus Christus Dominus 'noster diversa utrisque intulit stipendia meritorum,' &c. It requires recasting, without slurring or weakening, as some we know are afraid of doing, when mellowing the hard English roughness, yet weakness, of a literal version. So of the Good Friday Collect, p. 115, 'Almighty, Everlasting God,' why should not our version, with the addition of the 'gratiæ Tuæ munere' (an unaccountable omission on the part of our Reformers), have stood as it stands with us,—'that by the gift of Thy grace 'every member of the same, in his vocation and ministry, may 'truly and godly serve Thee?' So in the Collects, 'Font' or 'Well' or 'Water' of Baptism would sound and be better, we think, than 'Baptismal Font.' For 'port' we would choose haven of refuge and safety,—'Ports' of the Daughter of Sion are gates, portals; *e.g.* Port-meadow. So likewise, 'the Comforter 'of them that mourn, the stay of them that travail and are heavy '*laden,*' sounds more churchlike to our ears than 'the consolation

of the sorrowful, and the strength of the afflicted (laborantium).' So of words like 'reclaimed,' 'perfidious,' even 'remove' and 'be converted;' when they can be represented by 'take away' (auferat) or 'be turned to' without any affectation of purism, we can safely say that we should always prefer the simpler, as the more natural and therefore effective synonyme.

These which we have made bold to object to as civil, rather than religious, words, the use of Latinized for English, where necessity does not compel; 'Vespers,' for instance, for 'Even-song,' 'grade' for 'form,' and the unvarying modern present tense for the future, in the rubrics—all these are very small things, Mr. Walker may think and say; but small things mount up, and, in the aggregate, become great. Small as they are, let it be remembered that, on these and such as these, the tone and turn of a book like the present hangs. Look at the effect upon the reader's mind of Mr. Charles Thomson's English translation of the Septuagint, to say nothing of the more usual versions of the Roman Liturgy for the aid of Roman Catholic readers. Flatness of expression, feebleness of phrase, all tend to dispel, not any illusion of fancy, but the reality of power; that power which every book of devotion, whether of Lesson, praise, or prayer, should exercise over the thought of him that is using it, and which we hope the 'Divine Liturgy' will, with the Divine blessing, have. Mr. Walker will be assured that we take too deep an interest in his work and labour of love, for him ever to feel our remarks on these points other than as marks of respect, or to imagine, for a moment, that we could make them in any other sense than as signs of the heartiest fellow-feeling.

What then would we, if permitted, urge Mr. Walker to do? By all means to carry his now good, and soon to become great work, out to the just end. Let him, as far as may be, cast aside all former versions of the Roman Missal, even Mr. Burns', though that perhaps is as good as it could be, as it was allowed to be. If suffered, it would, we fancy, have been a great deal better even than it is; there was, we know, both the will and the power to make it so. Let Mr. Walker use, then, the Roman-English, the older ones at least, if he use them at all, as beacons rather than as guides; let him wholly indoctrinate and impregnate himself with the thought and speech of the English Bible and Prayer-book—of the Prayer-book, not merely by learning Collects off one after another, as we used to have to learn the Thirty-nine Articles in the days of our fathers, but by comparing its renderings of Sarum with the originals themselves, let him so learn how the work was done by its doers as intuitively to feel its effect: and without effort, practise the process himself. Although, however, he would make the English Bible and Common

Prayer his Vulgate without doubt, and without fear of Dr. Biber, who would dispense with all Vulgates, and though, as a general rule of translation, he would adopt and translate into the language of his Vulgate, yet no rules lack exceptions. In his introits and other verse-propers, as in Scripture and Lesson, he will sometimes have to philosophize, to balance, perhaps to compromise. He will chance, every now and then, on an old Church reading, weighty with meaning, which he must in no degree volatilize, if we must coin the word, to round off an anthem, or smooth away the point of a prayer. By following the former types he will naturalize among us new but still really native formulas of devotional speech. The older readings, older than the Vulgate, will give him the opportunity of varying, out of our older versions, his language from that of our Vulgate, in the same proportion, within the same limits, that those older readings of themselves are departed from by the more modern readings of that Vulgate: in short, when he finds things older than the Vulgate in the Latin, he may aptly parallel their divergence by carefully and thriftily adopting renderings older than our Vulgate English, and so maintain critically and effectively a sound spirit of verisimilitude in his version. In short, for his part he would have to do very much, *mutatis mutandis*, what for their parts the Oxford Translators of the Common Prayer had to do and did so well. Nor need Mr. Walker's success be less than theirs. He must look at his present work, the 'Divine Liturgy,' as a pilot balloon, or rather as a ship on her trial trip:—not to be left high and dry on her return from her first day's run, but to be well watched, scanned closely, marked, altered a little where alteration may seem necessary, be fresh trimmed, finished in frame and build with the carpenter's last touch, fitted, furnished, and, when well found in all things needful for a happy voyage, got under way in ship-shape, and handled like an ark that is to float for ever.

With Mr. Maskell's reprints in our possession, reprints more original than the originals of most other men, with his 'Ancient Liturgies,' his 'Monumenta Ritualia,' monuments of his judgment as much as records of the Rites of England—with an English Psalter and Day-Hours and 'Divine Liturgy' of Sarum already our own, with the hope of soon seeing, beside the volumes 'that be their fellows, and bear them company,' a complete Breviary, now it may be in manuscript, and Missal of Salisbury use, possibly of York and Hereford also, how do we feel? Much as we should, if some one were to tell us that, before long, we should see Glastonbury and Crowland, Tintern, Rievaulx and Whitby come forth again in restored, perhaps, but unimpaired, unadulterate, gracefulness to gladden, not *merely our* antiquaries, for with them it might be a doubtful

case, nor the out-of-the-world contemplative traveller only, but the eyes and the hearts of all Englishmen, with a vision of fresh, yet unchanged beauty. For ourselves, with the great Church works of ancient England still standing up before us, like vast fragments of an earlier world of thought and devotion, we feel, to speak of our own particular feeling, much as we felt when, many a year ago, we stood in the grey morning watching Ethelbert's last Tower at Canterbury, not long before it came bodily to the ground, happily, however, as it happened, leaving more than a wrack behind. We feel, as many years afterwards we felt, when, on a sunny summer evening, after looking out from 'Boleyn's Seat,' and circling down by 'Robin Hood's Well,' by the Abbot's trees by the Abbey mill, we at length, on the floor of 'Fountain Dale,' came front to front with 'Fountains.'

Both monastery and abbey told of England in an old world, an old church-time; both stood silent, yet, in their silence, spoke of robbery, 'reformation,' and, so far as man can ruinate and cast down, of ruin. Both too, monastery and abbey, now speak; and, if they still tell their tale of beauty and suffering, —S. Augustine, in what survives, though the tower be gone; and Fountains, in its rock-like fragment,—yet they tell also of reverent loving hands, tending what is left with a sacred care, requickening the one almost with life, and leaving to the other the mantle that best beseems its marbled loveliness, its own native beauty, and its natural surroundings of turf and tree and sky. And this is what we feel on looking at the 'Torsos of Sarum Rite,' thus far restored to us by the hands of some wise master-builders of our time, with the hope of seeing these good workmen, after perfecting Salisbury, at work on York and Hereford also.

And what do we think, as well as feel? This. That these restorations of our fathers' good words and works, by honest Churchmen now, in good sound Church-English, will do more, in time, towards lifting the hearts of Englishmen above their present selves, in matters devotional and ecclesiastical, than all the 'primest opinions' on things Ritual, Ceremonial, and Dogmatic, that were ever purchased and paid for,—than all the abstract discussions and discourses of a busy age, penned to better a people's action, and ending with simply embittering it.

The SHORTER NOTICES *are from unavoidable circumstances postponed from the present quarter.*—ED. *C. R.*

THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

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ART. I.—1. *Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament.* By Dr. M. KALISCH, M.A. Genesis and Exodus: with the Hebrew Text, Notes, critical and explanatory, including a philological Analysis of the Original, for the use of Biblical Students. London: Longman, Brown, and Co.

2. *Jacob Ben Chajim's Introduction to the Rabbinic Bible, Hebrew and English;* with Explanatory Notes. By CHRISTIAN D. GINSBURG, LL.D. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

3. *Commentaria in Scripturam Sacram R. P. Cornelii à Lapide è Societate Jesu, Sanctæ Scripturæ olim Lovanii, postèa Romæ professoris, accuratè recognovit et Notis illustravit* AUGUSTINUS CRAMPON, *Diœcesis Ambian. Presbyter.* Parisiis: L. Vives, 1857—1861. 26 vols. 4to. In Pentateuch. Vols. 1 and 2.

4. *Genesis and Exodus*; with Notes and Introductions. By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster. London: Rivingtons.

'THE business of a poet,' said Imlac, 'is to exhibit in his por-
'traits of nature such prominent and striking features as recall
'the original to every mind. But the knowledge of nature is
'only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted also with
'all the modes of life; he must divest himself of the prejudices of
'his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their
'abstracted and invariable state; he must disregard present
'laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental
'truth, which will always be the same. He must write as the
'interpreter of nature; he must know many languages and
'many sciences.' 'Enough,' cried out the Prince; 'thou hast
'convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet.' The attainments which Imlac enumerated as indispensable to the formation of a poet are no less indispensable as *human elements* to the formation of a commentator upon the Holy Scriptures. And mentally glancing over the names of many celebrated adventurers in this undertaking, we cannot help regretting that they were unable to imitate the modesty of the Prince of

Abyssinia. In that case the body of Christians would have been left to depend humbly and more hopefully on the Scripture itself—upon that mysterious writing, not more wonderful in what it reveals than in what it omits or conceals; so wonderful in what it submits to the easy comprehension of human nature, that it creates in every unvitiated intellect a craving after the comprehension of those mysteries which are only revealed to the meek. It is natural enough that the world should be impatient of the truth here referred to. We live in an age of intellectual despotism, that fulminates its denunciations of outlawry against all ideas, all forms of thought, that refuse to be registered among the conventionalities of time, or that claim for themselves an incorruptible origin of divine inspiration. But our age is not more superstitiously hostile to all ideas above and independent of nature than it is sore vexed by the pertinacity with which believers maintain the correlations of morality and faith. Yet this maxim, broadly but distinctly asserted in the Scriptures, found no more earnest advocate than Aristotle. If it be true, as the Master of Wisdom affirms, that the perception of moral truth depends on the social life; that this case is not like that of pure science, where the intellect depends, so to speak, upon itself, but that here the understanding must be quickened by a certain ὄρεξις, then this ὄρεξις is dependent on the ἠθικὴ ἕξις. It can no longer be objected to the Church, as characteristic of its exclusiveness and bigotry, that she holds, that, in those handling subjects spiritual and supernatural, the intellect must be meek and the heart pure; that she has ever traced heresy to some real, though probably unrecognised, defect in the moral constitution of its victim: in a word, to immorality, in the wide sense of the word, which includes pride, selfishness, intellectual ambition, and such like sins of the flesh. If, however, every reader needs to have his nature made pure and holy, to have his heart quickened and his intellect strengthened in and by the Faith, in order to 'understand by books' the will of God; to understand the Word of Wisdom and the wisdom of the Word; a special measure of this grace of preparation is needed by him who undertakes to unfold the Mystery of the Inworded Spirit, to open the Scripture, and reveal the soul of its beauty. To produce a commentary upon Holy Scripture is to accomplish what, in one view, may be called an appalling task. It is its own only parallel. All the works and labours of man present nothing 'simile aut secundum.' It is difficult to imagine even a like. We can conceive of none such if it be not the attempt to paint the living presence of the Word made flesh from the *life. Could* one have been found then, in that His day, working,

let us say, with the inspired power and the heavenly touch of the dear Angelico, to preserve in colours a portrait of Jesus; to delineate the stricken form with its superhuman meekness; the smileless visage, dim with its unimaginable grief, and yet ever betraying the underglow of Divine love; to reproduce on the canvas the whole pathetic Christ, at once the very man and the undiminished and undiminishable God,—such an undertaking would admit of some comparison with the work of him who strives to represent the Mind of Scripture; whose aim is to make all men know the fellowship of the Mystery of the descended and present Paraclete; and what is the exceeding greatness of the power of Him who is the self-humbling Word of the Word made flesh. If we conceive worthily of the Scripture, we shall form no conclusion on this subject that will materially differ from what we have here endeavoured to express. Think of the Bible otherwise, treat it as the work of one whose mind we can measure, whose phrase we can fully master, and every one will be entitled to indulge his disputacity at the cost of Holy Writ; start with the conception that these books are corrupted and contradictory, that an inexorable criticism is justified in dealing with them as with the literary remains of Heathendom—and it is inevitable that such a profane speculator should go from bad to worse, deceiving and being deceived. From the nature of the case, then, it is evident that the commentator on Holy Scripture needs not only to be learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, to be versed in all the revelations of Nature and moral truth; he must also bring with him to his task a regenerated intellect and a heart fortified by a childlike obedience to the faith: and by an humble acknowledgement that there may be meanings within the meanings of such Scripture as we are enabled already in some measure to penetrate, that in the progress of the ages unthought-of treasures of heavenly truth may be disclosed in the most familiar paths of the Word; that new truths may be unfolded from texts the most familiar—new truths always fused in the ancient moulds of the Church, and strictly regulated according to the perpetual analogy of the Faith. One work of all Christian time appears to us to come up in some measure to our ideal of what a commentary on the Bible should be—the wonderful work of S. Gregory on the Book of Job. With what surpassing grace does he say, 'I now return from the utterance of words to the 'chamber of my heart, to examine myself, whether in attempting 'right things I have spoken the truth in a wrong way. For a 'thing is rightly spoken when he who speaks it seeks by what he 'says to please Him alone from whom he has received it. And 'though I am not conscious of having said wrong things, I do

'not maintain that there are not any. If I have said any true 'things by a gift from above, it is my own fault that they are 'spoken so imperfectly. Yet when I look closely at the very 'root of my intention, I find that in this work I wished to please 'God, and yet the desire of human praise in some way may 'have crept in; and when at last, and slowly, I discover this, I 'find that I do a thing in one way which I know I began in 'another. I believe it is worth my while to disclose this to my 'brethren; for, since in my writing I have expressed my better 'thoughts, in this my confession I would not hide my failings. 'And because in the Church there are not wanting little ones 'whom I may teach, nor yet great ones who may pity and help 'my weakness when made known to them, from the one I 'withdraw not the help of my words, from the other I conceal 'not the pain of my infirmities; by my words seeking to confer 'assistance on some at least of my brethren, by my confession 'hoping to receive aid in return from them. I therefore beg 'every one who reads this book to give me before the Holy 'Judge the solace of his prayers, and with tears for me to wash 'away every filthiness he may discover in me. My reader will 'surpass me in his recompense, if where he receives words by 'my means, he gives me tears in return.'[1]

We have placed at the head of this article the titles of some works upon which—selected out of the many similar books with which, whether to the profit or loss of our generation, the press is now teeming—we propose to make some remarks. The Pentateuch itself is in a sense a complete revelation; so that the strictures which we have ventured to make on commentaries generally, if true, are fully applicable to commentaries upon it. A period of uncertainty and disorganization succeeded the settlement in Canaan, and this was followed by the elevation and election of the house of David. Again, this season of Fulfilment of Promise was followed by a season of desolation, when Israel and Judah were visited for their sins. We have the same succession and order of epochs in the New Testament. The period of the Incarnation, the period of the Ascension, extending from the Resurrection to the Return; the period of the Consummation, covered by the prophecies of the Apocalypse. But just as in the New Testament the two later periods are the outgrowth of the Evangelical History, so in the Old Testament the regal and prophetical dispensations are the normal development of the Sacerdotal and Mosaical. Hence the unspeakable significance of the Pentateuch, and hence, too, the greater comparative importance of the earlier parts of the Pentateuch

[1] *Greg. M. Moral.* in Job l. xxxv. c. 16.

over the later. During the last few years the books of Moses have, as it were, passed through fire and water. After the eager controversies of the time nothing has been elicited which really brings into question the credibility and authenticity of the great Lawgiver. Even if the Pentateuch is to be regarded, as so many wish to regard it, as the common work of a common mind, our critical investigators can scarcely be said to have discovered any new, while they have helped to the removal of some of our old difficulties. Some questions remain as they were. We know as little now as ever of the correlations of Science and Revelation, as little as we know of the correlations of Matter and Mind. We have not yet succeeded in reducing to the level of a vulgar day-light fact the vindictive miracle of the deluge. The most mildly rational view assumes that the land was, before the deluge, in configuration and extent much the same that it is now; that the waters overspread only so much of the earth as was tenanted by man, and that the area was, of course, small; whereas there is great reason to believe that the population of the earth was then very many times more numerous than it is now. The vaunting criticism of our day, by overleaping itself and falling 'on t'other side,' has by its failure confirmed anew, in general opinion, the old belief as to the unassailable and mysterious character of the Pentateuch. However mangled and dissected, its parts are disjoined but to reunite.

> Per damna, per cœdes ab ipso
> Ducit opes animumque ferro.
> Merses profundo, clarior evenit;
> Luctere, multa proruet integrum
> Cum laude victorem.

We are thus happily discharged from the necessity of acting any longer as defenders. Our path rather lies in the direction of a constructive criticism.

Dr. Kalisch is peculiarly qualified to discharge the duties of an editor of a Hebrew work: and he has given us a beautifully clear text of the original. His criticisms as a Hebrew linguist are for the most part conservative, and as far as we have followed him, trustworthy. In his later issues he has abandoned the system of printing the notes in Hebrew order backwards, the effect of which, if pursued, must surely have been to produce in the reader's eyes an incurable strabismus. But as a delineator and expositor of Scriptural language and Scriptural ideas, he fails. The foot-notes of Tischendorf's Greek Testament are almost as unctuous as the comments of Dr. Kalisch. He seems to take credit to himself for having avoided what Dr. S. Davidson calls a sermonising commentary. He abounds neither in pious

reflections nor multitudinous inferences. But he does not untie any knots, while he cuts not a few. He is able and industrious, but even on a secular subject an endeavour 'to produce an 'equilibrium between the faith of former ages and the science 'of our century'[1] demands for its fruitful accomplishment a faculty of intuition which our commentator does not possess. His expositions are as dead and cold as they can be; and if this be to be 'unsectarian,' he is admirably so. His expositions are to the thing expounded much what the blue opaque patches intended for skies among some of the reputedly great painters are to the diaphanous azure which Turner has endeavoured to render. He acknowledges that the unity of man is as important as the unity of God or of the world, but he accepts it as proved that Scripture and Science are at variance on the age of the world, the creation in six days, and the formation of the solar system. He admits, quoting from Arago, that the nebulæ manifestly prove that light was generated before the sun. Hebraist as he is, he takes no notice of the word employed for the making of Eve. The 'vacant mind' of the Protoplasts, he tells us, wanted Divine knowledge. Man had the 'instinct of reason, but not the energy of discernment.' While the serpent is introduced to correct the too prevalent superstition of an evil spirit, 'the voice of seduction in the heart of man,' is not called Satan, because of the Persian fables respecting Ahriman. In our poor judgment there is here a much more phantastic contortion of the Hebrew text than in the opinion that there is a break between the first and second verses of Gen. i. We have a similar handling of Gen. vi. To that part of the Divine Word none of our modern commentators have done due justice. Dr. Kalisch tells us that 'the Hebrew historian admits for a 'moment the existence of a superstition in order for ever to 'subvert and eradicate it.' We might as reasonably say of an event analogous in more ways than one to this, that our Redeemer, by the miracle of Gadara, admitted the existence of the superstition as to demoniacal possession, in order for ever to subvert and eradicate it. The method, to say the least, has not been successful. We shall briefly state the argument for the obvious interpretation of the passage, that the Bene-Elohim, or Sons of God, are angels:—1. The Benioth Adam, or daughters of Adam, implies a contrast. 2. The Bene-Elohim occurring in a Jehovistic section precludes the idea that the Sons of God were good men: these, if at all capable of the designation, would rather be, in accordance with the context, Bene-Jehovah. 3. The universal belief of all pagan times points

[1] Pref. to Exodus.

to the same conclusion; and, 4. The explicit statements of 2 S. Peter ii. 4 and S. Jude 6. 5. In the popular view, which commands the assent of Cornelius and Wordsworth there seems to be no proportion between the misdeed and the catastrophe. A violation of nature is undoubtedly implied; but, however unadvisable, there is nothing in the marriage of devout men and secular women amounting to enormity. Dr. Kalisch indeed proves this suggested Kainite and Sethite coalition to be absurd. We have spoken of the authority of SS. Peter and Jude. Of uninspired authority we have a goodly array, to which indeed Dr. Wordsworth does not do justice. The case is immensely stronger than he puts it. The Ancient Synagogue, the Book of Enoch, the Rabbins, Philo, Josephus; of Christians, SS. J. Martyr, Irenæus, Athenagoras, Min. Felix, Cyprian, Ambrosius, and Lactantius (the two last are not enumerated by Dr. Wordsworth). S. Augustin held the opinion to be the more probable which justifies the decision of all these. But, in truth, it is not a question as to the 'isangelical body' or the 'caro angelificata' of Tertullian. The third chapter of Genesis, presenting us with the Chief of the Spirits embodied for the seduction of the first woman, practically decides the question. The two events stand and fall together, whatever may become of the speculations of Origen. There is less weight, of course, in the reasons which are furnished by the modern school of Biblical criticism. But there are no names of greater authority among the moderns than the names of Köppen, v. Meyer, Twesten, Dreschler, Hofmann, Baumgarten, Stier, Dietlein, Huther, and Kurtz,[1] which Dr. Wordsworth does not name at all. Julius Africanus, S. Cyril Alex., and S. Chrysostom and Theodoret will hardly be regarded, in the face of so large an opposition among the ancients, as creating a 'consent of the Ancient Church.' Nor will the judgment of Philastrius of Brescia have much weight—that this interpretation is heretical; although his own view is countenanced by such moderns as Hengstenberg, less impartial and accurate in his argument here than is his wont—Tiele, Hävernich, v. Gerlach, Scrhöder, Ebrard, Keil, Lange, Delitzsch. One momentous warning is lost to the Church altogether, if the original interpretation of this passage is abandoned. Dr. Kalisch, of course, easily disposes of the subject when he holds that the whole idea of angels has been 'adopted from the general circle of oriental ideas.' In much the same fashion he disposes of Babel. This was written to eradicate the heathen fables about the Titans. Here again so

1 Let us add, last but not least, a writer to whom we owe much, the author of 'Types of Genesis,' p. 108.

accomplished an Hebraist might have reminded us that in the original there is not one word which implies a scaling of heaven ; nay more, the proposal to build a *city* as well as a tower implies that no invasion of heaven was intended ; a city which would hold together the human race, and obstruct their divinely-ordered dispersion, and a temple for a great central worship formed the design. The fall of the angels even has some analogy to the fall of the Titans ; but it is at least not easy to connect the demigods with the Babel-builders. On the history of Melchizedek Dr. Kalisch is remarkably uninteresting. Here and there we find notelets that are of worth. Thus, Abraham may have thought that, as the promise was to him, and Sarai was not named, he might take Hagar. Our appreciation of the incidents in the sacrifice of Isaac, is heightened by recollecting that he was at the time a young man, and consented to that mysterious transaction. A like effect is produced when we are reminded that at the time of the blessing Jacob was about seventy-eight years old. And Dr. Kalisch comments on what the Rabbis have noticed—Jacob's supernatural strength in rolling away the stones from the well. He mentions, too, the remarkable coincidence, that in the mysteries of Mithra a ladder is introduced with seven steps, on which the spirits were believed to ascend through the planets till they came at the Eighth Heaven where the Deity is enthroned. But we miss the proper notice of the spiritual significance of the vision, which certainly might have found full recognition in an 'unsectarian' commentary. There are two other notes of Dr. Kalisch to which we shall, in conclusion, briefly advert. He tells us that it was certainly the intention of the Biblical writer to represent Joseph unfavourably, as the instrument of an ambitious tyrant and a destroyer of all power and influence of the people. Now, this is the sheerest positivism, tolerable in Gibbon or Colenso, but not in one professing to expound the Holy Text. If Dr. Kalisch has excluded 'pious inferences' from his notes, he is scarcely justified in introducing inferences little, if at all, short of profane. There is nothing to justify the character given to the Pharaoh who knew Joseph. The circumstances under which Joseph acted were not of his creating ; and the King acted with moderation in appropriating to himself so small a portion of the land. If Joseph was a statesman, in the ordinary sense of the term, he betrayed remarkable shortsightedness in not securing the interests of his descendants. The other passage to which we have just referred is that at page 427 of Vol. II. Dr. Kalisch tells us there that, according to the Mosaic notions, it is absolutely impossible to acknowledge sorcerers or witches, and those who pretended to be such must be considered as

impious and infamous impostors. Even the idea of a Satan or an evil principle is foreign to Mosaism, and has only been borrowed in later periods from the Babylonian mythology. The very remarkable thing, however, is that, abundant as are the notices in Scripture of sorcery and witchcraft, never, in any one instance, is the faintest hint given that it was all simply hypocrisy and delusion. It was, according to our author, with the witches and the bewitched much as with the cheaters and the cheated,—the pleasure was as great in the one case as in the other. Only indulgence in this spiritual legerdemain was a capital offence against the God of Israel. Dr. Kalisch's commentary is so exceedingly 'unsectarian,' that he appears to have excluded the writings of a body known as the 'Christian Sect,' which has received certain revelations and warnings on this subject, and among these warnings some which imply a distinct recognition by the Lawgiver of the power of revolted spirits and the perversity of the human will. The works of the magicians of Pharaoh's court our commentator admits, indeed, to be miracles of a 'lower order;' but he, nevertheless, rejects most unconditionally from the notions of the Pentateuch all interference of evil spirits. Curiously enough, he regards such an admission as allowing the existence of a power independent of God.

Had Dr. Kalisch filled his note-spaces with a judicious selection from the Commentaries of the Targums and Rabbis, where his unquestionable Hebrew knowledge would have done him and us good service, he would have produced a valuable compilation, much needed. As a commentator upon writings which cannot be thoroughly understood by Christians apart from the influence exercised by Christian ideas and the developed revelations of the New Covenant, we must say that Dr. Kalisch appears to us to have mistaken his vocation. We do not pass this judgment, merely weighing the work as churchmen, we feel confident that the sects would come to the same decision; but we accept with thankfulness his vindication of the originality of Moses. In his preface to Exodus he declares that Moses 'owes nothing, as an author or a legislator, to Egypt. Mosaism is, in its sublimest and world-regenerating principles, a perfectly original system.' And he justifies this position by reflecting upon the political condition of Egypt; the unspiritual character of its Architecture; the peculiarities of its sacerdotal system; its theology; its ignorance of the after life; its animal worship, and the condition of its civilization at the time and afterwards.

We felt it necessary very lately to speak in severe terms of Dr. Ginsburg as an expositor of Scripture. We the more cheerfully—conscious the while that we are overstepping the

subject of this article in some measure—take this opportunity of thanking him for his valuable and well executed reprint of Jacob E. Chajim's Introduction to the Hebrew Bible. The publications of Mr. Etheridge have placed the versions of the Rabbis within easy reach; commentaries which ought to be more studied by Christian commentators than they are. Further illustrations and confirmations of the Pentateuch in the same direction, may be expected when the recent discoveries in the Crimea issue from the press of this country. The labours of Chwolson and Neubauer have already been published. We cannot but believe that much will be gained from a fuller knowledge of the Karaites. The Synagogue which has already issued a reply to the late Bishop of Natal can hardly remain inactive when the principles of Jewish Protestantism are reasserted. The question as to the antiquity of the modern square Hebrew character seems likely to be now set at rest for ever; and the authority of the Hebrew numbers receives the highest, as it is the most unexpected confirmation. Dr. Ginsburg, in his Preface to Jacob B. Chajim's Introduction, gives a slight sketch of Jacob's life and labours, and a description of the structure of the Rabbinic Bible. Born in Tunis in 1470, after many wanderings Jacob was admitted into the celebrated printing offices of Daniel Bomberg as corrector of the press. Three years after this (1523) he edited the celebrated Hebrew Concordance of R. Isaac Nathan, which is the basis both of Buxtorf's and Fürst's Concordances; in the next year he published the celebrated *Iad Ha-Chezaka* of Maimonides; and in the next year, by prodigious industry, he brought out the gigantic Rabbinical Bible, in which was given to the world for the first time a complete collection of the Massorah, compiled most laboriously from various MSS. of the Bible, as well as from independent treatises, prefixing to it the Introduction which Dr. Ginsburg now has given to the public.[1] The importance of this edition of the Rabbinical Bible to the criticism of the Hebrew Text, may be gathered from the fact that all succeeding editions of the Hebrew Bible were printed from it. In after life Jacob B. Chajim became a Christian, and was even called to encounter the hostility of his old co-religionists. Of the importance of the Introduction there can be no question. It is continually referred to in works which treat of the formation and redaction of the Hebrew Text and the Massorah. Kennicott a century ago published a Latin version of it, contain-

[1] A second edition, 4 vols. folio, came out 1546—1548. A third edition was published in 1568, also 4 vols. folio; and a fourth edition, in 2 vols. folio, was published by Buxtorf, Basle 1618—1619.

ing little more than half of the original; and of this a very considerable part is unintelligible. Dr. Ginsburg has done everything to facilitate the study of the Introduction. The notes are very useful. He gives us the structure of the Rabbinical Bible, which, so far as it comes within the scope of this article, we shall transcribe for our readers.

'*The first volume*, embracing the Pentateuch, begins, i. with the elaborate introduction of Jacob B. Chajim; ii. an Index of the sections of the whole Old Testament according to the Massorah; and, iii. Ebn Ezra's preface to the Pentateuch. Then follow the five books of Moses in Hebrew, with the so-called Chaldee paraphrases of Onkelos and Rabbi B. Uzziel, and the Commentaries of Rashi and Ebn Ezra, which are given all round the margin; the Massorah Parva, which is in the centre between the Hebrew text and the Chaldee paraphrase; and such a portion of the Massorah Magna as the space between the end of the text and the beginning of the Commentaries on each page would admit, for which reason this portion received the name of the Massorah marginalis. Appended to the fourth volume are, i. The Massorah, so much of it as space could not be found for in the text: ii. a treatise on the points and accents of the Hebrew Scriptures, embodying the work of Moses the Punctuator. iii. The variations between the Western and Eastern Codices, and between the Jerusalem and Babylonian MSS. and iv. The variation between Ben Asher and Ben Naphtali.' (Pref. iv.—vi.)

It savours grievously of presumption for any one to undertake to comment on the Divine writings, who has not a mind deeply imbued with the hereditary interpretations and renderings of those to whom were entrusted the oracles of God. The Rabbis have contributed very largely to the development of a Christian Exegesis; and we trust that their labours may henceforward acquire among us a more generous and confiding recognition. There is one Rabbinical law of interpretation quoted by Dr. Ginsburg (p. 22), which has not been recognised by Christian commentators, which is so good and appropriate that we shall, in parting with Dr. Ginsburg, introduce it to our readers for their own guidance in their Scriptural studies.

'It is necessary to remark that, according to the exegetical rules of the ancient Rabbis, the Bible never repeats a word twice, without designing to convey thereby a special meaning. Accordingly, if a thing is twice repeated, and the repetition seems superfluous, it is explained as implying more than one statement would convey. But if the repetition cannot be explained as implying inclusion, it is taken to denote exclusion.'

The volumes compiled by the celebrated Jesuit Cornelius à Lapide form, as a whole, the most valuable Commentary existing on Holy Scripture. It is a monumental work, in every sense of the word. It proves how deeply one can enter, without being a profound Hebraist or scientific analyst of the text, into the meaning and Catholic sense of the Bible; and the Church is deeply indebted to M. Crampon for his very valuable edition of the good Father's work. There is a large addition of valu-

able matter, and he has laid S. Jerome, Lacordaire, Rosenmüller, and Pianciani under contribution. We have the 'prefations' of S. Jerome, 'Le culte du Jesus-Christe dans les Écritures' by Lacordaire; Rosenmüller's 'Prolegomena in Pentateuchum,' and Pianciani's 'Commentaries on the History of the Mosaic Creation.' Beside other additions, he has completed the work by adding volumes on Job and the Psalms, which were left untouched by Cornelius. He has inserted Bellarmine's Commentary on the Psalms, and Corderius on Job. Bringing down the work to the state of critical and secular as well as spiritual knowledge in our own day, he gives a version of Job and the Song of Songs,[1] with notes and references to Renan's version. This complete work is divided into twenty-six volumes, quarto, and is sold for the small cost of twelve guineas. There is another and cheaper edition, wanting in the apparatuses, and containing instead of Bellarmine's the smaller treatise of Tirinus on Job. The cost of this edition is little more than two-thirds the price of the former.

To the 'Low Countries'—in a large use of the term—belongs the triumph of producing the two greatest of post-reformation commentators—Grotius, of Leyden, and Cornelius à Lapide; or, as he was known among mortal men, Corneille de la Pierre.[2] The latter was born, 1588, in the diocese of Liege, and early entered the Jesuit body. After an earnest pursuit of Greek and Hebrew, he devoted himself to the study of the Divine Scriptures, which, after he had taught at Louvain for some time, he continued to write on at Rome till his death in 1657. While Grotius, the elder of the two by some four years, is a model of the classical scripturist, who has no more idea of the accessible lights of revelation than the lad in the popular Oriental Tale, before he entered, could have imagined the wonders in the Gardens of the Lamp; Cornelius is faithful to the Catholic system of interpretation, although he cannot be said to follow it systematically, of which we shall speak at length presently; nor are we able to testify that his annotations hang well together. He is neither a learned man, nor a lettered man; he has as little Rabbinical and Hebrew lore as he has taste; and he does not impress one with the idea that he is himself very conscious of the spiritual force of Scripture. And he is diffuse. Yet of commentators on Holy Scripture that have

[1] We drew attention in our forty-seventh vol. p. 22, to the valuable Annotations of Cornelius on the Song of Songs.

[2] One is irresistibly reminded of another, who was Pierre Corneille, eighteen years younger than the ecclesiastic. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that for one who reads the dramatist, there are a thousand who habitually study Cornelius *à Lapide*.

appeared down to our day, he is easily chief. He is very useful. Considering his ecclesiastical position, he is temperate in his expressions; and only seems to forget his self-command when the detested Calvin comes across him. Though apparently not much impressed with the awe and wonder of Holy Scripture, yet we must say that the prefatory 'Encomium Sacræ Scripturæ' is admirable: he pays due attention to that large portion of it which is still unfulfilled; and reverently affirms the ancient doctrine respecting the order of events in the consummation, which is so sadly perverted and dislocated in the popular teaching of the day. In this respect he proves himself immeasurably more useful and satisfactory than Dr. Wordsworth.

We have spoken of his moderation. In proof of this we may quote for our readers from his note on 'The Woman's Seed.' He affirms that there are three readings—the neuter, feminine, and masculine, which may be severally designated the great Hebrew, the Roman, and the lesser Hebrew. The Roman, which reads *ipse*, is supported by 'omnia pene Latina, cum S. August., Chrysost., Ambr., Greg., Beda, Alcuino, Bernardo, Eucherio, Ruperto et aliis.' These are all then authorities against the popular Roman reading *ipsa*, which Cornelius tells us is due to 'quædam exemplaria Hebraica,' and presents some grammatical difficulties. Of all these renderings Cornelius says, '*una omnes sunt veræ.*' Had he seen Padre Vercellone's edition of the Vulgate, perhaps he would have been induced to form the same opinion as the learned editor, who does not hesitate to declare that *ipsa* is not the true rendering of the text. Anyhow it is remarkable that a doctor, who is among the first to maintain the co-presence of the Flesh of the B. V. Mary in the Eucharist, should make so little of a text on which former and later prelates of the same communion have grounded S. Mary's claims to divine honours.

The note on the great preliminary sacrifice of Abraham illustrates his manner, and contains the substance of what he gives in Leviticus on the sacrificial animals.

'Prima ergo *vacca* hoc *triennis* indomita significat primam generationem Hebræorum, eorumque libertatem in Ægypto, tempore Joseph; tunc enim liberè et lautè, instar juvencæ pascebantur opibus Ægypti. Secundò, *capra trima* significat secundam generationem Hebræorum, quam post Joseph instar capræ mulgere cœperunt Ægyptii, Hebræorum operis et servitute se ditando. Tertio, aries durus et cornutus significat tertiam generationem Hebræorum numerosissimam et fortissimam, ac proinde durissimâ servitute oppressam ab Ægyptiis nascente Mose. Quartò, duæ aves, non divisæ uti cætera, sed integræ in sacrificium oblatæ, significant quod post 400 annos Hebræi liberi et integri essent evolature ex Ægypto, ut Deum colerent, tum in deserto, tum in Chanaan. Turtur gemebunda significat 40 annos luctus in peregrinatione per desertum. Unde turtur Hebr. dicitur *tor*, à *tur* id est cogitare, meditari eò quod turtur intus loqui videatur, instar eorum qui meditabundi secum loquuntur. *Columba*

socialis significat tempus Josue, quo Hebræi in terra late et placide habitarunt. *Dissectio* quadrupedum significat afflictiones varias Hebræorum in Ægypto; harum fines significant aves integræ. *Volucrum volatus* ad cadavera significat Og, Leon, Amalek, aliosque hostes Israelem peregrinantem invadentes et vellicantes. *Abram volucres abigens* significat Dei Providentiam, Hebræos ob merita Abræ tuentem et protegentem. Ita Theodor et Diodor Tarsensis Tropol. de oratione et variis in ea distractionibus instar avium abigendis, vide apud S. Greg. Lib. xvi. Moral. 20. Quæres cur Deus voluit hæc animalia terrestria esse trima, sive trium annorum? Resp. Primò, quia trima animalia perfecta sunt statura, ætate, et robore. Secundò, symbolicè quia servitus Ægyptia duravit per tres generationes, putà Caat, Amram Mosis. Tropologicè qui contendit ad terram promissionis in cœlis, quasi verus Hebræus Abræ filius, hic sumat primò, vaccam triennem, id est humilitatem triplicem, putà, humiliet se superioribus paribus et inferioribus. Secundò, capram trimam, id est pœnitentiam triplicem, putà contritionem, confessionem et satisfactionem. Tertio, Arietem trimum, id est fortitudinem triplicem, ut scilicet fortiter ferat pro fide et Dei obsequio damna opum, honoris, et corporis sive vitæ. Quartò, sumat Turturem, id est, castitatem et orationem: atque Columbam, id est simplicitatem et mansuetudinem. Quintò, abigat volucres, id est dæmonum tentationes.'

Passing over an extract from S. Ambrose, we read:—

'Allegoricè hæc animalia significabunt Christum Christique sacrificium quo sancitum est novum fœdus Christianorum cum Deo. Aries ergo, sive ovis significat Christi innocentiam; capra significat similitudinem carnis peccati in Christo: vacca robur et patientiam Christi in perferendis laboribus; turtur, Christi munditiem et castitatem; columba, quæ sine felle est, incomparabilem Christi mansuetudinem.—Sopor hic Abræ partim fuit naturalis, et ex nimio labore diurno; partim fuit Abræ a Deo immissus, sicut Adæ soporem immisit, Genes. ii. 21. Est enim utrobique in Hebr. eadem vox *tardema* quam LXX. vertunt *ecstasin*. In ecstasin ergo raptus Abram, vidit posterorum suorum in Ægypto servitutem, idque videns horrore et angore correptus est. Symbolicè hic sopor significabat Deum quasi dormientem et dissimulantem ad tempus afflictionem Hebræorum: unde contigit in occasu solis, id est, mortuo Joseph. Secundò quod Abram ante sit moriturus, nec visurus calamitatem suæ gentis. Allegoricè hæc ad perturbationem in fine mundi futuram refert S. August.'

Admirable, too, is the whole note on the sacrifice of Isaac, the Holocaust, from which no memorial was to be left to the Father. From this praise we of course except the application of Moriah to the B. V. Mary. Against his own doctors he decides that the 'revertemur' was uttered by Abraham: 'quia certus erat, 'certòque credebat, quòd Deus Isaacum vel a morte liberaret, 'vel occisum et immolatum resuscitaret.' Upon the name of the Moriah he says, with fervour:

'Moraliter, in terra visionis oblatus est Isaac Christi typus: utinam ergo anima Christiana terra sit, non oblivionis sed visionis! utinam semper ante oculos lachrymis madentes habeat suum Isaac e cruce pendentem! Utinam ut ille in manibus suis sanguine illam descripsit, illa in corde suo perpetua memoria illum inscribat. Utinam in hac terra visionis semper videatur verus Isaac, sancta cogitatione! Utinam semper immoletur, sancta meditatione! Hoc ille flagitat dicens, Cant. viii.; *Pone me ut signaculum super cor tuum, ut signaculum super brachium tuum*; q.d. Sicut annulus signatorius suam figuram

ceræ imprimit: ita Christus crucifixus suam crucem, dolores et amorem imprimat cordi tuo, juxta illud S. Aug. l. de S. Virg. c. 55. *Toto vobis figuratur in corde* qui pro vobis fixus est in cruce.'

The above quotations will satisfy those of our readers who are not led by professional needs to consult Cornelius, of the tone and character of his Commentary. We shall not make any further extracts, but in our examination of the work of later times, worthy to be compared with that of the Jesuit Father, we shall, as occasion offers, refer to his remarks and comments.

We approach with considerable diffidence the discussion of the merits of Dr. Wordsworth's Commentary. Laborious and conscientious, holding fervently, powerfully held by the Catholic faith, keeping his great attainments in the meekness of wisdom, the Archdeacon of Westminster brings to his task—may he be spared to witness its happy accomplishment—no common gifts and qualifications. The fact that we have only a portion of this work before us, and that we are only going to deal with a portion of that portion, makes us all the more reluctant to say anything that may seem ungracious. We say ungracious intentionally; for Dr. Wordsworth has bestowed a great blessing on the Church. And it is an ungracious proceeding, where there is so much to command our gratitude and the highest praises we can bestow, to dwell upon omissions or register shortcomings. His comments are so wisely disposed—and this is a point of no mean importance—that no portion of Scripture retires, so to speak, into shade. Perhaps, the old Scriptures have never before, through so large a portion of them, been so largely illustrated from the writings of the Fathers. But the arguments are occasionally inconsequential, the typical significance of the letter is not impartially enforced; nor is the Catholic method of interpretation carried out in its integrity. We are the less reluctant to state these objections, for the simple reason, that it is in the learned commentator's power to rectify, by means of *Excursus* and *Appendices* the deficiencies, which he may himself come to recognise in his pages. We have collected together in a few lines the substance of our objections, and it is but right that we should proceed to justify them.

1. Some of the arguments are inconsequential. As one out of many illustrations we might produce of this, let us take that admirable note on the Deluge,[1] which so fully demonstrates Dr.

[1] Mr. Murphy's admirable publication had not reached us in time to be included in this article. But we see that he limits the area of the Deluge to that area tenanted by man. But what if the area of the dry land was less than it has ever been in historic times? What if—as has been largely affirmed—the number of human beings was many hundred or many thousand times greater than it is now?

Wordsworth's acquaintance with the Written Word. He contends, as might be anticipated, for the universality of the Deluge. But when he grounds his proof on the Submersion 'Of all the high hills that were under the whole Heaven,' we confess we feel that there is force in the reply which offers to us from the Bible itself, such expressions as 'the whole world' in S. Luke. Then the typical relationship of the Deluge to Christian Baptism cannot be enforced; obviously, types have no *demonstrative* force, but simply an illustrative and confirmatory value. And such an argument that the flood must have been universal because Christian baptism is designed to be universal among mankind, has this fatal character: it assumes in a measure the very point of the implied comparison: that all who are unbaptized will perish everlastingly. Within the sphere of the Church's operations, of course there is no question of the urgency of the law of this sacrament. Beyond that sphere, as far as we know, the urgency does not exist. Dr. Wordsworth's argument is in fact an argument rather *against* than *for* the universality of the judgment. Dr. Wordsworth has put illustration in the place of argument. In the same way, the fiery judgment of the last day cannot, from the very nature of the case, conclude anything about the Deluge. If anything, rather it concludes against the universality of the Deluge. For who presumes to determine that that fiery trial, accurately distinguishing mankind into the saved and lost, will find none ready to be converted, and turn to Christ by that to them the first, as it will be to all the irrefragable demonstration of the Truth as it is in Jesus? Meanwhile, albeit we must regret that the MIRACLE of the Deluge is so little credited, and must own that miracles like other mysteries, are impatient, at every stage, of vulgar exposition, we must acknowledge that inability to receive the simple narrative of the Deluge, in its fullest import, is not of the nature of heresy: bears no proportion, for instance, to that dreadful and fearful misbelief which denies the universality of Christ's redeeming love. For what are the Waters of Moses to the Blood of God?

2. The rules do not seem to have been yet ascertained which define the extent of the spiritual interpretation. How far is the type to be pressed? The same question meets us in the New Testament. In the unfolding of the Parables, we are often told we are to grasp the central idea. We are not to require a spiritual sense from circumstantials, thrown in merely to complete the representation. But what are these circumstantials? Who has authority to decide that it is over-refining to find the history of the Fall, the institution of the Church and Sacraments, in the Parable of the 'Good Sa-

maritan;' and to find the carnal Israel brought out of Egypt in Hagar, the concubine? Dr. Wordsworth's exposition is based upon the recognition of the spiritual sense. He is courageous in thus re-affirming the principles of Catholic exegesis. The one Christ unifies the two Testaments. To understand the Old Testament, we must bring Christ with us from the New to aid our studies. The undying enemies of the Faith are the Jew and the Manichean, who are easily to be detected to this day under the various disguises of our religious liberalism. But the Jew and the Manichean of old were not confronted with the mere letter of Moses. It was not thus that S. Justin Martyr encountered Trypho, or S. Augustin encountered Faustus. The doctors of the Church neither divorced the letter from the spirit, nor the spirit from the letter. If the letter represents the whole burden of the Revelation, unbelief will hold itself quite equal to deal with it. The denial of the spiritual sense, and of its co-ordinate authority with the Letter, is the triumph of the Infidel. It is thus that the Letter KILLS. But the presence of Christ in the Law transfigures the whole of it.

'As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene.'

The very vesture of the divine ideas is rendered 'white and glistering' by the Indwelling Power, and hence the difficulty, when the world is critic, of avoiding on the one hand a minuteness which, even to the well-affected may seem puerile; or, on the other hand, an inattention to details which may seem to argue a want of spiritual discernment. We know how S. Barnabas the apostle of the Holy Ghost would have expounded spiritually every feature of the Law. No truth appears more distinctly in Church history than this: that heresy has always repudiated the mystical sense. Arian and Nestorian alike recoiled from it. This is not undeserving of attention at the present day, when *the intellectual difficulty* of society is the interpretation of Scripture. The wonderful things of the Law are the mysteries of the spiritual interpretation. The severely logical mind of Aquinas, the fervent devotion of Lyranus, have equally contended for the fourfold sense of Scripture. There may be in the old terminology something that is repulsive. We may not like sometimes, and possibly not a few may fail exactly

to understand, what is meant by the *allegorical*, the *tropological*, and the *anagogical*. But in common use, we are always accepting these different aspects of the truth as based on the letter.[1] When a teacher is giving to a text a *personal* application, he is unfolding the Scripture *tropologicè*. If he makes it the basis of warning as to the future, he is dealing with it *anagogicè*. 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand,' is a divine word, the (1) *literal* analysis of which cannot fail to be fruitful. But when (2) we have traced its realization in the foundation of the Church, (3) in the regeneration of the Christian, (4) in the hope of the final advent of Him whose inheritance is to be the heathen, and whose possession is to be the utmost parts of the earth, we have run over those different catholic modes of understanding Holy Writ, which are most fully recognised in the most accepted popular pulpit teaching of our day. The profound spiritual intuitiveness of the Fathers is thus unconsciously acknowledged by the habitual defamers of patristic authority. What, then, we object to Dr. Wordsworth's work under this head is, that while he has affirmed the principle in a most critical season—and for this we owe him a great debt of gratitude—he has not worked it out: he has made his own judgment the standard to guide him in the application of it; nor can we recall a single instance in which, to the analysis of the letter, he has added all the other threefold analyses, the historical, the personal, and the prophetical. We are discomfited by a proceeding so arbitrary. If these hermeneutical methods come to us authenticated by Fathers as well as Schoolmen, and come based not alone on the co-apostolic sanction of S. Barnabas, but on the more sure testimony of Holy Writ itself, we must not play fast and loose with them. They will be found to answer so fully the requirements of the understanding, the reason, the imagination, and the will, that no part of the creature will be left unsolicited by the in-worded spirit. They will make the Scripture tell variously on the unconvinced, the unconverted, the undecided, and the Faithful. Or with these last, who, in an honest and good heart, claim the testimonies of God as their heritage for ever, they will promote the successive stages of their spiritual development, the stages of faith, sonship, service, and suffering in the hope of glory. And, therefore, whatever difficulties may be supposed to exist in carrying out this plan of commentary, whether it proceed from Westminster or Rome, —and the Jesuit is almost as faulty as the Archdeacon—we

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1 The old distich is :—

'Litera gesta docet, quod credas, allegoria;
Moralis quod agas; quod tendas anagogia.'

have no hesitation in saying, that no commentary upon Scripture is such properly, that does not proceed on this method uniformly, from beginning to end. It may indeed be urged that not the slightest difficulty in a work executed on this plan, would be the immense amount of letter-press which it would require; for every line of interpretation has its own difficulties and variations. But to this the answer is ready. A well-arranged system of marginal references, aided by a due variation of type and symbol, would greatly abbreviate the foot-note; and already, both in our common bibles with marginal references, and in Bagster's issues, we have two variations of type and symbol. The divine word in the paschal rite, 'A bone of it shall not be broken,' can be unfolded by such references as S. John xix. 36; Ps. xxxv. 10; Ezekiel xxxvii. 7,—revealing successively the fulfilment of the letter in Christ, the preservation of the Christian individually, or of the whole Church collectively, on all occasions of self-sacrifice and sorrow, and finally the completeness of the Resurrection itself.

But beyond this defect in Dr. Wordsworth's volumes, there is another resulting from it. For instance, the note on the Manna—and we must say that, for conciseness and an almost mathematical neatness of elaboration, these notes cannot be surpassed, and are almost worthy of Bentley—at first glance, seems to exhaust the whole evangelical significancy of the miracle and the matter. Yet he takes no notice of the prevenient and supervenient dew; and he deduces no adequate spiritual significancy from the one hidden and mystical circumstance in the miracle: 'He that gathered little—he that gathered much.' It is a matter of astonishment to us, that one so saturated with catholic lore, should have failed to see the reception of whole Christ in the Eucharist signified by this statement. The absence of all respect of persons, is certainly implied already in the impartial diffusiveness of the gift. It lay round about, and so was bestowed on all. In the description of the Manna as 'small,' Dr. Wordsworth finds the sense of *unclothed*, which is in accordance with the derivation of the Hebrew and the rendering of the LXX. λεπτός. This feature he connects with S. John xiii. 3, and Phil. ii. 7, 8.

It is remarkable that so little notice is taken of the nature and reiteration of the 'Promises made to Abraham.' To Abraham and his seed the promises were made eleven times. There were three promises,—the Land, the Nation, and the Blessing. All three were given once to each of the Patriarchs; to Abraham (Gen. xvii. 6), to Isaac (xxvi. 3), to Jacob (xxviii. 13). The nation was promised to Isaac (xxvii. 24); the land and nation to Jacob (xxxv. 11, 12). Abraham received the

promises seven times; the first and seventh time he was promised the nation and blessing; on the fourth time he was promised the nation only; and then it was that we are told his faith was imputed to him for righteousness. The sixth time he received all the promises, *συλληβδήν*. But on the second and fifth time, he received the promise of the land alone; the promise of the land being repeated in all *seven times*. Is it not remarkable that our commentators pass all this over? And is it possible for us to remain content with the succinct note of Cornelius—which, omitting the allegoric and tropologic, merely says, 'Anagogicè terra promissionis est cœlum.' Is there no emphasis in the promise, '*To thee* (xiii. 15), I will give it and to thy seed after thee?' Is it a true comment to say with Cornelius, 'Abræ censetur dari quod semini et posteris ejus datur?' or 'cum S. Thoma, vel potius Thoma Angelico, Pererio, et aliis, promissionem hanc esse conditionatam?' How could Abraham forfeit by default of his heirs, the heir apparent by miscarriage of the after inheritors' entail? If the promises of God cannot be evacuated; if there is indeed a sure and certain hope of the Resurrection; if indeed God is still the God of them who received the promise of, but never yet received the land, then will God fulfil the promise to Abraham, and to Isaac, and to Jacob, that they shall possess the land. The divine argument of Jesus with the Sadducees, is based on the certain fulfilment of a long postponed promise, which demands our devout recognition. We wish Dr. Wordsworth had dwelt upon this portion of the divine word.[1]

There is another point which has received from commentators very inadequate notice. Abraham, after Sarah's death, married a third wife. Not a few have been zealous to vindicate Abraham from an apparent unfaithfulness to the memory of Sarah. Others have been boldly desirous to improve the word. And so this part of Chapter xxv. has been pronounced a misplaced section, or the narrative of a liasion formed some twenty years earlier, or even more, and introduced here to complete the historical and biographical narrative. A learned bishop, Dr. Clayton of Clogher, declares that this connection was formed twenty years after the marriage with Sara, and consequently long before Abraham took Hagar.[2] We are only too familiar of late years with this kind of episcopal speculation. Yet the word abides in its true place, and so taken, is replete with tropological and anagogical significance. Cornelius says, 'Allegoricè, filii Agar

[1] Gill, in his laborious Commentary, speaks (Gen. xiii. 15) of Abraham after his resurrection enjoying with his seed this part of the earth, 'renewed as the rest.'

[2] Quoted by Gill, *in loc.* The Targums of Jonathan and Jerusalem identify her with Hagar.

sunt Pagani et infideles, filii Ceturæ sunt hæretici,' &c. Rather, anagogically they represent a class of whom Cornelius, in much later annotations, makes frequent mention, we mean the heathen converted by the returning Jesus; the afterbirth of faith; the unwilling and unconscious adversaries of Jesus converted by his final presence; or, if not these, and we have but referred to a class frequently alluded to by Cornelius, Keturah and her children may represent the *nations* of the great parable, who, though not knowing the Lord, have lived a 'law unto themselves.' What allegorically and morally Keturah and her children impart, we shall find stated in the words of one who is expanding the thought of Origen.

'Sarah is Abraham's wife; in other words, the Spirit of Faith lays hold of Truth under the Sarah form—that is, the promise. What principle is it that Keturah represents? Now, though we have not an Apostle's record to tell us, as in the case of Hagar and Sarah the spiritual import of this third wife, we have, or may have, if we will wait, that same Teacher, even the Spirit, which was in saints of old; for the Light of their light remains undimmed. Keturah is that practical truth which neither law nor promise, neither bondmaid nor free-woman, succeeds to both at this stage of faith's life, when the Truth which Sarah represents has passed from an outward form into a higher state. S. Paul's Epistles are full of Keturah. All those exhortations which are not mere law, and which as clearly are not the promise, though they are meant to follow it, are this third wife, given to be embraced by those in whom Sarah or the New Covenant has already borne fruit. But this sort of truth does not attract the believer until Sarah passes into a higher sphere. Then we take Keturah to wife. She is, as her name imports, 'Savour of a Sweet Smell.' And her fruits are sweet to God and man, though, like Midian, they may soon be corrupted and even oppose the chosen line. How many fruits have there been borne, the offspring of faith, and that not by law, but by the precious truth which Keturah represents,—fruits of ascetic life, which have proved in the event to be prejudicial, or at least opposed to the highest inward life. Indeed, the word 'ascetic' means in itself simply *practical*. The conventional sense declares the common end of such efforts, answering exactly to the course and destiny of Keturah's sons. Such fruits, sweet as they are, one and all, are liable to rapid deterioration. They possess, indeed, some of the good things of faith, but from the first they are distinguished by faith from the spirit of sonship, which is the true heir. Isaac is not Keturah's son. Sonship is not of law, nor of that practical truth which, though not law, is somewhat akin to it. Sonship will no more come of these than figs will grow from slips of myrtle, a vine from planting acorns. Yet Keturah's sons, like oaks and myrtles, are lovely too, and pleasant in their season, though they cannot inherit all Abraham's good things.'[1]

One concluding remark upon this part of our subject. It will illustrate the statement which up to this point, we have been justifying, that there is much of what is arbitrary in Dr. Wordsworth's method of interpretation. The church is at the present moment disturbed not a little upon the vestiarian con-

[1] Juke, Types of Genesis.

troversy. And it is a question not undeserving of attention, what, in the performance of the divine office, should be the dress of the minister. The bible is not too large a book; and yet some space in it is taken up with a record of how God, in his first sanctuary, would have the priesthood dress. It is scarcely to be credited that in annotating these passages, Dr. Wordsworth, who so properly on other occasions introduces into his notes, allusions to the questions and controversies of the day, omits all reference to our vestiarian agitation. And, as if to make the omission more remarkable, we find the Arian, Adam Clark, who occupied a position in which he might have well declined the discussion, and wrote at a time when the subject commanded neither sympathy nor notice, vindicating, on the authority of the Aaronic attire, the fitness of a splendid dress for the Christian minister. In the short course of a century, Methodism has developed a ministry and sacrament; it is now dignifying itself with the name of Church, and installing itself in Gothic chancelled buildings. No doubt its next development will be its 'putting in ure,' on the authority of its great commentator, something like the ancient vestments of the catholic church.

We shall devote the space remaining to a brief survey of the more notable annotations with which the Archdeacon of Westminister has enriched his pages.

We may pass over the introductions to the separate books, and the preface to the whole. These, indeed, are about the most interesting and the best executed parts of the whole undertaking. There he lays down the great Origenian canon,—'Non 'possumus hoc dicere de Sancti Spiritûs literis quod aliquod in 'eis otiosum sit, aut superfluum.' The great point in the history of the creation of man is not the assertion or denial of the theory whether there may have been other previous manlike beings: but the essential identity of man as to his rational and spiritual anatomy. Nor is the pre-Adamic existence of death to be doubted. Eve was taken from the side, from beneath the arm, from near the heart of Adam, to show that she was to assist, was to be sheltered, was to love and be loved by Adam. On the new moon of the same month that Israel crossed the Red Sea, the waters of the deluge were dried off. The gift of animal food was in anticipation of any disposition to animal worship. The note on the family of Cain is very ingenious. In the likeness of names between the family of Cain and Seth he sees the spiritual suggestion of the mixture of good and evil under the enjoyment of the same privileges in the Church. There is Enoch, or dedication, in both. In the family of *Lamech*, importing the instability of water, we have the fleeting nature of all earthly endowments indicated. Enoch was probably a priest

of the patriarchal dispensation. He does not notice the literal and spiritual significance of the window in the ark. In Peleg, (Gen. x. 25) he only recognises the division of the nations, not the physical disruption of lands and continents. In comparing Noe in his fall to Christ, Dr. Wordsworth is more courageous than Cornelius, who is content with a mere reference to this interpretation. The omission of the name of Canaan may have been a punishment for his sin; while the restoration of the name indicates the redeeming power of the gospel. The omission of the name by Moses reduces the number of names between Shem and Abraham to ten; and there are ten between Adam and Noah. Abraham is twentieth from Adam. There is the perfect number of seventy-seven names in S. Luke between God and Jesus. 'And then, as seventy and 'sevenfold are spoken of in Gen. iv. 24, as the number of full 'retribution for sin, so the number seventy-seven brings us 'from God through Adam to Christ, the second Adam, in whom 'is full remission.' The act of Melchizedek (xiii. 18) seems to have been the investiture of Abraham in his inheritance; and by partaking in the act Abraham, so to speak 'took livery and seisin of the promised land.' It was after the sacramental act, and partaking of the bread and wine of the King of Righteousness, that the act is recorded which was imputed to Abraham for righteousness; as though, in that breaking of bread, Abraham's eye had been opened to see Him who was invisible. Dr. Wordsworth says not one word of the spiritual significance of the weaning of Isaac, or the withdrawal of the spiritual Israel from the nurture and discipline of the elder dispensation. He says well of the burying-places, that there were in fact two,—that at Shechem, where Abraham built an altar, which was afterwards seized and profaned by the Amorites, and recovered by Jacob: and that at Hebron. The wrestling (xxxii.) at Jabbok, was designed to teach Jacob whom he was to fear. Does it not rather imply, with Kurtz, the necessity Jacob was under of reconciling himself with God, for his many misdeeds and falsehoods, before entering the promised land? The disputed question of Joseph's cup, Dr. Wordsworth explains ingeniously. He follows Philo, Josephus, S. Chrysostom, Theoderet, in regarding the incident as a test of the love his brothers had for Benjamin. S. Augustine calls it on Joseph's part a 'mendacium jocosum.' But our commentator explains; his brethren had accounted him, Joseph, a dreamer of dreams; he accepts the position assigned to him; he could, he proved, divine, without the cup. One of the best notes in Exodus is that on the three Hebrew terms used on the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, *chazah*, to bind together (five times), *cabad*, to be heavy (five times),

kashal, to be hard (once). Seven times Pharaoh hardened his own heart. The note on the I AM is also excellent: the mere name, as a name, was known to the patriarchs. Now, as He is coming into conflict with others called gods, 'all the gods of Egypt,' the Most High is resolved to unfold to his servant the full import of the name in all its force. There is a good note on Exodus xviii. 24, with an application of it to the increase of the episcopate. He afterwards, in speaking of the women who, penitent for their share in the worship of the calf, had dedicated their looking-glasses—says no word of comment on, or application of, the text as authorising the institution of societies of religious women. Very excellent also is the note on Exod. xvii. 15, 16, where, in the literal rendering, 'For a hand is on 'the throne of Jehovah,' 'war by Jehovah with Amalek from 'generation to generation:' and in the erection of the altar, 'Jehovah thy Banner,' we are to understand that the uplifted hand upon the throne, the pledge and cause of triumph, is the very hand of Jehovah himself. Nor can we pass over the valuable note on the Urim and Thummim (Exod. xxviii. 30), particularly after reading the dreary article under this head in Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible.'

'They were like a Divine spirit, given by God to Moses, and put by Him into the breast-plate, and beaming and flashing forth, as it were, from the gems, and making itself visible to the eye, and perhaps audible to the ear of the high priest, when engaged in ministering before God, and when resorting unto Him for illumination and perfection. . . . . It appears that Moses was directed and empowered by God to *put* (or, as the word properly signifies) *to give, and impart a spiritual* quality to the gems of the breast-plate; and the high priest wearing the breast-plate before the Lord, was enabled to read God's will by communion with this spiritual gift. We have a remarkable illustration of this infusion of spiritual powers into inanimate objects when used in relation to spiritual purposes in the Christian Church. God vouchsafes to direct and to enable His evangelical priests to impart spiritual virtue to the elements, which are solemnly set apart and consecrated by them for the administration of the Christian Sacraments, according to the institution of Christ. The elements are like the jewels of the breast-plate; they are inanimate things, but they are made capable of conveying spiritual grace to worthy recipients.'

Perhaps we may venture to add, that as the use of Urim and Thummin passed into abeyance, on the confirmation of David in his kingdom; so, on the return of Him who will then be King of kings, all sacramental forms will disappear. The note by Cornelius here is very tedious. Like the writer in Smith's Dictionary, he compares the Urim and Thummim to the Egyptian forms: on the other hand, he likens it to the pallium. But his practical remarks, where we must agree with him, are very good, urging that 'in sacerdotibus nostris requiratur tam doctrinæ splendor quam veritas et integritas vitæ.'

We must pass Numbers and Deuteronomy almost *sicco pede*. We were surprised to find no notice taken of the three different pointings, in Numb. vi. 24, 25, 26, of the thrice-repeated Jehovah. In the first chapter he ingeniously compares the heads of houses with the Apostolic list; the first, Elizur (*God our Rock*), corresponding to S. Peter: the *last*, Ahira (*Brother of Evil*), corresponding to Judas Iscariot. Nor at Chapter xii. does he fail to note the carnal Synagogue, represented by Miriam murmuring against the union of Christ with the Gentiles, represented by the *second* and *Cushite* wife of Moses. In the rebellion of Korah and his company, we find how those who coveted earthly things, who had coveted the fire of the priestly office, are punished by the earth and fire. In Deuteronomy ix. 3, compared with vii. 22, we find the different orders divinely uttered respecting the enemies of Israel. The sons of Anak were to be destroyed speedily; but the inhabitants of the land by little and little.[1] In Chapter xxviii. he does full justice to Dean Jackson's great Commentary. He reminds us, how in the Synagogue this chapter is not read aloud. A miserable pauper is hired for a small sum, to stand by the reader, who, in a low and mournful tone, mutters it into the pauper's ear; who then, the reader done, returns in silence to his seat. The remarkable verse of this chapter, 66, is too briefly noticed in its *tropologic* sense, by Cornelius (who is very meagre on this book). Dr. Wordsworth does it more justice. First, we have the LXX. version, ἔσται ἡ ζωή σου κρεμαμένη ἀπενάντι τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν σου καὶ οὐ πιστεύσεις τῇ ζωῇ σου. Then the vulgate, 'Erit vita tua quasi pendens ante te, et non credes vitæ tuæ.' So Iren. Tertull. SS. Chrysost. Athanas. August. refer it to the Crucified One.[2]

We have left ourselves only inadequate room for the discussion of Leviticus. The commentaries of both Cornelius and Wordsworth on this book are the most useful of all. For thirty-eight years, in the interval between Numbers xiv. and xx. Israel was under interdict, and so to speak, had no history.

[1] On Deut. xxiii. 24, there is a very amusing note, not unsuited to a time when a Priesthood which cannot teach is betaking itself, as in Cowper's time, to those 'grand caterers and dry nurses of the Church,' the sermon-lithographers, &c. 'St. Cyril (Alex.) complains that in his own days reporters came into churches and took down sermons delivered extemporaneously, and published them without being revised by the preacher.' (De Ador. viii. 27). 'Let them come,' he says, 'into the vineyard of the Church, and eat grapes there to their fill, at their own pleasure; but let them not put them into their own vessels and carry them away to market for their own gain.'

[2] In a sermon on Deut. xxii. 6, 7, among 'Sermons on the less remarkable passages of Scripture,' Mr. Melville says that precepts of this kind contain lessons against covetousness, cruelty, extravagance, undue use of the power given us by the affections of others, against the making little in religion of little commandments and little duties.

During all this time the public ceremonial of divine worship was limited to the Sabbath, the use of fringes, incense, and the Sacrifice of the Red Heifer.[1] It was only after the expiration of those thirty-eight years that the law awoke with the resurrection of the people. The Levitical code was never observed in the wilderness. It was intended for an obedient people, marching onward directly to inhabit Canaan. Leviticus is the law of Israel's sanctification. And sanctification being with us the practice of the Christian Life, it cannot but be that this, of the five books, is the one which demands of the Christian immediate and constant study. Dr. Wordsworth does not overstate when he says that it is invaluable as a Book of Christian Doctrine, of Human Nature, of Christian Ethics, moral lessons, and religious duties. He says, in the preface:—

'Leviticus claims also attentive consideration on account of its bearing on the evidences of the truth of Christianity.

'The book is a sacred code, delivered by God speaking to Moses at Mount Sinai, in the tabernacle which just then had been reared up, as is related at the close of Exodus. It is an oracular utterance of the Almighty Legislator Himself. It was pronounced at intervals in the course of a few days, in the first month of the second year of the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt. The character of Divine inspiration and unity is, therefore, stamped strongly and deeply upon it.[2]

'The requirements of the Levitical code, in their literal meaning, may seem, at first sight, to concern mere outward observances; and if they are regarded only in this light, they cannot but appear to be wearisome, trivial, and even perhaps offensive; and they who look at them in this point of view may be tempted to ask, as indeed some have asked, whether such a code of laws as this is worthy of an all-wise and all-holy God, who requires the devotion of the heart and the dedication of the life to his holy service.

'But these very characteristics of the code have their uses. The minute precision of the Levitical law, its elaborate details, the complex, cumbrous nature of its requirements, the continual repetition of the same sacrifices (which was a practical evidence of their imperfection[3]), and the witness it bore to the sinfulness of the priests themselves, who were appointed to intercede for the people with God, suggested to the devout Israelite the belief that there must be a *spiritual* meaning *beneath* the surface of the letter. These characteristics of the Levitical code made him to look forward to what was prefigured by it. They made him raise his eyes from the type to the Antitype. They constrained him to yearn with intense desire for another dispensation.

'That other dispensation appeared in the Incarnation of Christ. It was consummated in His Death, Resurrection, and Ascension, and in the sending of the Holy Ghost from heaven. Thus the Levitical law, which before that time had been like an enigmatic scroll of mysterious hieroglyphics, exercising the faith and patience and quickening the hope of the faithful Israelite, became

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[1] We are told that only six red heifers in all were offered up to the destruction of the second temple.

[2] In the recent attack on the Pentateuch, not a syllable has been alleged against its unity and inspiration.

[3] Miriam, Aaron, Moses, Prophecy, Priesthood, Law,—the last continuing *longest*, can only bring to the borders of the Promised Land.

intelligible. It was deciphered by the Holy Spirit of the Gospel. Its characters, before dim, were gilded [shall we not add, continue to be increasingly gilded, through the presence of the person of the Paraclete?] with heavenly light, and shone forth in divine beauty and glory, and were seen to be instinct with moral and spiritual meaning. The literal requirements of the Levitical law were fulfilled and done away with in Christ; they fell off like the husks of swelling seed, or like the blossoms of setting fruit; but their spiritual and moral meaning remains and is fruitful for ever, and is made more visible and beautiful, now that its preparatory integuments have been shed off under the genial influence and soft vermal breath of the Holy Spirit in the Gospel.'

In a preliminary note to Chapter I. he proceeds:—

'In a word, it may be truly affirmed that we can hardly have clear views of our own sin and guilt as they appear in the eyes of God; and of the need of a sacrifice to take away our sins and to reconcile the sinner to God; and of the true character of that fearful sacrifice in its manifold aspects, and of the duty and blessedness of repentance for sins, whether they be sins of ignorance, negligence, or presumption; and of the glorious privilege of communicating with God in Christ in the Christian Peace Offering, the Holy Eucharist; and of the character and office of Christ, not only as our Sacrifice, but also as our Priest; and, as summing up all mankind in Himself, as the Universal Presenter and Offerer of the One Sacrifice acceptable to God,—without a careful study of the Book of Leviticus.'

The absolute and infallible authority of conscience is one of the unconscious heresies of our day. Against this Leviticus distinctly protests. Ignorances as well as infirmities and negligencies are sins. They are, according to Leviticus, punishable as such; hence the necessity the Christian is under to inform and enlighten his conscience by the keeping of God's Will and Word; hence the need to control alike affections and will. And from Chapter IV. Archdeacon Wordsworth enforces this 'important moral truth' that the heinousness of a sin varies according to the position of a sinner; for instance, that sin in a priest is more hateful to God than in a common person, or as Cornelius holds, 'æquari peccatis totius populi.'

Upon the debated question of the difference between and the relationship to one another of the sin-offering and the trespass-offering, our commentator is of opinion that the former was an offering for the act of sin, the latter (*Asham*, the soul-offering of Messiah, Isaiah liii. 10) is an offering for the removal of the guilt consequent upon the act of sin. The one sin-offering remedial of the damage done to the Divine, and the other an offering remedial of the stain contracted by the human nature. If these two classes of sacrifices were as inseparably united as were other classes —as inseparably united as the act and guilt of a sin concomitantly affect the human and Divine nature—we should account Archdeacon Wordsworth's theory as better than ingenious. But as the supposition made is not verifiable, we can hardly admit it. As these sacrifices were not offered at the same time

necessarily, we rather incline to the idea that they were designed to be, respectively, remedial of the *act* and the *habit* of sin; nor in modern casuistry is there any more intricate or delicate question to be settled, than the heinousness of habitual sin in its several relations. May we not believe that we have light given us for the elucidation of this difficulty in the differences in detail, between the two sacrifices? For instance, we find that in the sin-offering, to denote the transference of the sin, the hand was laid on the victim's head (both hands on the great day of atonement); and that, in the same offering, the blood was *poured:* while there is no hand in the trespass-offering, and the blood is sprinkled, and confession is not required, as in the other.

Archdeacon Wordsworth writes well in the final note on Chap. VII. of the benefits of these offerings. While Calvin had stated that 'sacramentali modo Israelitas solutos culpâ et reatu 'in Dei Judicio,' Cornelius enters into details, and holds that there was a threefold benefit: they freed from the temporal consequences of sin; they removed the legal disqualifications; and they also removed, *ex opere operantis*, the eternal punishment of sin. Dr. Wordsworth says:—

'The faith of those who offered the sacrifices under the Levitical Law was doubtless more or less clear-sighted and explicit, in different persons and at different times. But there was faith and obedience in the very act of complying with the complex requirements of a ceremonial yoke, which (requiring a distinct atonement to be made for every sin) exacted so much self-sacrifice; and which bore continual witness of man's sinfulness, and of his need of a Saviour, and proclaimed its own insufficiency and incompetency to take away sin, and which pointed in almost every enactment to something beyond itself; and it cannot admit of a doubt that the acceptance on *God's part* of the person of the worshipper, and of the sacrifice offered by him, was due to the *Divine foreknowledge* of the incarnation and sacrifice of the only-begotten Son.'

Of the intense spiritual significance of these forms, and their fulness of instruction for us and for all Christians, we have not room now to say much. The head, the legs, the inwards, the feet—representing thoughts, daily walk in life, affections, and will, correspond to our Redeemer's own analysis of man, the heart and soul and mind and strength. Then there is the double after lesson in each sacrifice, impressing on us the necessity of self-dissection; and the dissection, too, in order to still more ardent understanding of it—of the Sorrows of the Death of Christ; 'Cujus artus,' says S. Gregory, 'in frusta concidimus, 'cum distinguentes subtiliter, ejus intima, et membratunque 'cogitamus.' Full of import, too, are the instruments used at that great atonement: 'The cedar, used for its perfume; the hyssop 'for its searchingness; the water for its cleansing; the fire for its

'kindling or enlightening;' besides all else they teach, indicate the graces of sanctifying power in repentance; pure sincerity of intention; unflinching self-abasement, tears, and fervent zeal.[1]

If our readers at all share our interest in the review of this part of this valuable work, if our extracts and hints have succeeded in exciting in them a desire to renew the study of this part of God's word, they will be glad to have placed before them Dr. Wordsworth's Analysis of the Contents of the Book.

I.—VIII. { Sacrifice and Priesthood.

X.—XV. Original Sin. { The Affections. The Appetites. Uncleanness. Leprosy.

XVI. The Revelations of God in Mercy and Atonement.

XVII. The Unity } of the Church.
XVIII. The Universality }

XIX. Duty to God and Man.

XX. Holiness of the People.

XXI., XXII. Holiness of the Priests.

XXIII. Feasts.

XXIV. Lamp and Shewbread.

XXV. Sabbatic Year.

XXVI. Remorse and Warnings.

XXVII. Maintenance of Public Worship.

A manual for the guidance of Christ's people, for all Christian time, from Calvary to the Last Advent.

The question of inspiration has been argued of late years with considerable earnestness; and men have been rash enough to import into the discussion their own too natural anxiety for a scientific definition. One of the consequences of this has been that some most important aspects of the truth have been partially, if not wholly, overlooked. Whatever conceivable diversities of opinion may exist as to the dictation, suggestion, or origination generally, of the different parts of Scripture, we should remember that the work as it stands has been *sealed* by

[1] On the subject of the unclean animals, Dr. Wordsworth teaches us that the Levitical prohibition of certain meats (besides witnessing to a lost dominion, placing a rein on the appetites, and testifying against creatures used for the purposes of idolatry and witchcraft), had a moral use, in teaching man what kind of temper and habits he ought to eschew, and what to cultivate.

Him who speaks by it. Like the vessels in the ancient miracle, for whatsoever purposes originally shaped or whencesoever gathered, the parts are filled with the presence of God the Holy Ghost. We may not prove, from the use of the word Law in the Pentateuch, that the work is substantially one, and the author one—even Moses; but the work itself, and the order and succession of its parts, derive a higher unity, to the understanding of Faith, as they also derive a divine inviolability from the descended Paraclete. 'As it is in a harp, where only the strings which are 'struck emit the sound, and yet all things in the instrument are 'so fitted together as to minister to the strings which send forth 'the music, so in these prophetic narratives of the Pentateuch the 'incidents which are selected by the prophetic spirit either send 'forth an articulate sound themselves and preannounce something 'that is future, or else they are inserted in order that they may 'bind together the strings which emit the sound.'[1] The illustration is admirable as far as it goes. But it is deficient. It presents the same idea as do those theories of creation which assimilate it to a clock, finished and wound up by its maker, and then *left*. The idea disparages alike the created and the Creator. It disparages alike the Word and the Person of the Pentecost. Worthy conceptions of the Word will not be recovered until the Church sets itself free from those absorbing subjective theories as to the Holy Spirit which are making mischief in all directions. She cannot now follow Eutyches, in confounding the natures in Christ, but she is actually incurring danger of committing herself to an analogous heresy, in seeing only in the presence of the Holy Ghost a subjective presence blended with, and only present as blended with, the mind and consciousness of the Church. On the other side, the Scripture is separate from Him in whom and by whom it speaks to us; and we dwell either on the proper moral conditions of those who read it or on the wondrous circumstances under which it became Scripture, rather than on the miraculous conditions under which it abides. It may be that it is owing to our failing to appreciate the constant miracle of its being that so much of Scripture continues unexplained; that Ezekiel remonstrates, all to no purpose, from the banks of Chebar; that John still flashes on close-lidded eyes the fearful pageants of the invisible estate.

Viewed in its unity, the Law presents a touching analysis of the Christian Life; in this respect resembling the fourfold Gospel, which reveals, as fully as the world can contain it, the character of the Saviour as very King, very Man, very Saviour, and very God. The book might well be accounted the story of

[1] S. August. cont. Faust. Man. xxii. 94.

our Sonship and our Redemption; the story of the labours of the soul in its longings after purity; of the sorrows of the pilgrim in his wanderings through the wilderness of this life, and the account of those solemn reminiscences which come to the mature Christian of the past warnings and judgments of God, when memory, like another Moses, reproduces the statutes and judgments of the Most High. It is in this light the Law becomes for the Christian in private a spiritual help, unspeakably precious; that it comes to be regarded no longer as an ecclesiastical testimony, or a half-exploded system; but as an indispensable part of the Revelation of the tender mercies of God. Into this view of the 'Law' we wish Dr. Wordsworth had entered more fully; but his illustrative force does not lie, or his taste does not lead him, in this direction. Some will characterise this as want of unction, others as a want of depth; we attribute it to his failing to follow out the ancient methods. We shall close with an extract, which will show how felicitous in application the learned archdeacon is, and will at the same time form a fitting close to this comment on commentators:—

'Moses was preserved, by God's providence, in an ark of papyrus or paper, and floated on the Nile—the river into which Hebrew children were cast in order to be destroyed—and became the ruler of God's people. And the writings of Moses have been marvellously preserved by God, and have been made to float in arks of papyrus upon the waters of this world, notwithstanding all the designs of the enemy of God to destroy them. Egypt herself has lent her papyrus to waft the writings of Moses into all lands. A king of Egypt itself, the land of the Pharaohs, procured the Septuagint, a Greek version, to be made, which has diffused the knowledge of the Books of Moses in all parts of the world, and has prepared the way for the preaching of the Gospel of Christ to all the nations of the earth.'

ART. II.—1. *The Sanitary Commission of the United States Army.* New York, 1864.

2. *The United States Sanitary Commission.* Boston, 1863.

3. *The First Report of the United States Christian Commission.* Philadelphia, 1863.

4. *The Sanitary Commission Bulletin.* New York, 1863.

5. *The Sanitary Reporter.* Office of the United States Sanitary Commission, 1864.

AN old woman is reported to have said that, 'If there were to be a war in her time, she hoped it would be a civil one.' Without exactly subscribing to her wish, we do own that, in spite of all the horrors of a house divided against itself, the broken-up families, the savage passions, the misery of a rent between men of the same blood and tongue, whereas the darkest shadows always bring out the brightest light, yet a war near home gives the opportunity for charity to show itself most readily, and enables the beneficent to carry out systematic arrangements for the relief of the various sufferers, such as may serve as practical hints and lessons in time of future need, which may Heaven's gracious providence avert.

America was a field where such systems could have unusually fair play. Though, throughout the Northern States, there was, only within a very limited portion, any positive danger of invasion or hostile occupation, yet the communication with the battle-fields was direct and rapid; and while, counting by miles, the distance from the seat of war was as great as from England to Spain, the space was bridged by telegraphs and railways, so that summonses for aid could pass in a few seconds, and the required assistance be transmitted before many hours had elapsed. Many a wounded American in the late war has been safe in bed, with wounds dressed and kinswomen nursing him, in a shorter time than a Peninsular or Waterloo soldier has spent lying in his blood upon the battle-field.

The other favourable circumstances that may be mentioned in effecting the great work that has seemed like 'sweet mercy's undersong,' were the ardent patriotic spirit and helpful independent habits of most of the women. And although some regiments had an exceptionally savage and dissolute character, yet by far the larger proportion consisted of men accustomed to

decent habits, and to the deference for the other sex which often seems so inconsistent with the ruder features of the American character. We by no means forget that our own common soldiers showed the greatest propriety and consideration towards their Crimean nurses; but in the case of which we are here speaking, the experiment was made upon a very much larger scale, and there was very little, if any, acknowledged difference in social position between the patients and their attendants. Nor, in describing the charitable work done in the Federal army, do we at all infer that the ladies on the Confederate side were not equally forward in deeds of mercy. They, too, had their hospitals; they collected comforts for the sick and wounded from their own families, often almost homeless themselves and suffering severe privation, and much did they dare and endure for the relief of the many invalids. But our knowledge of their works is but fragmentary, and though far from denying them our sympathetic admiration, we must turn to the North for details.

As soon as war was felt to be inevitable, there was a feeling on the part of the women that they must be preparing to alleviate its sufferings. On the 25th of April, 1861, there was a meeting at New York, held by fifty or sixty ladies, who felt that to make their assistance effectual it must be organized, and they formed themselves into 'The Women's Central Association for Relief.' Dr. H. W. Bellows, a clergyman, assured them that the only way to make their services effectual, was 'to find out 'first what the Government *will* do and *can* do, and then help it 'by working *with it*, and doing what it cannot.' And on their behalf, he, with some other gentlemen, went to Washington to make inquiries, and soon became convinced that, without the utmost precautions, the campaign would be deadly to the health of the troops. Volunteers untrained in bearing the knapsack and musket, often mere lads, all unused to marches, and taken into Virginian swamps full summer heat, would assuredly fall a prey to disease, without great attention to diet, lodging, and clothing; and the haste with which the legislature had had to raise and equip forces on so very small an already existing nucleus, had caused the armies to be sent forth most insufficiently provided with such necessaries. In truth, it was almost past the power of any government to give the superintendence, or procure the variety of articles needed in such an emergency; and the effects were instantly apparent in the diseases that were likely to prove fatal to far larger numbers than even the fire of the enemy. In this state of things, the offer was brought before President Lincoln and the Secretary at War, Mr. Simon Cameron, that a volunteer association, to be called the Sanitary Commission, should collect voluntary contributions in kind

from all who were anxious to alleviate the sufferings of the troops, and apply them in the manner that should be pointed out as the most available for the prevention of disease and the succour of the wounded.

Difficulties at first arose: Mr. Lincoln said he feared the Commission would be 'the fifth wheel of the coach,' only interfering with the others; and the Medical Bureau, without whose hearty co-operation nothing could be done, were very slow to accept aid that they feared might be uncertain. But the first battle of Bull Run proved the most powerful advocate of the Sanitary Commission, by making the entire inadequacy of the means in hand most painfully apparent. Help of all sorts was indeed freely sent, but where there was no organization it was impossible that the supplies should fall into the right hands or at the right time. Friends at home sent off stores of comfort to the soldier or the regiment they knew. It was ten to one whether the locality was right—whether the person was alive to open the boxes—whether they contained what was useful or worthless in the emergency; and the soldiers themselves had a feeling of brotherhood that made them unwilling to accept assistance given with any shade of exclusiveness. Perhaps a box arrived, and there was a call at the door of a bare room, where numbers of wounded men lay, devoid of almost every comfort—'Any boy here from Massachusetts?' No answer, and it proved that the Massachusetts lad scorned to accept any alleviation not offered likewise to his comrades.

The need was acknowledged, and the good sense and perseverance of Dr. Bellows and his companions obtained confidence. Their services were accepted, and an organizing committee took up its abode in a public office at Washington, where contributions instantly began to pour in of all kinds and from all quarters.

The Sanitary Commission itself was, of course, composed of men, clerical, medical, legal—all who could devote time, means, intelligence, or activity to the service of the army; and it had everywhere its inspectors, who, in connexion with the military and medical officers, were able to enforce drainage, regulate diet, and send for the needful varieties of bedding, clothing, or food, that changes in situation required.

The supply of these came from the 'Women's Relief Association,' which branched out throughout the States. Here is a picture of the means:—

'The people of cities give money without feeling it, but it is the farmers' wives and daughters who make the sacrifices; the materials are purchased by money earned by daily work, the time is taken out of the night's rest, and then, when the box is ready, they send it away to strangers, not knowing where it is to go, nor who it is that shall receive it. This is faith,

and it is human nature rising out of self, which is Christianity. Let us go into that house where a Soldiers' Aid Society is at work—it is in a little village in Connecticut, as neat as all New England villages are, but the people are very poor. As we examine a quilt which is on the frame, pieced out of an old dress, for materials are their greatest difficulty, the mistress of the house (she is a widow) says, in the simplest way, with a glance at the windows, "You see our window-curtains are gone." Before the war, those curtains were the pride and pleasure of that New England home.'—*United States Sanitary Commission*, pp. 45, 46.

Nor was it only needlework done in quiet homes that the women contributed. Scores of all degrees were eager to volunteer as hospital nurses, and the only question was, that of organization.

For this purpose a council of representatives from the principal aid societies from all parts of the Northern States was held at Washington in November 1862, and the result was a circular sent forth to all members of the association in all the States, explaining the kind of articles most required, and demanding a report of the capabilities of each district, so that the central committee might know on what supplies to depend, and from what quarters any sudden call could be most quickly responded to. Those who remember the absurd inappropriateness of the gifts sent out at much expense and trouble to our troops in the Crimea, will at once understand the expediency of these regulations; and the readers of Mrs. Grant's 'Life of an American Lady' will be pleased to see that the circular is signed in the name of Louisa Lee Schuyler, as if that family were still among the foremost in good works.

Soon the principal cities were appointed as nuclei where were collected the contributions brought in from lesser towns, themselves the centres where the goods from country places were sorted, packed, and sent in:—

'The work done by the gentlemen and gentlewomen of the land in the offices and storehouses of the branch commissions, says the report, "is that of an immense shipping business. The boxes come in from every part of their tract of supply from the centres of collection—from the villages and country towns. There is a pathos in these boxes which none but those who have unpacked them can understand. But, alas! too often no care has been taken to send a list within them, nor a letter by mail, and so they can never be identified, and the grateful hearts which are unpacking them must grieve over the impossibility of acknowledging their receipt."

'The goods are sorted and stamped "United States Sanitary Commission;" then each article, and each kind of article, is repacked in separate boxes, which are closed up, and held ready on demand. Soon the demand comes. A telegram arrives from Washington, "The transport ——— sails to-day for Beaufort, S.C." The branch knows what is needed in that region and climate, and within an hour boxes of *thin* flannel shirts, *cotton* stockings, *light* quilts, *single* wrappers, mosquito netting, fans, &c. &c. are on their way to the government transport. Or it may be that the season is winter, and the region a cold one; then go forth the stores of warm

clothing (greatly needed just now by all the branches), blankets, bedding, heavy quilts, &c.'—*United States Sanitary Commission*, p. 56.

The agricultural states sent in stores of flour, potato, cabbage, onions, &c.; contributions of unspeakable value in winter campaigns, when men would otherwise have lived on meat alone—often salt meat. Did a physician detect a tendency to scurvy, he had but to telegraph, and hosts of vegetables poured in on his regiment, grown in many a little garden, preserved in many a farm kitchen. The despatch of all these boxes was so well managed, that it is stated that the proportion of loss in the transmission was as one to 20,000.

So much for keeping the army in health. Next, let us see what was done when sickness or wounds had to be cared for. In 1862, when operations were about to begin in the unhealthy swamps of Virginia, application was made for the loan of some large government transports, which, having carried the men to the scene of action, were at the time lying unemployed. They were willingly granted, and at once the first, the *Daniel Webster*, was made ready for the reception of the men who inevitably sickened in that marshy campaign. Surgeons, dressers, and nurses awaited the patients; they were taken on board, 'fed, cleaned, and put to bed, in a droll state of grateful wonder.'

'The *Daniel Webster* was no sooner started on her voyage to New York than the work of all was concentrated on the *Ocean Queen*, a magnificent vessel, capable of carrying one thousand sick, which the quartermaster then detailed to the Commission. Of course she came into their hands naked, as it were, for their purpose—not a bunk nor an article of food on board of her. But the anxiety of the surgeons ashore (a species of anxiety which the Commission on serious grounds had for ever to contend with) pressed the sick and wounded on board, and tugs and lighters came off with their freights of misery to be thrown upon the *Queen*. All hands went to work; the supply-boat found her corner alongside, and as the poor fellows tottered on board the empty ship at one gangway, the stores were brought hastily in upon the other. Some of the party went ashore, shot a rebel cow at pasture, and brought off the beef. The women meantime had hunted out a barrel of Indian meal, forgotten and left behind in some dark corner of the big ship, and were already ladling out from the ship's buckets hot gruel which they had made of it. It was a hard first experience, and how it was got through with, none of the party could ever tell; but they all had one definite idea, namely, that every man had had a good place to sleep in, and something hot to eat, and that the very sick had had every essential that could have been given them in their own homes. The last work of somebody was to capture two draught oxen, left behind by Franklin's division (fresh beef was a great essential). Meantime the vessel was filled up to 900, mostly typhoid; and then, to prevent more from being forced on board, she was got under weigh, and went out to sea.'—*Ibid.* pp. 63, 64.

'In the meantime actual fighting was going on; the battle of Williamsburg had been taking place, and the hospital party, having sent off the *Ocean Queen*, started in a little boat called the *Wilson Small*, for West Point, where a battle was reported to be in progress, accompanied by the supply

boat, the *Elizabeth*, commonly called the "Fiend," from her habit of rushing up, shrieking, and howling at all hours of the night, much to the disgust of the poor, tired hospital company, who had to wake up *fully* to the idea that she was going off on some nocturnal errand of mercy, before they could be comforted.'—*Ibid.* p. 65.

This vessel was so small that only the most serious cases were sent on board—one of them, a man who seemed to be dying, but in the morning he opened his eyes, looked up at his nurse, and said, 'You have saved my life for my wife.'

As soon as the vessels reached New York, their freights were carried to the hospitals there, and they themselves were completely cleansed and fresh painted, before being either given up to their original use as transports, or else returning to the Sanitary Service. The hospital company meantime made what speed they could with their apparatus to keep up with the army. A delay would occasion such a telegram as this:—'A hundred sick 'are left at Bigelow's Landing in the rain to die without attend-'ance or food.' Thereupon an expedition set forth at night and brought back the sufferers to relief and comfort.

Letters written on board the hospital ships in the Pamunkey River give full pictures of the work, and the strange scenes witnessed by the workers:—

'The last hundred patients were brought on board (imagine any of the ships, it does not matter which) late last night. Though these night scenes are part of our daily living, a fresh eye would find them dramatic. We are awakened in the dead of night by a sharp steam whistle, and soon after feel ourselves clawed by little tugs on either side of our big ship bringing off the sick and wounded from shore. And at once the process of taking on hundreds of men, many of them crazed with fever, begins. There is the bringing of the stretchers up the side ladder between the two boats; the stopping at the head of it, where the names and home addresses of all who can speak are written down, and their knapsacks and little treasures numbered and stacked; then the placing of the stretchers on the platform; the rows of anxious faces above and below deck; the lantern held over the hold, the word given to "lower," the slow moving ropes and pulleys, the arrival at the bottom, the turning down of the anxious faces, the lifting out of the sick man, and the lifting him into his bed, then the sudden change from cold, hunger, and friendliness into positive comfort and satisfaction, winding up with this invariable verdict, "This is just like home."

'We have put the *Elm City* in order, and she began to fill up last night. I wish you could hear the men after they are put into bed. Those who can speak, speak with a will; the others grunt or murmur their satisfaction. "Well, this bed is 'most too soft; I don't know as I shall sleep for thinking of it." "What have you got there?" "That is bread; wait till I put butter on it." "Butter on *soft* bread!" he slowly ejaculates, as if not sure that he is not Aladdin with a genie at work upon him. Instances of such high unselfishness happen daily, that though I forget them daily, I feel myself strengthened in my trust in human nature, without making any reflections on it. Last night, a man comfortably put to bed in a middle berth (there were three tiers, and the middle one incomparably the best), seeing me point to the upper berth as the place to put the man on

an approaching stretcher, cried out, "Stop, put me up there; guess I can stand h'isting better 'n *him*." It was agony to both.

'I have a long history one of these days to tell you of the gratefulness of the men. I often wish, as I give a comfort to some poor fellow, and see the sense of rest it gives him, and hear the favourite speech, "O! that's good; it's just as if mother was here," that the man or woman who supplied that comfort were by to see how blessed it is. . . . .

'We are now on board the *Knickerbocker*, unpacking and arranging stores, and getting pantries and closets in order. I am writing on the floor, interrupted constantly to join in a laugh. Miss —— is sorting socks, and pulling out the funny little balls of yarn and big darning-needles stuck in the toes, with which she is making a fringe across my back. *Do* spare us the darning-needles! Reflect upon us rushing in haste to the linen closet, and plunging our hands into the bale of stockings.'—*Ibid.* pp. 76—78.

The transport vessels converted into hospital ships became a sort of home to the brave ladies, doctors, and nurses. They went even under fire, where the red flag of the Commission was hoisted to serve as protection, but finding it proved insufficient, the captain borrowed the mattresses to guard the wheel-house against the shot. They had, however, to work under even greater difficulties when battles were fought in inland places, where there was no water communication. We subjoin a letter, giving a remarkable sketch of the deeds of mercy done on the battle-field of Gettysburg:—

'July, 1863.

'Dear ——,—What we did at Gettysburg for the three weeks we were there, you will want to know. "We" are Mrs. —— and I, who, happening to be on hand at the right moment, gladly fell in with the proposition to do what we could at the Sanitary Commission lodge after the battle. There were, of course, the agents of the Commission, already on the field, distributing supplies to the hospital, and working night and day among the wounded. I cannot pretend to tell you what was done by all the big wheels of the concern, but only how two of the smallest ones went round, and what turned up in the going.

'Twenty-four hours we were in making the journey between Baltimore and Gettysburg, places only four hours apart in ordinary running-time, and this will give you some idea of the difficulty there was in bringing up supplies when the fighting was over, and of the delays in transporting the wounded. Coming towards the town at this crawling rate, we passed some fields where the fences were down and the ground slightly tossed up. "That's where Kilpatrick's cavalry men fought the rebels," some one said, "and close by that barn a rebel soldier was found the day before yesterday, sitting dead; no one to help, poor soul! near the whole city full." The railroad bridge broken up by the enemy Government had not rebuilt as yet, and we stopped two miles from the town, to find that, as usual, just where the Government had left off the Commission came in. There stood their temporary lodge and kitchen, and here, hobbling out of their tents, came the wounded men who had made their way down from the corps-hospitals, expecting to leave at once in the return cars.

'This is the way the thing was managed at first. The surgeons left in care of the wounded three or four miles out from the town, went up and down among the men in the morning, and said, "Any of you boys who can make your way to the cars can go to Baltimore." So off start all who *think they feel* well enough; anything better than the "hospitals," so

called, for the first few days after a battle. Once the men have the surgeons' permission to go, they are off, and there may be an interval of a day, or two days, should any of them be too weak to reach the train in time, during which these poor fellows belong to no one—the hospital at one end, the railroad at the other—with far more than chance of falling through between the two. The Sanitary Commission knew this would be so of necessity, and, coming in, made a connecting link between these two ends.

'For the first few days the worst cases only came down in ambulances from the hospitals; hundreds of fellows hobbled along as best they could in heat and dust, slowly toiling, and many hired farmers' wagons, as hard as the farmers' fists themselves, and were jolted down to the railroad, at three or four dollars the man. Think of the disappointment of a soldier, sick, body and heart, to find, at the end of this miserable journey, that his efforts to get away, into which he had put all his remaining stock of strength, was useless; that "the cars had gone," or "the cars were full;" that while he was coming others had stepped down before him, and that he must turn all the weary way back again, or sleep on the roadside till the next train to-morrow. Think what this *would* have been, and you are ready to appreciate the relief and comfort that *was*. No men were turned back. You fed and you sheltered them just when no one else could have done so; and out of the boxes and barrels of good and nourishing things, which you people at home had supplied, we took all that was needed. Some of you sent a stove (that is, the money to get it), some of you the beef-stock, some of you the milk and fresh bread, and all of you would have been thankful that you had done so, could you have seen the refreshment and comfort received through these things.

'As soon as the men hobbled up to the tents, good hot soup was given all round, and that over, their wounds were dressed,—for the gentlemen of the Commission are cooks or surgeons, as occasion demands; and, finally, with their blankets spread over the straw, the men stretched themselves out and were happy and contented till morning, and the next train.

'On the day that the railroad bridge was repaired, we moved up to the depôt, close by the town, and had things in perfect order; a first-rate camping-ground, in a large field directly by the track, with unlimited supply of delicious cool water. Here we set up two stoves, with four large boilers, always kept full of soup and coffee, watched by four or five black men, who did the cooking under our direction, and sang (not under our direction) at the tops of their voices all day—

'"Oh, darkies, hab you seen my Massa?
When this *cruel* war is *over*."

'Then we had three large hospital tents, holding about thirty-five each, a large camp-meeting supply-tent, where barrels of goods were stored, and our own smaller tent, fitted up with tables, where jelly-pots and bottles of all kinds of good syrups, blackberry and black-currant, stood in rows. Barrels were ranged round the tent-walls; shirts, drawers, dressing-gowns, socks, and slippers—(I wish we had had more of the latter); rags and bandages, each in its own place on one side; on the other, boxes of tea, coffee, soft crackers, tamarinds, cherry-brandy, &c. Over the kitchen, and over this small supply-tent, we women rather reigned, and filled up our wants by requisitions on the Commission's depôt. By this time there had arrived a "delegation" of just the right kind from Canandaigua, New York, with surgeons, dressers, and attendants, bringing a first-rate supply of necessities and comforts for the wounded, which they handed over to the Commission.

'Twice a day the trains left for Baltimore or Harrisburg, and twice a day we fed all the wounded who arrived for them. Things were systema-

tized now, and the men came down in long ambulance trains to the cars; baggage-cars they were, filled with straw for the wounded to lie on, and broken open at either end to let in the air. A Government surgeon was always present to attend to the careful lifting of the soldiers from ambulance to car. Many of the men could get along very nicely, holding one foot up, and taking great jumps on their crutches. The latter were a great comfort; we had a nice supply at the lodge, and they travelled up and down from the tents to the cars daily. Only occasionally did we dare let a pair go on with some very lame soldier, who begged for them; we needed them to help the new arrivals each day, and trusted to the men being supplied at the hospitals at the journey's end. Pads and crutches are a standing want,—pads particularly. We manufactured them out of the rags we had, stuffed with sawdust from brandy-boxes; and with half a sheet and some soft straw, Mrs. —— made a poor dying boy as easy as his sufferings would permit. Poor young fellow, he was so grateful to her for washing, and feeding, and comforting him. He was too ill to bear the journey, and went from our tent to the church hospital, and from the church to his grave, which would have been coffinless but for the care of ——; for the Quartermaster's Department was overtaxed, and for many days our dead were simply wrapped in their blankets and put into the earth. It is a soldierly way, after all, of lying wrapped in the old war-worn blanket,—the little dust returned to dust.

'When the surgeon had the wounded all placed, with as much comfort as seemed possible under the circumstances, on board the train, our detail of men would go from car to car, with soup made of beef-stock or fresh meat, full of potatoes, turnips, cabbage, and rice, with fresh bread and coffee, and, when stimulants were needed, with ale, milk-punch, and brandy. Water-pails were in great demand for use in the cars on the journey, and also empty bottles to take the place of canteens. All our whisky and brandy bottles were washed and filled up at the spring, and the boys went off carefully hugging their extemporized canteens, from which they would wet their wounds, or refresh themselves till the journey ended. I do not think that a man of the sixteen thousand who were transported during our stay, went from Gettysburg without a good meal. Rebels and Unionists together, they all had it, and were pleased and satisfied. "Have you friends in the army, madam?" a rebel soldier, lying on the floor of the car, said to me, as I gave him some milk. "Yes; my brother is on ——'s staff." "I thought so, ma'am. You can always tell; when people are good to soldiers they are sure to have friends in the army." "We are rebels, you know, ma'am," another said. "Do you treat rebels *so?*" It was strange to see the good brotherly feeling come over the soldiers, our own and the rebels, when side by side they lay in our tents. "Hullo, boys! this is the pleasantest way to meet, isn't it? We are better friends when we are as close as this than a little farther off;" and then they would go over the battles together, "We were here," and "You were there," in the friendliest way.

'After each train of cars daily, for the three weeks we were in Gettysburg, trains of ambulances arrived too late,—men who must spend the day with us until the 5 P.M. cars went, and men too late for the 5 P.M. train, who must spend the night till the 10 A.M. cars went. All the men who came in this way, under our own immediate and particular attention, were given the best we had of care and food. The surgeon in charge of our camp, with his most faithful dresser and attendants, looked after all their wounds, which were often in a shocking state, particularly among the rebels. Every evening and morning they were dressed. Often the men would say, "That feels good; I haven't had my wound so well dressed since I was hurt."

Something cool to drink is the first thing asked for after the long, dusty drive; and pailfuls of tamarinds and water, "a beautiful drink," the men used to say, disappeared rapidly among them.

'After the men's wounds were attended to, we went round, giving them clean clothes; had basins, and soap, and towels, and followed these with socks, slippers, shirts, drawers, and those coveted dressing gowns. Such pride as they felt in them! comparing colours, and smiling all over as they lay in clean and comfortable rows, ready for supper, "on dress parade" they used to say. And then the milk, particularly if it were boiled and had a little whisky and sugar; and the bread with *butter* on it, and *jelly* on the butter; how good it all was! and how lucky we felt ourselves in having the immense satisfaction of distributing these things, which all of you, in villages and cities, were getting ready and sending off in faith.

'Canandaigua sent cologne with its other supplies, which went straight to the noses and hearts of the men. "That *is* good, now." "I'll take some of that." "Worth a penny a sniff." "That kinder gives one life," and so on, all round the tents, as we tipped the bottles up on the clean handkerchiefs some one had sent, and when they were gone, our squares of cotton, on which the perfume took the place of hem,—"Just as good, ma'am." We varied our dinners with custard, and baked rice puddings, scrambled eggs, codfish-hash, corn starch, and always as much soft bread, tea, coffee, or milk, as they wanted. Two Massachusetts boys I especially remember, for the satisfaction with which they ate their pudding. I carried a second plateful up to the cars, after they had been put in, and fed one of them till he was sure he had had enough. Young fellows they were, lying side by side, one with a right, and one with a left arm gone.

'The Gettysburg women were kind and faithful to the wounded and their friends, and the town was full to overflowing of both. The first day, when Mrs. —— and I reached the place, we literally begged our bread from door to door; but the kind woman who at last gave us dinner would take no pay for it. "No, ma'am, I shouldn't wish to have that sin on my soul when the war is over." She, as well as others, had fed the strangers flocking into town daily, sometimes over fifty of them for each meal, and all for love and nothing for reward; and one night we forced a reluctant confession from our hostess that she was meaning to sleep on the floor that we might have a bed, her whole house being full. Of course we wouldn't allow this self-sacrifice, and hunted up some other place to stay in. We did her no good, however, for we afterwards found that the bed was given up that night to some other stranger who arrived late and tired: "An old lady, you know; and I couldn't let an old lady sleep on the floor." Such acts of kindness and self-denial were almost entirely confined to the women.

'Few good things can be said of the Gettysburg farmers, and I only use Scripture language in calling them "evil beasts." One of this kind came creeping into our camp three weeks after the battle. He lived five miles only from the town, and had "never seen a rebel." He heard we had some of them, and came down to see them. "Boys," we said, marching him into the tent, which happened to be full of rebels that day, waiting for the train,—"Boys, here's a man who never saw a rebel in his life, and wants to look at you!" and there he stood with his mouth wide open, and there they lay in rows, laughing at him, stupid old Dutchman. "And why haven't you seen a rebel?" Mrs. —— said; "why didn't you take your gun and help to drive them out of your town?" "A feller might'er got hit!" which reply was quite too much for the rebels; they roared with laughter at him, up and down the tent. One woman we saw, who was by no means Dutch, and whose pluck helped to redeem the other sex. She lived in a little house close

up by the field where the hardest fighting was done—a red-cheeked, strong country girl. "Were you frightened when the shells began flying?" "Well, no. You see we was all a-baking bread round here for the soldiers, and had our dough a-rising. The neighbours they ran into their cellars, but I couldn't leave my bread. When the first came in at the window and crashed through the room, an officer came in and said, 'You had better get out of this;' but I told him I *could not* leave my bread; and I stood working it till the third shell came through, and then I went down cellar; but" (triumphantly) "I left my bread in the oven." "And why didn't you go before?" "Oh, you see, if I had, the rebels would 'a' come in and daubed the dough all over the place." And here she had stood, at the risk of unwelcome plums in her loaves, while great holes (which we saw) were made by shot and shell through and through the room in which she was working.

'The streets of Gettysburg were filled with the battle. People thought and talked of nothing else: even the children showed their little spites by calling to each other, "Here, you rebel!" and mere scraps of boys amused themselves with percussion-caps and hammers. Hundreds of old muskets were piled on the pavements, the men who shouldered them a week before lying under ground now, or helping to fill the long trains of ambulances on their way from the field. The private houses of the town were, many of them, hospitals; the little red flags hung from the upper windows. Besides our own men at the lodge, we all had soldiers scattered about whom we could help from our supplies; and nice little puddings and jellies, or an occasional chicken, were a great treat to men condemned by their wounds to stay in Gettysburg, and obliged to live on what the empty town could provide. There was a colonel in a shoe-shop, a captain just up the street, and a private round the corner whose young sister had possessed herself of him, overcoming the military rules in some way, and carrying him off to a little room, all by himself, where I found her doing her best with very little. She came afterward to our tent and got for him clean clothes, and good food, and all he wanted, and was perfectly happy in being his cook, washerwoman, medical cadet, and nurse. Beside such as these, we occasionally carried from our supplies something to the churches, which were filled with sick and wounded, and where men were dying,—men whose strong patience it was very hard to bear—dying with thoughts of the old home far away, saying, as last words, for the woman watching there, and waiting with a patience equal in its strength, "Tell her I love her."

'Late one afternoon, too late for the cars, a train of ambulances arrived at our lodge with over one hundred wounded rebels, to be cared for through the night. Only one among them seemed too weak and faint to take anything. He was badly hurt, and failing. I went to him after his wound was dressed, and found him lying on his blanket stretched over the straw, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young lieutenant, with a face innocent enough for one of our own New England boys. I could not think of him as a rebel; he was too near heaven for that. He wanted nothing,—had not been willing to eat for days, his comrades said; but I coaxed him to try a little milk gruel, made nicely with lemon and brandy; and one of the satisfactions of our three weeks is the remembrance of the empty cup I took away afterwards, and his perfect enjoyment of that supper. "It was *so* good, the best thing he had had since he was wounded,"—and he thanked me so much, and talked about his "good supper" for hours. Poor fellow, he had had no care, and it was a surprise and pleasure to find himself thought of; so, in a pleased, childlike way, he talked about it till midnight, the attendant told me, as long as he spoke of anything;

for at midnight the change came, and from that time he only thought of the old days before he was a soldier, when he sang hymns in his father's church. He sang them now again, in a clear, sweet voice. "Lord, have mercy upon me;" and then songs without words—a sort of low intoning. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in South Carolina, one of the rebels told us in the morning, when we went into the tent, to find him sliding out of our care. All day long we watched him,—sometimes fighting his battles over, often singing his Lutheran chants, till, in at the tent door, close to which he lay, looked a rebel soldier, just arrived with other prisoners. He started when he saw the lieutenant, and quickly kneeling down by him called "Henry! Henry!" But Henry was looking at some one a great way off, and could not hear him. "Do you know this soldier?" we said. "Oh, yes, ma'am; and his brother is wounded and a prisoner, too, in the cars now." Two or three men started after him, found him, and half carried him from the cars to our tent. "Henry" did not know him, though; and he threw himself down by his side on the straw, and for the rest of the day lay in a sort of apathy, without speaking, except to assure himself that he could stay with his brother, without the risk of being separated from his fellow-prisoners. And there the brothers lay, and there we strangers sat watching and listening to the strong, clear voice, singing, "Lord, have mercy upon me." The Lord *had* mercy; and at sunset I put my hand on the lieutenant's heart, to find it still. All night the brother lay close against the coffin, and in the morning went away with his comrades, leaving us to bury Henry, having "confidence;" but first thanking us for what we had done, and giving us all that he had to show his gratitude,—the palmetto ornament from his brother's cap and a button from his coat. Dr. W. read the burial service that morning at the grave, and —— wrote his name on the little head-board: "Lieut. Rauch, 14th Regt. S. Carolina Vol."

'In the field where we buried him, a number of coloured freedmen, working for government on the railroad, had their camp, and every night they took their recreation, after the heavy work of the day was over, in prayer-meetings. Such an "inferior race," you know! We went over one night and listened for an hour, while they sang, collected under the fly of a tent, a table in the middle, where the leader sat, and benches all round the sides for the congregation,—men only,—all very black and very earnest. They prayed with all their souls, as only black men and slaves can; for themselves and for the dear white people who had come over to the meeting; and for "Massa Lincoln," for whom they seemed to have a reverential affection,—some of them a sort of worship, which confused Father Abraham and Massa Abraham in one general cry for blessings. Whatever else they asked for, they must have strength and comfort and blessing for "Massa Lincoln." Very little care was taken of these poor men. Those who were ill during our stay were looked after by one of the officers of the Commission. They were grateful for every little thing. Mrs. —— went into the town and hunted up several dozen bright handkerchiefs, hemmed them, and sent them over to be distributed the next night after meeting. They were put on the table in the tent, and, one by one, the men came up to get them. Purple, and blue, and yellow the handkerchiefs were, and the desire of every man's heart fastened itself on a yellow one; they politely made way for each other, though,—one man standing back to let another pass up first, although he ran the risk of seeing the particular pumpkin-colour that riveted his eyes taken from before them. When the distribution was over, each man tied his head up in his handkerchief, and they sang one more hymn, keeping time all round, with blue and purple and yellow nods, and thanking and blessing

the white people in "their basket and in their store," as much as if the cotton handkerchiefs had all been gold leaf. One man came over to our tent next day, to say, "Missus, was it you who sent me that present? I never had anything so beautiful in all my life before;" and he only had a blue one, too.

'Among our wounded soldiers, one night, came an elderly man, sick, wounded, and crazy, singing and talking about home. We did what we could for him, and pleased him greatly with a present of a red flannel shirt, drawers, and red calico dressing-gown, all of which he needed, and in which he dressed himself up, and then wrote a letter to his wife, made it into a little book with gingham covers, and gave it to one of the gentlemen to mail for him. The next morning he was sent on with the company from the lodge; and that evening two tired women came into our camp,—his wife and sister—who hurried on from their home to meet him, arriving just too late. Fortunately we had the queer little gingham book to identify him by, and when some one said, "It is the man, you know, who screamed so," the poor wife was certain about him. He had been crazy before the war, but not for two years now, she said. He had been fretting for home since he was hurt; and when the doctor told him there was no chance of his being sent there, he lost heart, and wrote to his wife to come and carry him away. It seemed almost hopeless for two lone women, who had never been out of their own little town, to succeed in finding a soldier among so many, sent in so many different directions; but we helped them as we could, and started them on their journey the next morning, back on their track, to use their common sense and Yankee privilege of questioning.

'A week after, Mrs. —— had a letter full of gratitude, and saying that the husband was found and secured for *home*. That same night we had in our tents two fathers, with their wounded sons, and a nice old German mother with her boy. She had come in from Wisconsin, and brought with her a patch-work bed-quilt for her son, thinking he might have lost his blanket; and there he laid all covered up in his quilt; looking so home-like, and feeling so, too, no doubt, with his good old mother close at his side. She seemed bright and happy, -had three sons in the army,—one had been killed,—this one wounded; yet she was so pleased with the tents, and the care she saw taken there of the soldiers, that, while taking her tea from a barrel-head as table, she said, "Indeed, if *she* was a man, she'd be a soldier, too, right off."

'For this temporary sheltering and feeding of all these wounded men, Government could make no provision. There was nothing for them, if too late for the cars, except the open field and hunger, in preparation for their fatiguing journey. It is expected when the cars are ready that the men will be promptly sent to meet them, and Government cannot provide for mistakes and delays; so that, but for the Sanitary Commission's lodge and comfortable supplies, for which the wounded are indebted to the hard workers at home, men badly hurt must have suffered night and day while waiting for the "next train." We had on an average sixty of such men on each night for three weeks under our care,—sometimes one hundred, sometimes only thirty, and with the "delegation," and the help of other gentlemen volunteers, who all worked devotedly for the men, the whole thing was a great success, and you and all of us can't help being thankful that we had a share, however small, in making it so. Sixteen thousand good meals were given; hundreds of men kept through the day, and twelve hundred sheltered at night, their wounds dressed, their supper and breakfast secured—rebels and all. You will not, I am sure, regret that these most wretched men, these "enemies," "sick and in prison" were helped

and cared for through your supplies, though, certainly, they were not in your minds when you packed your barrels and boxes. The clothing we reserved for our own men, except now and then when a shivering rebel needed it; but in feeding them we could make no distinctions.

"Our three weeks were coming to an end; the work of transporting the wounded was nearly over; twice daily we had filled and emptied our tents, and twice fed the trains before the long journey. The men came in slowly at the last,—a lieutenant, all the way from Oregon, being among the very latest. He came down from the corps hospitals (now greatly improved), having lost one foot, poor fellow, dressed in a full suit of the Commission's cotton clothes, just as bright and as cheerful as the first man, and all the men that we received had been. We never heard a complaint. "Would he like a little nice soup?" "Well, no, thank you, ma'am," hesitating and polite. "You have a long ride before you, and had better take a little; I'll just bring it and you can try." So the good, thick soup came. He took a very little in the spoon to please me, and afterwards the whole cupful to please himself. He "did not think it was this kind of soup I meant. He had some in camp, and did not think he cared for any more; his 'cook' was a very small boy, though, who just put some meat in a little water and stirred it round." "Would you like a handkerchief?" and I produced our last one, with a hem and cologne too. "Oh, yes; that is what I need; I have lost mine, and was just borrowing this gentleman's." So the lieutenant, the last man, was made comfortable, thanks to all of you, though he had but one foot to carry him on his long journey home.

'Four thousand soldiers, too badly hurt to be moved, were still left in Gettysburg, cared for kindly and well at the large, new Government hospital, with a Sanitary Commission attachment.

'Our work was over, our tents were struck, and we came away after a flourish of trumpets from two military bands who filed down to our door, and gave us a farewell "Red, White, and Blue."—*United States Sanitary Commission*, pp. 121—124.

Such was the work willingly undertaken during the gigantic battles that have made the swamps and forests of the New World historical. In the meantime other needs had been found and provided for.

The enormous armies, hastily brought together from all quarters, were perfect wildernesses of men, such as we, with our standing army, with every man long registered, cannot conceive. Men marched away from home, and if once disabled from writing, were absolutely never heard of more. A photograph of three little children, which was found in the grasp of a dead sergeant, after one of the earlier battles, was the only clue by which, through the artist's stamp on the back, the poor man's family were traced out and made aware of his fate, and of his last fond contemplation of his little ones. Mr. O. W. Holmes, the author of 'Elsie Venner,' has written a quaint account of 'My Search for the Captain,' his wounded son, whom he pursued from camp to camp, from station to station, missing and overshooting him again and again, till at last, when he least expected it, a pale haggard face looked in at the window of the car where he had seated himself for a fresh voyage of discovery.

If these difficulties fell in the way of a well-known gentleman in search of an officer, how must it have been with the aching hearts of the undistinguished thousands; with the ignorant Irish, devoid of the power of accuracy; with the Germans, to whom English was a strange tongue? Heart-rending letters came to the nurses. One mother wrote in touching simplicity by way of identification of her treasure: 'I think you will know 'my boy; he is fair-haired, straight and slender, with a fair skin 'and delicate hands. Tell me he is living and has done *well*, 'and I care for nothing else.' Poor mother! how many lads answering to that description had left their homes, and how little what was left of them by that time resembled it! Or a wife wrote, 'Give him back to me if he *is* dead, for I *must* see *him*.' Some one remembered the name as that of a man who had been buried on the last night. One of the kind ladies made a sketch of the spot, and sent it to the widow as all that she could now have of her husband.

In November 1862, the close of what was called the peninsular campaign gave a breathing space, in which a hospital directory was arranged, at first only for the district of Columbia, where 19,084 names were at once entered. Every soldier, sick or wounded, was there set down. His changes of quarters, from ward to private house, to train or transport, or to six foot of green sod, were there registered, so that a letter might reach him, or his friends receive an instant reply at the central office regarding his whereabouts and his condition. The system soon embraced the hospitals of the whole army. In six months 9,494 inquiries had been thus made, and their replies, burdened with sorrow or winged with joy, had at least quelled the misery of suspense. A letter came inquiring for two nephews, two out of fourteen all unheard of since the battle of Fredericksburg. One was found safe in hospital, the other was past being traced out. A young woman came to the office to obtain a pass to visit her husband within the lines of the army, and was very indignant at the 'senseless delay' made by consulting the hospital books. The husband proved to be no longer in the camp, many miles away, where she firmly believed him to be, but in the very next street.

Another most needful form of assistance was soon in operation, commenced, it is said, by a few poor working women at Philadelphia, who, shocked at the exhausted appearance of some invalided soldiers passing through the city, clubbed together to give them a comfortable tea. From this small beginning arose a most beneficial agency at all the chief cities where soldiers were apt to arrive in large numbers by train. The Homes and Soldiers' Rests temporarily answered the same purpose that our own

Government institution, Netley Hospital, does permanently, providing lodging and food for the soldier while waiting his discharge, protecting him from becoming the prey of sharpers, receiving his papers, affording him medical attendance when necessary, and forwarding him to his home.

'Railway agents' were appointed to take charge of convoys of convalescents sent off from the army hospitals, having previously telegraphed the numbers *en route* to the Home. For instance, '500 sick and wounded coming to Washington by the canal boats.' A wagon-load of refreshments would then await the weary travellers at the landing-place, and conveyances be ready to take all the friendless up to the Home to be there tended, while others, refreshed and aided, would be able to make their way to their homes The Washington Home had 320 beds, including a hospital department for the greater sufferers. In nine months 935 very sick men were there received, of whom 69 died; but in general the occupants of the Homes were convalescents, only needing good food and air, and a safe residence while waiting to return to their families. Of this place, the book we have so often quoted says:—

'A visit to this *Home* will indeed repay the visitor. Its condition does honour to the superintendent, a frank cheerful man, with a look of kindly but keen intelligence. The beds are all clean, and ready for their night's occupants; there is a cheerful reading-room, several bath-rooms, a convenient wash-room, a baggage-room, where the knapsacks are ticketed, and put away with a care that many fine general hospitals would do well to imitate; and, lastly, on the ground-floor is a large and lofty room, the hospital, where the men seem resting, not only from bodily anguish, but, for the brief moment of their sojourn there, resting in the sense that a care is over them that puts aside their own anxieties. No one can look at the sweet grave face of the matron (one who did her part in the peninsular campaign), and see her work, without comprehending the sentiments of these men, expressed oftentimes with the pathos which this war has taught us to hear has an every-day sound. The diary of the present physician of the "Home," Dr. Smith, tells many little stories such as this:—"One of the men said to me, whilst sitting in the hospital, and looking upon the completion of arrangements for his departure, 'Doctor, I have been so kindly treated here, and been helped so much more than at any time since my sickness, that I'm *afraid* to go beyond that door.'"'—P. 225.

The first physician of this Home, Dr. Grymes, had been a surgeon in the *Daniel Webster*, and came back shattered in health, slowly dying, but still devoting all his energies to the Home. His own house was but a few paces off. Not till he was so enfeebled that those few paces had become to him a half-hour's walk, did he cease from his work, and soon after he died. Another superintendent, Mr. Richardson, who had the care of the Soldiers' Rest at Alexandria, which he called the gateway of the Army of the Potomac, died in November 1863, from the

unceasing labour and anxiety imposed upon him by his beneficent service.

Another branch of relief were the Nurses' Homes, one at Washington, and another at Annapolis, for the refreshment and rest of sick or worn-out women nurses, and not for them only, but for the numerous wives and mothers, who, starting at the first tidings of the wound to their soldier, would spend nearly their whole sum in hand on the journey; arrive, perhaps, to find the object of all their hopes dead; and utterly destitute, forlorn, and helpless, would indeed have been wretched but for the kind friends in need who received and sheltered them, sent them to their homes, or enabled them to make a new start in the world when they began to recover from the first shock.

The literature of the Commission is a curious study. Besides the larger reports, there were 'semi-monthly' papers, of which specimens lie before us. The 'Sanitary Commission Bulletin,' on its fifth number, professes to have a circulation of 12,000 copies; and this is perfectly credible, considering the infinitude of persons actively interested in the subjects. The 'Sanitary Commission Reporter' was almost exactly of the same character; both with a full amount of acknowledgments of stores received and distributed, with practical professional papers upon surgery, medicine, and nursing; letters from soldiers and nurses; journals from battle-fields and hospitals, receipts and patterns for hospital garments, and numerous scraps of poetry intermixed. It is rather startling to come upon a poem, upon a rainy day in camp, mixed up in the same papers with a ghastly classification of wounds in the head, or with a piece of narrative of childish contributions like the following:—

'CONTRIBUTIONS OF CHILDREN.

'The children of Chicago have manifested a very commendable and touching interest in the Sanitary Commission during the last two months. Those living in the west division of the city have been fairly inoculated with a Sanitary Fair mania, which has had so extensive a run among their elders, and the July and August vacation has yielded the Commission quite a harvest from these little fairs. They have been mostly held in the grassy yards of private houses, under the trees, and have been planned and carried on exclusively by children, from nine to fourteen years of age, who have manifested no little shrewdness in their calculations, and ingenuity in their devices. These fairs have netted the Commission about three hundred dollars in money—a very handsome sum for children to earn during the fierce and torrid holidays.

'It was the good fortune of the writer to attend one of these fairs. A boy of fourteen stood at the gate as door-keeper, gravely exacting and receiving the five cents' admission fee which was charged. Another little chap of ten perambulated the side-walks for a block or two, carrying a banner inscribed, "SANITARY FAIR FOR THE SOLDIERS," and drumming up customers for his sisters under the trees. "Here's your Sanitary Fair, for sick and wounded soldiers," he shouted, after the fashion of a news-

boy; "walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up!" Inside the yard, under the trees, from which the national colours depended, the Fair tables were spread, and here sat the little fairy saleswomen, some of the wee ones, in high dining chairs, and all presiding over their wares with a dignity that provoked laughter. Big brothers stood behind them, ostensibly to see that their sisters made change right, but in reality, probably, because they enjoyed the whole affair, for the mimic traders resented any of their interference, stoutly declaring that "they could make change themselves." One of the little gipsies shook back her curls, and lifting her sunny face, announced that "already they'd *dot* twenty-*free* dollars," and she wanted to know how much that would buy for the soldiers.

'The Fair mania has extended into the country, and the young people of Lemont, Ill., sent seventy-five dollars to the Sanitary Commission, as the result of their fair, saying in a note, that "they made terrific charges on the pockets of their fathers, which were completely successful." Since then, the same parties have given a concert, which netted the Commission forty dollars.

'A few days ago, a beautiful black-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy ran into the office of the Commission with an eager face, and handed to the treasurer a two-dollar greenback. Said he, "I'm five years old to-day, and my papa *div* me two dollars to buy nuts and *tandy*—but I don't want none, and you may *div* the money to the soldiers." He could hardly wait to be thanked or kissed, but off he ran to his play. God bless the children! their hearts are in the right place; and to them it is a pleasure to sacrifice and labour for the brave men defending the country.'—*Sanitary Commission Bulletin*, No. 26.

Again, we frequently find such a letter as we subjoin, written after the battle of Franklin, by a young lady who was a resident on the spot, and only became a nurse through the absolute necessity of the moment.

'Franklin, Tenn., March, 1865.

'E. Root, Esq., U. S. San. Com., Nashville.

'Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request, and with unfeigned pleasure, I hasten to give you an account of the battle of Franklin, together with a statement of facts concerning the hospitals and the wounded during the stay of the rebels, a period of seventeen days, after the battle. The details of the memorable engagement of November 30th, will, of course, be according to my opportunity for personal observation, while terror stirred my soul. The other facts transpired in calmer moments, when my heart was filled with a holy sense of duty toward the suffering.

'On the morning of the 30th of November the retreating army arrived at this place, tired, and many almost exhausted. But, notwithstanding this, they commenced immediately throwing up breastworks. You would have been astonished to see how quick the work was completed and with what strength. We felt great uneasiness of mind, fearing that there would be a great battle. We asked of almost every one passing if that would be the case. They replied, "We will only skirmish with the rebels till we get our wagon trains away, and then we will invite them to Nashville."

'But we were doomed to disappointment. About half-past three o'clock, I was sitting at the dinner table, when I heard the roar of artillery. I ran into the yard to listen. There was skirmishing for a few minutes only, when, with a tremendous yell, the rebels made a charge along the whole line. The bullets were falling so thick it was unsafe to remain longer. I stood within the door, and in a few minutes all was in perfect confusion. Men, women, and children, were running in every direction,

together with unmanageable teams, loose horses, and mules. My position was no longer safe. I hastened to the cellar with the rest of the family and neighbours who sought protection with us. The smoke was so dense that darkness came on very soon. Oh how happy we felt when it was really dark, for then we thought the fighting would be over. But, alas! the charges were fearful, and made with redoubled fury the darker it grew.

'About ten o'clock suddenly the firing ceased for a few minutes. I heard persons in the sitting room above. It proved to be some Federal officers off duty for the time, who stopped to let us know how the battle was going. All the evening other portions of the house and the entire front yard were filled with soldiers, who were almost worn out with the hard marches of the last few days, and the tough work of the morning. I heard an awful groan; some one had been struck in the back yard. I went to the door, and within a few yards of me lay a Federal soldier, who, I supposed, had been wounded a short time before the firing ceased. I sent one of the soldiers out to look after his comrade and to give him water. But he did not have to remain long; the wound proved to be mortal, and the poor man soon expired.

'Another desperate charge! such yells! I never can forget them. I ran again to the cellar. In a very short time three wounded Federal soldiers came in from the battle-field, and stopped in the yard, for they could go no farther. I called to the men outside to bring them into the cellar. Two were slightly wounded; the third was struck in the arm, and the main artery was cut. He was bleeding profusely. One of the neighbours ran up, at the risk of his life, and brought a bucket of water My mother had some cotton near. I poured water on the wound for some time. I then put cotton on each side where the ball entered and came out, bound it up with my handkerchief, and with two others, belonging to my sister and little brother, made for him a sling. He lay down to rest, but complained of being cold from loss of blood. I had nothing to cover him with. What was I to do? A thought struck me. I took off my woollen skirt and tucked it around him. He remained for some time, though all the while bleeding a little. His comrades decided to try to overtake an ambulance with him, and I suppose they did, as they did not return.

'Soon a fire broke out in the town. It was fearful enough, for we thought of nothing else but being burned alive in the cellar, as there was no way of getting out if the fire continued to spread. The rebels could see the position of our forces, and, consequently, the fighting was more terrific. Several buildings were consumed, but, thanks to a kind Providence, the fire was extinguished by the timely interference of soldiers, assisted by citizens. About thirteen charges in all were made by the rebels.

'At midnight the Federal army began to retreat—the wagon trains being safe, and gradually the firing ceased. Oh! how grateful we felt to God that it was over, as we thought of the dying and dead on the battle-field! Then we emerged from our place of refuge. I dragged beds into my mother's room for us to rest there, as we wished to spend the remainder of the night of terror together. I could not sleep, for I longed to go to the battle-field to alleviate suffering, and, at least, do all in my power to make the wounded more comfortable until they could be brought to the hospitals.

'At three o'clock, again, such cannonading! What could it mean? It shook the earth, the house; everything seemed in motion above and below. It was a farewell salute sent by the rebels to the retreating army now far away. I was so frightened I sprang up and aroused every one to get to the cellar immediately or we should be killed. I remained to close

the house, to do which, though it took me but two minutes, seemed an age. Just as I reached the cellar door a shell exploded close by, and had I been three seconds later in passing I should have been struck by some of the fragments which flew about. In about half an hour we knew that the battle had ended. How grateful we felt to God that we were spared! But amidst our joy we thought of the dear ones who had fallen to find graves in a strange land, and of the suffering ones lying exposed on the field; of the desolate homes, and the many hearts stricken with sorrow when the sad tidings should reach them.

'While we sat thinking and talking of the dreadful night we had passed, we heard footsteps at the door. The bell rang, and as with strange, nervous feelings I opened the door, who should stand face to face with me but my own dear brother and cousin? They were just from the field. Words are inadequate to express my happiness. They had been in the rebel army over three years. We had not seen them for two years. There was consternation in the house for a while. My mother was overjoyed that she was once more permitted to clasp her boy to her heart. He remained with us one day and night, and then joined his command near Murfresboro'. We saw him no more. When the rebel army retreated on Thursday night, December 15th, Forrest issued to his command, to which my brother was temporarily assigned, two ears of corn to a man. They marched from Murfresboro' to Shelbyville, and then back to Columbia, and had not a morsel to eat, except the corn, until the following Monday morning. When they arrived at Columbia my brother stopped with my aunt, and from her we afterwards learned the condition of the soldiers. We have heard nothing of him since he went South. If we could have seen him again, we would have done all in our power to keep him at home.

'Early the next morning after the battle I went to the field. The sight was dreadful. It seemed that I could scarcely move for fear of stepping on men either dead or wounded. Some were cold and stiff, others with the life-blood ebbing out, unconsious of all around, while others were writhing in agony, calling "Water! water!" I can hear them even now.

'The hardest fighting was done near the cotton gin, not far from the pike leading to Columbia, and near the locust grove where the gallant 72d Illinois stood. It was near the gin that the rebel General Cleburn fell, and also General Adams, whose horse still lies across the breastworks. Six of the rebel generals were killed. I could not look upon such sights long, but hurried back to care for the wounded. There were forty-four hospitals in town—three for the Federal wounded and the rest for the Confederates. Red flags were waving from unoccupied dwellings, the seminaries, churches, and every business house in town.

'My mother and I took charge of a hundred and twenty wounded men, who occupied the Presbyterian church, it being the largest Federal hospital, and with what time we could spare assisted at another which was in a house owned by my mother, and near our own home. When we first went to the hospital the wounded men told us that they had had nothing to eat for two days. We first furnished them with bread, meat, tea, and coffee, and every little luxury we could prepare, for several days. Then they drew scanty rations from the rebels—flour of the colour of ashes, and a little poor beef, not suitable for well men, much less for wounded. All the cooking was done, and, in truth, everything eatable furnished at our house. We fed the men twice a day. Sometimes at ten o'clock at night we would carry them something prepared with our own hands. Many had been robbed not only of their blankets and overcoats, but of their coats, and were lying upon the floor upon handfuls of straw, with

nothing else to protect or cover them. We furnished them all the bedding we could spare, and made cotton pillows for all. There were no bandages to be had, and I made what I could out of my own underclothing. We would get up at daylight, and with the help of our servants commence cooking their breakfast. We never had time to rest, only as we sat down to eat something hurriedly, for as soon as we had finished feeding our patients in the morning we had to return home to prepare the next meal.

'I had a sister who was very ill at the time, and we were obliged to leave her to the care of a little servant about seven years old. She said she could get along better than the poor wounded could, if we neglected them to stay with her.

'When my mother and I entered the hospital, how the dim eyes would brighten! The men would call out, "Oh! mother, come this way," or "Fanny, please come here; I'm so glad to see you; I know you will do something for me." The exclamation of all was, "Oh, dear! I don't know what we should do if it were not for you and your mother. We should have starved."

'I must not forget to tell you of my little brother, twelve years old, who always went with us to the hospital, and would raise the weary heads of the soldiers to give them coffee or water, and feed those who were not able to feed themselves. He even went upon the battle-field and worked hard, covering the dead who were not half-buried.

'Everything moved on in this way for about two weeks, when the rebel army began to retreat. What a happy set of men the Union wounded were when they heard the glad news! It was on Saturday, December 17th, when the advance cavalry of our troops entered the town. I was at the hospital. What shouts were given by those who were able to creep to the door! The rebels retreated so rapidly that there was no time to remove their wounded. As soon as the hospital trains could come from Nashville they were removed there.

'And now, lest I weary your generous forbearance, I will close my description of these sad and memorable scenes, which I cannot forget while my life lasts.

'Respectfully, your friend,

'FANNIE COURTNEY.'

—*Sanitary Reporter*, April 15th, 1865, pp. 181, 182.

One class of English minds would shrink from so much communicativeness; but we must remember that the whole work is that of an outspoken people, who are accustomed to know thoroughly that they have their money's worth, or exertions' worth in everything; and who, moreover, were at this time feeling so entirely together that these letters were like tidings passing between different members of the same family. And when such was the good work, it is not befitting to be fastidious about the means that prompted the supply both of materials and workers. In effect, in our own country we have two contrary elements of reserve and unreserve at work. A quarter of a century ago they would have been called the Norman and the Saxon antagonism of character and feeling, and though the terms are incorrect, they express our meaning less invidiously than any other we could use. What then we would call the Norman-English side, *shrinking from* all display, detesting all sensational appeal, loath-

ing all interference with sacred private feeling, and 'not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth,' has for the most part kept all our orthodox missionary or charitable appeals in the most matter-of-fact business-like form, digestible only by those already interested in the cause, and utterly failing to reach that large class of the people whom we will call Saxon, and who have feelings capable of much excitement, ay and of doing much in consequence of that excitement, but who must be appealed to by full detail and highly-drawn pictures, that go against the 'Norman' taste, but the effect of which is shown by the extensive power of dissenters' mission and charitable appeals. Something of taste must be sacrificed in whatever is popularized, and it is a matter of long doubt and question whether a good thing is spoilt by being vulgarized, or whether it be only the 'Norman' fancifulness that is offended. Be that as it may, the Saxon nature is much more unmixed on the other side of the Atlantic, and there is no doubt that it both talks and works; talk leads to work, and work is multiplied by being talked about.

The bodies of the Federal troops were, however, not only the care of their friends at home. In one point of view it is quite true that the late war was cruel, internecine, unjust, and great numbers of English persons would at once declare that it was 'all humbug' on the part of the Northerners to speak of the justice of their cause, to regard the secession as a rebellion, or to desire the extinction of slavery. Nevertheless it is a fact that thousands of persons sincerely regarded the war as a mournful necessity—a religious duty—and looked upon their cause as that of legitimate authority, favoured by Heaven, and they had at least as many arguments on their side as the Confederates could have produced.

And thus it was their earnest desire that their army should be as far as possible a religious army. Already, in the November of 1861, a meeting was held at New York to consider the means of affording religious consolation to the army, and a 'United States Christian Commission' was formed, consisting of clergy, laity, and officers, for promoting the religious welfare of the army and navy, in conjunction with the chaplains. Subscriptions, books, and workers, were to be collected by this society, and supplied wherever there might be need. And in a short time the Sanitary Commission, which had found that the occupation, religious teaching, &c. of the sick and wounded men pressed heavily on hands already fully occupied, gladly made over this entire department to their Christian contemporary.

'To carry out this design, Christian men, ministers, merchants, lawyers, surgeons, and others, have offered their services freely, in numbers ample

to distribute all the stores and publications contributed, and all the Commission has had means to purchase.

'Our chairman, Geo. H. Stuart, a merchant of Philadelphia, has given the Commission office room and room for storage; the services of clerks, porters, &c., and his own time and labours, free of all charge; and we have thus been enabled to collect and distribute our stores, select, send and direct our delegates, and conduct our correspondence in the best business manner, without expense.

'The Government, various Generals, and other officers in command, the Surgeon-General, Medical Directors, and Surgeons in charge, have kindly aided us by passes, stores, ambulances, transportation, and opportunities of labour.

'All railroads applied to, have given free passes to our delegates, and telegraph companies, free transmission of our messages.

'The American Bible Society has freely given us Testaments for distribution; the Tract and Publication Societies and Boards have generously contributed publications, and the people have given stores,—not enough to save the necessity of buying many things to meet emergencies and special demands, yet very liberally.'—*Christian Commission*, pp. 6, 7.

Of course a country and army like that of America had to find its workers among 'all denominations,' but the work that lay in their way was such that each could find a share; and if in a land divided into such an infinitude of sects, such a brotherhood of charity was possible, much more surely might be done where the great masses profess at least to be of one church. The work of the Christian Commission is said in their report to have been of two classes, special and general.

The general work was the assistance of chaplains, or religious instruction in the absence of chaplains; the supply of books to men in camps or hospitals; the distribution of bodily comforts; and the promotion of intercourse with home. The relief and care of the wounded, during and immediately after battle, and meeting the wants of men in parole and convalescent camps, was the special work, both mainly done by delegates voluntary and unpaid, with aid and counsel from the committees near the seat of war.

'Delegates are fitted out at our head-quarters, in Philadelphia, each with his commission with railroad passes indorsed on it, his memorandum-book to take notes in and instructions to guide him, his havresack, stored with food for body and soul to those needing it, his blanket and strap, to be his bed at night, in a strait, and if going to the battle-field, his bucket and cup, and lantern and candle, to enable him to give drink to the famishing, by night as well as by day.

'Supplies of stores and publications are sent forward for them to the rooms of our committees or agents nearest the field of their work; and for the battle-field, a trunk for each company of three, five, or six delegates, as the case may be, packed with choicest and best articles, for instant use for the suffering on the field, is taken with them as personal baggage, to make sure that they have them the moment they get there.

'They are divided into companies, and each company has its captain *appointed*, and they are each supplied with a metallic badge neatly

engraven,—to be pinned upon the breast of his coat, and worn to distinguish him in any company.

'And in some unexpected emergencies whole car-loads of special stores have been bought and gathered in an incredibly short space of time by the magic of an energy that removes all obstacles, and sent forward free with the express trains to reach the field as quick as steam could take them. Forewarned of a coming battle, stores are sent in advance. These trunks are kept on hand ready packed, and stores are kept packed in preparation for a battle whenever it may occur, in boxes and barrels, marked "Stores for the next battle." And when forewarned of a battle approaching, they are sent to the most convenient place in the vicinity of it.

'Our delegates are instructed to report themselves in all possible cases to the proper authorities, whether officers, surgeons, or chaplains, as the proposed work may require, for instruction and direction, and in every case to respect the established regulations.

'Three hundred and fifty-six delegates have been sent, and three thousand six hundred and ninety-one boxes, &c. of stores and publications have been distributed by them in person.

'These delegates have aided in the relief of many thousands of the wounded on the field, and in their removal to comfortable hospitals. They have washed and dressed them, taken off their bloody, filthy garments, and put on those that were clean and comfortable; cooked and given them food; prepared and given them drink by the way. They have prayerfully pointed the dying to Jesus, and when dead given them Christian burial; in some instances digging the grave with their own hands. They have written and mailed letters for them to their friends, have met their yearnings for sympathy, attended to dying requests, and in many other ways comforted, instructed, cheered, and benefited them.'—*Ibid.* p. 13.

Certainly we have heard of nothing like this since the days of

> 'The pious man whom duty brought
> To dubious verge of battle fought,
> To shrive the dying, bless the dead.'

It was continually found that the way to the soldiers' hearts lay through their bodily comforts. We are quaintly told of 'a mistake not made a second time.' Eighty-five sick men had been stowed away in a garret under a scorching roof, their boots so hardened by the heat that they had to be cut off. The delegates prepared buckets of cool lemonade, and carried them upstairs with great care, but left them out of sight till they had held a short religious service. No wonder that when the lemonade was produced the sufferers said, 'Ah, doctor, doctor, this is better than talk,' and 'Pardon me, sir, your talk was excellent, but this cooling drink is the best now.' One would hardly have thought the lesson needed; but after this the good delegates learnt to bestow their creature comforts first, and in their letters besought for the coming of 'men who can work as well as preach.' No wonder. See the 'Christian' work needed after the second battle of Bull Run.

'With the famous despatches of General Pope, electrified the whole country, and the Commission sent forward a delegation of twenty-two men to aid in the relief and removal of the wounded.

'The ways to the battle-fields, both by the wagon-road from Washington to Manassas, and by the railroad through Alexandria, were so overcrowded and choked up, and the difficulties of getting to the field so great, that but for the efficient aid of the gentlemanly master of transportation of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. Smith, and General Haupt, the Military Director of the Railroad, the delegation would have failed entirely to get to the scenes of carnage. As it was, about half of them remained at Washington and Alexandria to assist in giving food and drink to the sufferers as they came, train after train, by the cars, and in removing them from the cars to the hospitals. The others pressed on, and were the first on the field.

'Where the wounded were brought from the battle-field, as it met the eyes of the delegates on their arrival, was strange and heartrending. Acres of mangled men were there lying on the ground. Many of them had neither had food or drink for twenty-four or some even forty-eight hours, and besides the agony of their wounds they were almost dead of hunger and thirst.

'We did not then understand how to fit out our men as we do now. They had no lanterns, and had to make a candlestick of one hand, whilst with the other they served the men. They had taken no buckets or cups from home, and could find in Washington only some butter-tubs with bales, instead of buckets. These, however, were immensely useful, and helped, no doubt, to save many lives. A contraband was charged with the business of making coffee in a large camp-kettle, and as fast as it was made the delegates filled their buckets, and, candle in hand, went from group to group and man to man, giving coffee to the poor sufferers, who were crying out: "Give me some coffee; I have had none for a whole day," or for two days, as the case might be. And whenever the coffee-kettle failed them, the delegates laid a poor reluctant spring near by under tribute for water not over clear, and gave that instead.

'Before morning, all had been served at least with the cup of cold water and with a soft cracker, if no more; and about seven hundred had been helped aboard the cars, the helpless carefully carried and laid in on hay spread on the floor; those who could walk were arranged on top.

'With the morning, Dr. Rauch, Medical Director of Pope's army, came from another field, and Rev. Mr. Boardman, who was in charge of the delegation, reported to him. Dr. Rauch received the party with great gladness, and greatly increased their means of relieving the wounded.'—*Ibid.* p. 21.

Nor among their works of mercy was the least the burial of the dead.

'Many a sad necessity like that revealed by the touching incident which follows, has been altogether saved or greatly relieved of its lonely sadness by our delegates. A lad not quite sixteen, asked by Mr. Sloane whether he had any brothers in the army, answered, "I had one, but he was killed at Williamsburg; he fell at my side. I found him after the battle dying; all he could say was, 'Try and get a box to bury me in.' I could not find one, but got three cracker-boxes, took the ends out, placed them end to end, and put his body into them; then with my bayonet and my hands, I hollowed out a place, not very deep, though I worked hours at it, and there I laid him, with no one to help me, and there his body is now." Mr. Sloane writes of burying between fifteen and twenty from one hospital, and more than fifty from another.'—*Ibid.* p. 21.

And while performing these works of mercy the delegates often were able to speak a word in season.

'Rev. G. J. Mingins says: "One day we were burying some poor fellows who had fallen in the battle of Antietam, and a soldier was helping us. He told us how he had passed through the fierce conflict unharmed; 'for which,' said he, 'I thank God.' 'Thank the rebels for being such bad marksmen,' said a man near us. The soldier, looking him in the face, said: 'I ain't no Christian, God knows. After what we passed through I ought to be a better man. You may think as you like; I think God saved me, not the rebels' bad shooting.' Here was ground to work upon." '—*Ibid.* p. 25.

Tables were kept ready in the camps provided with writing paper, envelopes, and stamps, and many a poor fellow was thus enabled to keep up his communication with home; books and newspapers were amply provided, and many evils were thus obviated as well as alleviated. Hospital surgeons sent in testimony that the interesting reading soothed their patients like medicine, and this employment, as well no doubt as the presence of the ladies of the Sanitary Commission, tended greatly to check profanity of language. Even in the camp we hear of one of the delegates, Mr. McAuley—

'He gave special attention to profanity in the army, and the next day we heard of two captains who, before dismissing their men, gave peremptory orders that there must be no more swearing in their companies. One of the men, with more muscle than grace, and more determination than suavity, told his men that the first man of his company who should utter an oath in his presence, he would knock down, and the first man who should hear him, the captain, utter an oath, was at liberty to knock him down.

'A colonel of a Massachusetts regiment was addicted to this habit. The chaplain had often spoken to him with little effect, and finally preached on profanity to two full regiments on Sunday. After the sermon, the colonel addressed the regiment, and nobly said, "The chaplain had done his duty, and I will do mine. I have been guilty of profanity. I hope I have not injured any of you by it. If I have, I am sorry. I will do so no more. Let us altogether put an end to swearing in the regiment." '—*Ibid.* p. 67.

Some of these regiments a good deal resembled Cromwell's Ironsides. The 102d Pennsylvania had a chaplain who never intermitted the evening prayers, even during the terrible battles before Richmond, having the services sometimes amid the roar of cannon, and standing mid-leg deep in mud and water. This regiment lost all their knapsacks, and with them their Bibles and Testaments, and when afterwards asked what they most needed, a fresh supply of these was their first request.

The character of the corps depended on its locality. The New England villages supplied men bred up to that sort of vague Christianity always open to accept religious consolation from any source, and these were for the most part orderly men, serious and resolute, and deeply grateful when good thoughts were put before them in the time of danger, suffering, or death. The Church fully did her part, but necessarily on the same level with the

other sects. The Bishop of Ohio, and we believe the other Northern Bishops, gave the Commission full approval, and there can be no doubt that its work was truly Christian. Even among the corps of noted bad character there were at times detected germs of improvement, and the wounded or dying men were sometimes for the first time touched by a word of Christian hope and faith.

One of the many poems that the strong feeling of those times produced may perhaps here bear quotation :—

'So fought we on through good and ill,
Through victory and defeat ;
And still the mother wept, and still
Fond hearts with terror beat.
It suited not with His decree,
Nor with His purpose high,
To proud defiant souls to give
At once the victory.
Yet on our darken'd firmament,
One pure and brightening star,
One drop of blessed balm was sent
To soothe the woes of war.
For when the summons waken'd us,
And in their strength went forth,
With harness stout and stouter hearts,
The army of the North,
Up rose a new band by their side,
And gather'd day by day,
And East and West and North allied,
To form its bright array.
No lance had they, no gun, no sword,
No trump to sound their fame ;
They bore the weapons of their Lord,
And fought in His dear name,
The army bright of charity,
The Days of Sixty-Three.'

The Confederates were not wanting in the like good works. On their side, the wounded were tended by voluntary nurses, brought by Christian love to the hardships and horrors of war; and all that was supplied to their hospitals came from homes ill able to afford any sacrifice of comforts.

Sometimes the contrast reminds us of the difference between giving out of abundance and out of penury—for the pinch of want never came near the Federal, while the Confederates had scarcely food enough for themselves, and were destitute of all those comforts they were used to procure from the North: and far from having eau-de-cologne wherewith to refresh their fainting sufferers in the hospitals, needful medicines were often wanting. Fuel was sometimes supplied to the hospitals by families who deprived themselves of all firing, save just enough *for cooking*. Young ladies nursing in hospitals wrote home to

their mothers to send them every pot and pan that could possibly be spared by the household, and that when every house in a tolerably safe position was filled to overflowing with fugitive friends from the seat of war, and a log hut or an old railway car in the midst of the pine forest was a most desirable and superior residence. We have seen touching journals written at Macon describing how almost every house contained some youth or boy not yet recovered sufficiently from a wound to return either home or to the army, and how, to cheer their spirits, meetings took place at these houses in turn, where music and conversation might be enjoyed, but as no one could afford to offer anything to eat, went by the name of 'starvation parties.'

In fact, the tale of patience and of heroism may be told on both sides. Either party believed itself so much in the right that conscientious persons espoused the cause heartily; and cruel and savage, obstinate and bloody, as the conflict was, with the monster battles, the terrible inroads, and the frightful unexplained sufferings of the prisoners, still, perhaps, there never was a war in which piety and mercy played so prominent a part in alleviating suffering.

ART. III.—*Monumenta Franciscana.* Edited by J. S. BREWER, M.A. London: Longmans. 1858.

2. *Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London.* Edited by J. S. NICHOLS. (Camden Society.)

3. *Scholasticism.* A Lecture by W. W. SHIRLEY, D.D. 1866.

To those who are inclined to take a sentimental view of history, to idealize and to imagine, to paint a striking picture in all its parts, there is perhaps no more tempting subject than the first establishment and early labours of the Friars. Here was self-sacrifice, devotion, zeal, constraining the rich, the noble, the great, to give themselves freely to the labours of love; to undertake the work of ministering to the poor, the wretched, the suffering, amidst trials, and hardships, and misery. The ideal of S. Dominic and S. Francis was magnificent. Their conception of the claims of Christian charity was high and noble; their attempt to carry out their conception practical and zealous. It is only those who, in the patience and calmness of an evenly-balanced spirit, love, before all things, the discovery of truth, however distasteful, who can contentedly set themselves to describe the very early and very rapid deterioration of this promising beginning, to note the falsification of grand professions, the failures of great promises, and the mass of evil and mischief wrought in under the specious name of good. Mr. Brewer appears to belong to the former class of writers rather than to the latter. Struck with the beautiful ideal conceived by the founders of the Orders of Friars, and by the zeal which marked the first attempt to carry it out, he is inclined to fill up the picture with ready touches, and to lend grace and completeness to his subject, not always with a due regard to the claims of truth and fair deduction. In reading his preface to the very valuable materials for the History of the Friars, which he has edited, we are at once struck by signs of rapid generalization and large conclusions drawn from small premisses. He begins by asserting that infidelity was rapidly spreading in Europe during the thirteenth century; but of this he offers no proof whatever. Next he asserts that the Franciscans, who started with the vow of extreme poverty, continued to cherish the spirit of this vow. The buildings of their order, he says, remain to attest it. But we can point to some, at least, of the old convents of the Grey Friars which are by no means inconsiderable for their architectural pretensions, and, as will be seen, there are numerous passages in the very works

which he edits completely contradicting his assertions on this point. In fact, Mr. Brewer brings little or no evidence to support his view. Certainly the statement which he quotes as to two convents of Franciscans being found almost penniless at the inquiry under Henry VIII. does not prove the voluntary poverty of the order, but simply that the people had left off bringing their contributions to idle and worthless persons.[1] Neither was devotion to the service of the unfortunate leper anything *peculiar* to the followers of S. Francis, though highly creditable to them. On the contrary, almost every devout man of this period quite unconnected with Friars (for instance, S. Hugh, of Lincoln; S. Edmund, of Canterbury) is noted for this good work. The absurd fanaticism which induced S. Francis to forbid his followers the use of books was at once, as Mr. Brewer is obliged to confess, thrown overboard by them. Within a few years of their entrance into England, we find them established in force at Oxford, being lectured by Robert Grosseteste, the rising teacher of the university, on the subtle moralities suitable for their sermons. The fable of the Stigmata of S. Francis becomes, in Mr. Brewer's hands, his 'value for the human and practical side of Christianity,' and the vast edifice of superstition reared by the Friars as to the Blessed Virgin is 'a blessed escape from the dryness and formality of the age.' (Pref. pp. 38, 39.) Further on, however, Mr. Brewer acknowledges 'that the favour with which these doctrines were received by 'the people tempted the Friar to carry them to extravagant 'lengths, and to degrade them by gross sensualized images and 'representations which lost him the influence he had once 'possessed, and turned all reverence for him into ridicule and 'contempt.' (Pref. p. 40.) The popularity of the Friars is asserted, and at the same time it is wondered at, because a fundamental law of their life was to be the ever busy assertors of Rome. But if this popularity ever existed, it was only because they sold pardons from Rome cheaper than they could be procured from the parish-priest. Neither do we see clearly how the Friar, with the asceticism which at least he professed, can be represented, as 'fighting against the deadly Manichæism of the age' (p. 43). There were, doubtless, some among the Friars who reached great eminence in learning, which they would probably have done equally if they had never made the pro-

[1] In the London convent of Grey Friars, it appears that when the property was transferred to the city, there were 600 ounces of plate in the sacristy valued at £150; copes, vestments, and other ornaments, estimated at £200; the bells, £100; the altars, chapels, stones, pews, iron, &c. £50; the church itself, the lead, timber, and soil thereof, £300; total, £800; and the lands belonging to it were valued at £50 16*s.* per annum. (Nichols' 'Grey Friars,' pref. p. 17.)

fession of Friar; but to represent the orders generally as advanced in science and experimental knowledge is somewhat absurd; neither does the representation seem to be established by a reference to a work of fiction of Sir F. Palgrave's, or even by Shakspeare's conception of Friar Lawrence. Much more to the point is the character of the order given immediately after. 'The Friar combined with his spiritual functions the occupation 'of pedlar, huckster, mountebank, and quack doctor, and the 'vice of covetousness, of which he was too frequently accused, 'led him to employ his skill in driving bargains to his own 'advantage.' (P. 46.) It is a great merit, in the eyes of Mr. Brewer, that the Friars introduced the system of scholastic theology, or, in other words, turned the plain, simple teaching current before their coming (such, for instance, as is found in the 'Speculum' of S. Edmund) into the elaborate technicalities of Duns Scotus and Aquinas.[1] We confess we cannot see the entire merit of this. If the object of preaching be to instruct, not confuse, then the scholastic doctors certainly did not improve on the old fashion of a simple homily. Mr. Brewer admits the evil of their method—their 'monstrous altercations and barking questions,' as Lord Bacon calls them, but still asserts that 'they formed the mind of Christendom for the great events to come.' (P. 57.) They were the maturest development of the mind of the middle ages, the preparation and forerunners of modern times. (P. 59.) But though we are unable to agree with Mr. Brewer in his extremely high estimate of the value and virtues of the Friars, we can yet cordially thank him for the labour which he has expended in placing within our reach the highly valuable mediæval originals which are contained in his volume. These, indeed, are a real treasure to the student of history, and throw no small light upon the progress and work of the Friars in England.

The two great founders of the Friars, S. Dominic and S. Francis, regarded the missionary work which they proposed to themselves from different points of view, just as they differed from one another in their families, their circumstances, and their characters. The one a Spaniard, noble but poor, with a talent for disputation brought out by early exercise, conceived that he could convince all heretics by arguments and prop up the Church by syllogisms.[2] The other, the son of a merchant,

[1] One is inclined to smile at the description given by Mr. Brewer of the sermons of the secular clergy. According to him they were so full of learning and logic that they would be unintelligible to the vulgar. Compare this with Bishop Grosseteste's requirement, that a preacher should know the Ten Commandments, the seven deadly sins, the seven sacraments of the Church, and the three creeds; and with the numerous sermons in English of a little later date which remain.

[2] 'It would have been well for Dominic,' quaintly observes Dr. Geddes, 'if he had not pushed on Montfort and his Crusado, to have butcher'd so many thou-

with plentiful resources, was struck with pity at the sufferings of humanity, and would win the world by offices of love. And in accordance with this different character are the first miracles attributed to the two. S. Dominic's supreme power of argument is attested by the wonderful incombustibility of the paper on which his reasonings were written. S. Francis's surpassing charity is marked by the miraculous disappearance of the leper whom he had kissed.[1] We do not stop to dwell upon the lives of the two saints, or the circumstances under which they established their orders. Suffice it to say that the Dominicans appear to have first reached England about the year 1219, and, though their founder on his death-bed had spoken a solemn curse against any of his order who should presume to accept property or to become possessors of estates, as early as 1227, we have records of grants of houses and lands made to them at York, where they seem to have established themselves in force. Taking a common sense view of the case, no doubt the followers of Dominic de Guzman were right in availing themselves of the liberality of the faithful, for it does not appear how an order of preachers would do without houses for their head-quarters, any more than the kindred order of missionaries, the Franciscans, could do without books.

Of the arrival of the Dominicans in this country, there is not so far as we are aware, any detailed account, but of the coming of the Franciscans, who soon followed them, we have a most interesting and circumstantial history; for the publication of which we owe our thanks to Mr. Brewer. Recovered from old and damaged manuscripts with much patience and skill, the history of Thomas de Eccleston, in its simple details, seems to carry us back to the strange mediæval times, and make us realize with wonderful distinctness the state of society in the thirteenth century. The work is not a long one, yet the writer tells us he was twenty-five years in compiling it; we are thus sure of having deliberate and carefully-considered statements, whatever amount of credence we may see fit to attach to them.

It was in the year 1224, the eighth of King Henry III. that the first detachment of the Franciscans reached England. They landed at Dover, being nine in number, four clerks and five laymen. The leader of the party was Agnellus of Pisa, who had been chosen by S. Francis as the provincial minister for England. He was at this time only in deacon's orders, and thirty years of age, and he had under him men older than him-

'sands of his auditors because they would not be converted by him, nor have 'glean'd after them to have burnt so many of them as an inquisitor.'—*Misc. Tracts*, iii. 398.

[1] Fleury, 'Hist. Eccles.' v. 69.

self and of higher degrees in orders; a striking evidence of the spirit of the order, which was ever ready to cast aside ordinary rules and conventionalities and to use the most effective means to obtain its ends. The other three clerks were all English by birth: Richard of Intworth, a priest of mature years; Richard of Devonshire, an acolyte; and William of Esseby, a youth still in his noviciate. The five laymen, however, were all foreigners, and, with one exception, Italians. In the first fervour of the zeal excited by the new orders, many men of family and fortune abandoned the world to devote themselves to the work. Placing themselves under the orders of their general, they were ready to accept any post of labour assigned to them, and to leave the sunny lands of the South to work without grudging among the fogs and squalor of our English towns. Conveyed across the Channel by the monks of Fescamp, they came to these shores absolutely without resources, dependent upon the charity which they might find. Immediately on their arrival they proceeded to put this charity to the test, and their first experience of it was not very encouraging. 'They asked entertainment at a noble-'man's house near Dover in the guise of mendicants, and received 'it as strangers. For he locked them up in a strong chamber 'and barricaded the entrance that he might take counsel in the 'morning with his neighbours, and examine who they were. 'They, all weary as they were, betake themselves to repose till 'daybreak, and then, thinking to depart, found the doors locked. 'They wait patiently until later in the day they are brought 'out before a multitude of spectators, who inquire of them who 'they are, and with what intention they had entered the island. 'When they alleged their pious purpose, one of the magistrates 'replied that they were spies and robbers. Thereupon, a Friar 'offering his cord with a smile, "See," said he, "if you take us 'for robbers, here is a halter ready to hang us with." Upon 'which the judges returning to their senses, confessed that they 'could not have any sinister purposes who thus freely offered 'themselves to death.'[1]

After this inhospitable reception the Franciscans proceeded to Canterbury, where they were kindly entertained by the Friars Preachers. Their hospitality, however, though willing, was not luxurious. They were regaled with a thick mixture made out of the dregs of ale, which should have been taken hot to make it in any way palatable, but to which they were obliged to add cold water to enable them to drink it. On this uninviting fluid floated a *discus*, or round cake or toast. Four of the body now proceeded to London, where they established a house on Cornhill

[1] 'Lanercost Chronicle,' quoted by Brewer, p. 633.

containing cells, which were made by stuffing grass between the ribs of wood. From London they sent a detachment to Oxford, hiring a house in the parish of S. Ebbe. In both places they were kindly received by the Dominicans—the bitter rivalry which afterwards prevailed between the two bodies not having then sprung up. As yet they had not the privilege of saying mass, and so were content to remain without chapels attached to their houses. From Oxford they spread themselves to Northampton, Cambridge, and Lincoln. Having thus gained a footing in the country they began to attract attention, and many came to them desiring to join their order. The first mentioned by Eccleston, with especial reverence, is one brother Salamon, who had the high privilege of becoming frost-bitten from walking in the snow, and was obliged to be conveyed to some saint beyond seas to be healed. He also was further afflicted by curvature of the spine, dropsy, and hæmorrhoids, as well as by great agony of mind. His claim to sanctity is further established by a personal appearance of our Lord and of S. Peter. On the other hand, Gilbert de Vyz, another brother, is visited in person by Satan, who treats him in a most contumelious manner.

The chronicler favours us in perfect innocence with the most singular facts. Brother John, going to visit a priest, finds him suffering terribly from toothache. 'Send,' says he, 'some bread and ale to the Friars Minors, and you shall be healed.' The remedy was instantly tried, and proved efficacious. A nun had been guilty of publishing false revelations, whereupon Brother Walter has a dream in which he sees two hounds catch and strangle a deer. Upon this, two Friars are sent to the convent, who at once bring the nun to a better mind. The same Brother Walter is also recorded to have given utterance to a saying of deep wisdom. When Brother Richard Norman desired to have from him a word of edification, he replied: 'He that desires to be in peace, let him hold his peace.' It would seem as if it were impossible to tell of the entrance of any into the order without surrounding their accession with something strange and miraculous. Brother Adam of Oxford had made a vow to do anything which he was called upon to do in the name of the blessed Virgin. This had become known to a Cistercian and a Dominican, and they were eager to secure such a prize, but were miraculously impeded from making the request. In the meantime brother Adam has a dream, and finds himself among the Minorites, one of whom asks him to join them in the name of the blessed Virgin. This of course settles the matter. Brother Adam was the friend and companion[1] of another Adam (de Ma-

[1] The expression used is *ad robas*, which Mr. Brewer thinks means servant or keeper of the robes. But they are both spoken of as *magistri*, and apparently

risco, or Marsh, whose numerous letters are some of the most valuable contents of this volume). He too has a strange dream which brings him to follow his friend into the ranks of the Franciscans.

The number of brethren, and the popularity of the order increasing, benefactions of a substantial kind began to flow in. At first, however, they declined to have property actually conveyed to them, that being distinctly against the laws of their founder; but the lands and tenements given were vested in the corporation of the town in trust for the Friars. In the accounts given by Eccleston of the first buildings of the order, we do not observe the proof of their insisting upon everything being poor and squalid, of which Mr. Brewer says so much. On the contrary, they seem to have been glad to get the best buildings they could; and though at Cambridge their chapel was built in one day by a single carpenter, it must be observed, that at this station there were only two brothers and a novice, and they do not appear to have gained the same favour there that they did at some other places. Matthew Paris, as representing the feelings of the old monastic orders, who saw the growth of the new-fashioned brethren with much jealousy, is not, doubtless, to be fully trusted when speaking of them. Still, as regards a matter so palpable as the size and character of their houses, he could scarcely have made an entirely false assertion, and his testimony is, that within twenty-four years of their settlement here, the buildings of the Minorites became almost palatial: 'In regales consurgunt altitudines. In sumptuosis et diatim ampliatis edificiis et celsis muralibus thesauros exponent impreciabiles.'[1] They had, of course, to begin in poverty and obscurity, but we do not observe any signs of their steady resistance to improved accommodation and comfort. The account given further on of their building evidently represents a complete recasting and remodelling of their original structures. An order had soon to be made to restrain the brethren from taking part in the feasts of

the first Adam is the elder and more distinguished of the two. Besides, *robas* in Latin of this period is not confined in meaning to dress, but has somewhat of the modern Italian force. We should translate partner or *chum*.

[1] Matt. Paris, p. 823 (ed. 1571.) So too the anonymous poem printed by Mr. Brewer:—

'Hi domos conficiunt miræ largitatis,
Politis lapidibus, quibusdam quadratis,
Totum tectum tegitur lignis levigatis,
Sed transgressum regulæ probant ista satis—
Qualiter ædificant verè non est mirum,
Ingens opus construunt quasi magnum Tyrum
Qualitercunque fuerit circumvallant gyrum
Si decretum verum sit, est totum delirum.'

For the rapid degeneracy of the Friars, see the excellent sketch of them in Chancellor Massingberd's 'Reformation,' chap. vii.

the laity, and another point also required special attention. This was the extraordinary tendency which some of them had to laugh immoderately, which also was duly curbed by authority. The earnest devotion of the Franciscans, and their eager desire to obtain instruction are duly noted by the chronicler. Many of the lay brethren were now admitted to the priesthood and the office of preaching, among whom Brother Haymo was especially remarkable, 'being of such gracious and eloquent speech that 'even the adversaries of the order found him pleasing and 'acceptable.' Many Englishmen who had obtained their education at the University of Paris came to England and joined the Minorites. So rapid was the increase of the order that it became necessary to divide the province into wards (custodiæ), each of which, as the chronicler informs us, was remarkable for some special grace. In the London ward fervour, reverence, and devotion in prayer; in the Oxford ward zeal for study; in the Cambridge ward lack of coin;[1] in the York ward eager love of poverty; in the Salisbury ward brotherly love prevailed.

We are next told, that in the Oxford establishment, the unfortunate brethren were not allowed pillows for their heads, and were in the habit of making up little bundles to supply the want. Brother Albert, the provincial minister, made a formal complaint of this evil practice at a chapter, upon which the warden replied that the brethren were but flesh and blood. This seems to have been too much for the provincial minister, and the abuse was allowed to continue. Another attempt at luxury did not, however, fare so well. Brother Walter had ventured to put on a pair of sandals, and found they added so much to his comfort that he determined to retain them. At night, however, he had a dream (the Friars are always dreaming, and half of the 'Chronicle' is taken up with recording their dreams). He thought in his dream that he was passing through the perilous defile of Bessils-leigh, and was suddenly set upon by robbers. They threatened him with death, but he pleaded for mercy on the ground of his being a Minorite Friar. 'You lie,' was the reply, 'for you are not barefooted.' Whereupon Brother Walter, awaking in terror, immediately threw away his sandals. The worthy Thomas of Eccleston does not give us any dates, so we are at a loss to determine in what year it was first thought desirable to hold a visitation of the English province. These, however, appear to have been pretty frequent. One visitor was so strict that he turned a Friar out of the order for painting his pulpit, and removed a head of a house for tolerating pictures.[2]

[1] It is rather curious to find this involuntary condition numbered among the special graces.

[2] Gardianus. The gardianus appears to have been the governing brother in a

This was nothing, however, to the ferocity of Brother Wygmund, a visitor appointed by Elias the minister general. This brother was so eminently clever at entrapping his unfortunate brethren, that he made it a matter of *ipso facto* excommunication if a Friar should conceal anything, or if he should reveal anything. Immediately, throughout England, a great storm arose. The brethren met in numbers, and forwarded an appeal to the minister general. We can scarce wonder at this, nor indeed at the remark made by the Pope's penitentiary when the appeal came to Rome, 'That if the devil had been incarnate, he could not have thought of a better trick for catching souls than this visitation.' At another chapter, one William de Colville preached what Mr. Brewer calls in his summary, a sermon *against* contracting debts,[1] but which was in fact a jocular recommendation to the brethren to borrow all that they could. Scotland was now formed into a separate province from England, but we much doubt whether the begging fraternity ever found the north a very congenial ground. The reader will be glad to learn that about this time a general order directed the Friars to wash their legs. This direction, however, does not appear to have been favourably received in Scotland. Everywhere now was the cry for more solid and spacious buildings. It is true the Friars were vowed to poverty, but then they were often visited by grand guests, for whom they ought to have some handsome accommodation (quibus videbatur, et jure, honorificentius providendum). Under this specious pretext, a general zeal for building seized the order, and, in spite of protests from some of the more zealous members, advanced with great rapidity. The Chronicler now turns to the record of the studies at Oxford. The first lecturer of the brethren was the famous Robert Grosseteste, under whose tuition they made marvellous advances. After Grosseteste's promotion, Roger de Weseham, afterwards dean, and Thomas the Welshman, afterwards archdeacon of Lincoln, were the lecturers of the Friars. The fame of the Oxford school spread abroad. The minister general sent for some of them to lecture at Lyons. There were thirty professors who read and disputed with any that pleased to question them, and

house. The custos, or warden, the chief of the brethren in a certain locality which might include several houses.

[1] We don't understand how Mr. Brewer can claim this merit for his Friars. William of Nottingham, Provincial in England, is reported by Eccleston to have said: 'Cum vellent quidam fratres, quod nullo modo contraherentur debita, dixit Frater Wilielmus mihi quod non debuerunt fratres obligare se aliquo modo ad *solutionem*, nec tempus certum præfigere solutionis, sed poterant licitè obligare suam solicitudinem quod operam fidelem darent ut fiat solutio. Dixit etiam quod in centum casibus possent fratres *licitè contrahere debita*. Dixit quoque quod non peccaret frater si per manum suam dispensaret pecuniam alienam in eleemosyna.'—*De Adventu Minorum*, p. 71.

three or four who merely read lectures. Cambridge does not appear to have been so fruitful in these great geniuses.

Very little is told us by Eccleston as to the work of the Friars towards those whom they had come to evangelize and amend. We learn, however, that there were some famous confessors among them who came into collision in a mild way with certain of the bishops. The bold intrusiveness of the Friars, and the bitter disputes and mischiefs which it introduced, are passed over in silence.

> 'Thai trauele zerne and bysily,
> To bryng doun the clergye,
> Thai speken thereof ay vilany,
> And thereof they donne wrang.' [1]

The first provincial of the Minorites in England was Brother Agnellus, who died in the odour of sanctity, insomuch that his coffin was found to be filled with perfumed oil. Brother Albertus succeeded, who signalized his reign by an order that the brethren should wear their old and tattered gowns outside their new ones, by which means humility and economy might both be promoted. This same Brother Albert was however a very hearty and pleasant man. His discourse was full of apothegms and fables, and he insisted on the brethren using a more generous diet when their health required it. When among a circle of his own spiritual friends, he was wont to say, 'Eat, eat, for now we can do it in security.' 'But,' says the Chronicler, with a charming *naïveté*, 'he was very careful in avoiding the company of seculars.' The same minister, who may be said to have belonged to the Broad Church party among the Friars, when once he heard a young Friar in a sermon at Oxford inveighing against the grand buildings and the plentiful diet of his brethren, took him up short, as showing more vain glory than those whom he condemned. The observance of the strictness of their rule, which, Mr. Brewer contends, the Friars continued to cherish, is indeed disproved by numerous passages in this work, although it chronicles only the first years of the order. Stephen de Belase, the Warden of Hertford, was wont to be dissolved in tears when he testified against the relaxation of the strictness of the order. That the real efficiency of the Friars as missionaries could not be advanced by the ultra-asceticism which some of them professed, most sensible people will be easily convinced. And of this opinion appears to have been Bishop Grosseteste, when he bid a melancholy brother take a cup of wine for penance, and laid down his famous aphorism that three things were necessary for health,

[1] Poem of Fourteenth Century. Appendix iv.

'cibus, somnus, et jocus.' And here we must protest against a piece of careless editing on the part of Mr. Brewer, who by a side note attributes to Bishop Grosseteste two anecdotes which are told by Eccleston of Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury.[1] Certain clerks in his diocese requested the Archbishop to ordain a kinsman of theirs who was by trade a carrier. 'If his cart be broken,' replied the Archbishop, 'from respect to you I will buy him a new one, but I will certainly never change his state.' Again, when some one offered him some precious jewels, which were probably not very fairly come by, he answered, 'Si prenderem penderem; inter prendere et pendere non est nisi una litera.'[2] A very similar anecdote of Grosseteste immediately follows, who dismissed an offered present of two beautiful palfreys, saying, 'That if he were to receive them they would drag him by their tails down to hell.' Of so noted a character the reader may like to know two other sayings, both, as we take it, of incontestable truth. 'Situations near water,' said the Bishop of Lincoln, 'are not healthy except they be high, and small pepper is much better in pickle than ginger.' Of all the sayings and doings of distinguished Friars recorded by Eccleston, those of William of Nottingham appear to us the most worth remembering. 'Respect,' he used to say, 'must be had to the object and intention of S. Francis, 'if they would rightly observe his rule.' 'We must contend 'against the world like a swimmer across a swift torrent, striving 'to go higher than is necessary if we would pass in safety.' He would hear no confessions nor give any advice at night. He avoided carefully any familiarity with great men or with women, for against their wiles not even saints were proof. He would receive no accusations against any but before witnesses, for the fault of suspicion was one which he was specially careful to avoid. One other saying of his is of a more questionable character. 'Brethren,' he said, 'might, 'without sin, spend other people's money, so that it were in 'alms.'

At the conclusion of Eccleston's treatise, we have a slight mention made of the other orders of Friars whose brethren came to England, besides the Dominicans and Franciscans. These were the Trinitarians, who came to this country in the same year as the Franciscans (1224); the Carmelites, who came in 1250; the Augustinians, who came in 1254; and the Friars of the Sac

[1] It may be observed that this mistake of Mr. Brewer's has been duly followed by Mr. Luard, in his edition of 'Grosseteste's Letters,' where the anecdotes are related of the Bishop of Lincoln. Nothing, however, can be plainer than Eccleston's text.

[2] Monumenta Franciscana, p. 65.

(de Pœnitentiâ Jesu Christi) who came in 1257. Some of these orders do not appear to have spread or gained much influence. It is common to hear the whole body described as 'the Friars of the four orders,' and in fact two of these, the Dominicans and Franciscans, attained by far the greatest notoriety.

We have now done with Thomas of Eccleston, the simple, childlike narrator of all that he could discover or hear about the brethren of his order, and we pass to the Letters of Adam Marsh (de Marisco), by the collection and editing of which Mr. Brewer has done as great a service to the historical student as by the publication of Eccleston's Chronicle.[1] By the Letters of Adam Marsh we are introduced to what may be called the literary history of the Friars, and this, after all, is by far the most interesting. Their preaching and ministering may have begun by being very zealous and very effective, but in a few years after their commencement they had managed to bring upon themselves universal odium. They had gained the character of being unscrupulous, covetous, and dishonest. They had become pedlars, hucksters, and mountebanks.[2] There is scarce a book of poetry or prose, from the middle of the thirteenth century onwards, which in any way professes to sketch the times, but pours out its choicest invectives on the Friars. For this universal bad character there must have been some very substantial foundation. The missionary work of the Friars may therefore be set down as a failure. The high objects of their founders, the devotion which animated the first members of the orders, were not destined to have a permanent effect. They became a band of active and zealous agents for Rome, but as to any good they

[1] We are sorry, however, to be obliged to say that the service which Mr. Brewer has rendered is almost to be limited to the printing of the text. We have scarcely met with a book of the character of the 'Monumenta Franciscana' where so little trouble has been taken to perform the real work of an editor. The side-notes are very meagre, and constantly inaccurate. There is scarce any attempt made at explanatory foot-notes. No dates are given to the letters, though in many cases they might have been ascertained from the internal evidence.

[2] 'Thai dele with purses, pynnes and knyves,
With gyrdles, gloves for wenches and wyves,
Bot ever bacward the husband thryves,
Ther thai are haunted till.

'Some frers beren pelure aboute,
For grete ladys and wenches stoute,
To reverte with thai clothes without
Al after that thai ere.

'Whereto shuld I othes swere,
There is no pedler that pak can bere,
That half so dere can sell his gere,
Ther a frer can do.'

Monumenta Franciscana. Appendix xi.

did to the people, we search in vain to discover it. More than this, the Friars became after a time a nuisance and a pest to the country. The respectable monks, the lords of many acres, were encouraging architecture, building bridges, making roads and feeding the needy with abundant alms. The parish priest was living among his people, not always a bright and shining light, but at any rate knowing his flock and teaching them to some extent. What was it that the friar limitor[1] did? He came collecting doles not dispensing them, villifying the monks as idle and epicurean, deriding the parson to his face, and encouraging his flock to desert him, and filling men's ears with the most audacious sensation stories as to miracles and relics, that he might give a zest and impulse to the spiritual traffic by which he lived.

But the literary history of the Friars in England is at any rate of a higher character than this. It has great names in plenty to adorn it. The school of the Oxford Franciscans alone produced Richard of Coventry, John Wallis, Thomas Dockyng, Thomys Bungay, Roger Bacon, Archbishop Peccham, Richard Middleton, Duns Scotus, Occham, and Burley. Of these, three names are especially selected by Mr. Brewer (Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and Occham), of whom he says, 'no nation can 'show three such schoolmen, each unrivalled in his way, and 'each working with equal ability in opposite directions.' The amount of credit really due to the Friars on account of these three, we shall examine more at length further on. In the meantime, it may suffice to say that as they were all unquestionably connected with the Oxford Franciscans, and as the English Dominicans can also boast of having produced some great schoolmen, the literary history of the English Friars becomes almost the history of scholastic philosophy itself. Of the Franciscan professors of this science, Adam Marsh was the first.[2] We have not indeed any of his philosophical writings remaining, but we can readily allow him the honour of being the 'Doctor Ellustris,' inasmuch as Roger Bacon classed him with Solomon, Aristotle, Avicenna, and Grosseteste, as one of the five most perfect philosophers of the world. The important part which Brother Adam played in the history of his time, is well brought out by Mr. Brewer from his letters. 'He must go with the 'Archbishop to Rome to plead his cause with the pope; or be 'at his side as prompter; or join him in the visitation of the 'province; or help in the convocation. Then he has to attend 'the parliament; or preach the Crusade for the Holy Land. 'He is wanted by the Queen; by the Earl and Countess of

[1] So called from his having a certain *limit* or district assigned him by his convent in which to beg. The term is used by Chaucer.

[2] *Preface to* 'Monumenta Franciscana,' p. 82.

'Leicester at Boulogne; by Grosseteste at Bugden. Here to 'give his advice upon disputed points of church discipline; there 'to find arguments for resisting irregular preferments. He is at 'Rome with St. Anthony of Padua, opposing the encroachments 'and irregularities of the versatile and ambitious minister, Elias. 'He is nominated on a commission by the King and the Pope to 'settle the disputes between the Bishop and Prior of Winchester. 'One minister would be glad of his attendance at Reading. St. 'Bonaventura hopes to see him in France. Ireland is holding 'a chapter, cannot he be there?'[1] In all these employments, and in many others having more especial reference to his duties as friar and lector, the letters of brother Adam represent him as engaged. In a letter to his friend Bishop Grosseteste, he bitterly laments this excess of toil, as well as complains in the strongest terms of the evils and abuses of the times, with no distant allusions, as Mr. Brewer suggests, to the oppressions of that most impracticable of kings, Henry III. The bishop had desired his presence without delay. He writes, trying to beg off, at least for a time. Grosseteste's wisdom, he says, was amply sufficient for the occasion. 'Yet if there be real occasion or 'need for the comfort and consolation which, as you say, I can 'bring you, I am ready. Only I would ask your prudence to 'judge if the fatigue and anxiety which I have suffered lately, 'which have scarce allowed me to breathe, and the intolerable 'burden which I must now again quickly take up when my 'office of teaching has to be resumed, do not make a fair claim 'for a little holiday. But what audacious rage is this, what 'destructive pestilence, by which in these days which confound 'the distinction between right and wrong, the property of God 'is squandered, and His holy temple defiled? Together with 'you, I trust in His mercy that this wretch will have to dis-'gorge the riches which he has devoured, and that God will 'draw them forth from his belly.'[2] The great Bishop of Lincoln was not very remarkable for his respectful treatment of the King, and it seems that Brother Adam fully went with him in this. The twentieth letter may probably relate to the same subject, in which he tells the bishop that he will attend the parliament at London to support him, and again bewails the times, saying that he believes the world must be drawing to its end, as it is plain that this is the period in which Satan has been let loose; and if the letter printed at the end of this collection, to Siwal, Archbishop of York, be indeed by Adam de Marisco (of which we think there is considerable doubt), the Friar here does not scruple to call the King insolent (importunus dominus

[1] Monumenta Franciscana. Pref. p. 84. [2] Letter xiii.

rex),[1] and to exhort the prelate on his accession stoutly to withstand his attempt to make the clergy amenable to the laws. The relation in which the Friars stood to the civil power is a matter of interesting inquiry. Very soon after their introduction into this country, both the Black and Grey Friars were assisted with royal grants, and in the appendix to Mr. Brewer's volume are given two precepts directed to sheriffs to use the King's power for arresting apostate and vagabond Friars, and either confining them in the King's prisons or handing them over to their superiors as they should see fit.[2] The 171st letter contains a strong opinion conveyed to the provincial minister, William of Nottingham, that the King's commands and wishes ought to be attended to. This, however, only related to a special case, and if we contrast this with the disagreeably fulsome letter addressed to the Pope, which attributes to him all authority, divine and human, we can pretty well judge what amount of obedience would be rendered to the civil power when it was in any way supposed to contradict the ecclesiastical authority. In fact, the presence of these large bodies of Friars in the country, with their admirable organization, and great activity, mixing themselves up in all the most important matters of State, as these letters of Adam de Marisco abundantly show that they did, must have made anything like good government simply impossible. That good government was not attempted, and never could be attempted under such a king as Henry III. does not make the position of the Friars at all more sound and wholesome for the country. The net-work of influences by which Rome had intertwined herself into the very life of the nation was certain to be carefully watched and tended by these busy and skilful agents, and so long as the Friars were flourishing and vigorous, nothing healthy either in civil or ecclesiastical life could be developed. It is a great confirmation of this that we find the most tyrannical and scandalous of English primates ever eager to be surrounded with Friars, to have them with him at his visitations and in convocation, that by means of their ready skill he might maintain himself against his opponents, which his own ignorance would not enable him to do.[3] It must, indeed, be acknowledged that Brother Adam (whose personal character will be estimated very highly by all who have read his letters) was soon disgusted with his patron, who was a man of a very

[1] Monumenta Franciscana, p. 483. [2] Ibid. p. 614.

[3] Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, whom Mr. Brewer, with either a forgetfulness of, or a contempt for, history, calls '*a well-meaning prelate* of little prudence and less learning, who has a great idea of discipline and a constant knack of getting into trouble, with no proportionate knack for getting out of it.' —*Preface, p. 84.*

different stamp from his other episcopal friend, Bishop Grosseteste. But when he begged off himself, he sent other Friars to supply his place; for the Archbishop was resolutely bent on having some of them with him.

The principal historical facts which we glean from the survey of Adam Marsh's Epistles are, first, the rapid development of jealousy and ill-feeling in Oxford against the Franciscans; and, secondly, the degeneracy of the order in matter of discipline, which had taken place during Adam's life-time. The ill-feeling in the University became apparent on the application of Thomas of York, one of the Oxford Friars, to proceed regent in Theology without having graduated in Arts. It appears that there was nothing in the statutes of the University to prevent this, but a very great opposition was raised to it, doubtless because Thomas came from the Franciscan school. Seven commissioners were appointed to investigate the matter, who recommended that the said Thomas should be allowed to aspire to the Divinity degree; but that henceforth 'no one should commence in Theology, unless 'he had first commenced in Arts, and had read one book of the 'canon-law, or the sentences, and had publicly preached in the 'University.' Any one who tried to set aside this arrangement by external influence was to be expelled the University. To this statute the chancellors, all the regents in theology, and in canon and civil law, two heads of houses for the graduates in Arts, and the Friars, Hugo de Mistretune and Adam de Marisco, were to set their hands. It was doubtless an attempt to impair the credit, and lower the dignity of the Franciscan school, by forcing all its members through the ordinary *curriculum* of study, and not allowing them to reach the highest grade *per saltum* on being found competent, and Adam de Marisco fought hard against it. He plainly saw, as he averred, that it was intended to use the statute unfairly. The chancellor and the University were to have the power of dispensing with it if they saw fit, but what would avail this power if any obstinate master should oppose its exercise? It would thus happen 'that he would 'be rejected in whom there was a concurrence of remarkable 'merits, and he whom divinity approved would be repelled by 'perverted humanity.[1] Moreover, why should any assent to the 'statute be required from one who had already been turned out, as 'it were, from teaching, and had for three years ceased from taking 'any part in their University? Their grace, so often sought, and 'now not granted except on the condition of an extorted consent 'of mine, was more like cruelty than grace. There was also 'another reason, more strong than any of these, which I did not

[1] A play upon the words, 'divinitas' and 'humanitas,' with reference to their academical sense.

'mention, which determined me to refuse assent to the require-'ments of the chancellor and the University.' The matter was thus left to be settled without him, and Brother Adam gladly withdrew on a visit to his friend the Bishop of Lincoln, leaving to another the ungrateful task of presiding at the disputations of Thomas of York.[1] We thus get a glimpse at the working of the Franciscan school in the University, which seems to show that matters were not progressing altogether smoothly. It was indeed but natural that jealousy should be felt by the Oxonians, if this establishment, of such recent origin, arrogated to itself any privileges not conceded to the general body of scholars, and the same sort of feeling which met the Friars in their excursions into the country districts, met them also in that seat of learning which was destined afterwards to owe so great an amount of its mediæval reputation to their labours. It is clear that the same feeling also existed at Cambridge. Fuller says, 'These Friars 'living in their convents, were capable of degrees, and kept their 'acts like other University men. Yet were they gremials and 'non-gremials, who sometimes would stand on the tip-toes of 'their privileges that they endeavoured to be higher than other 'students, so that oftentimes they and the scholars could not set 'their horses in one stable, or rather their books upon one 'shelf.'[2]

Many passages in Brother Adam's letters show us how quickly new ideas and new rules of conduct were spreading among the brethren, and also the great moral deterioration which had taken place among them. It would almost seem as if the good Adam himself thought that the original austerities of the Franciscans were a mistake. For instance, he finds great fault with a brother who would not stop at Bugden to receive the hospitality of the Bishop of Lincoln, but would insist on pushing on to Cambridge through inclement winter weather. (Letter 181.) On another occasion, he writes to the provincial minister to ask allowance for Brother Gregory, who is with the Archbishop of Canterbury, to ride on horseback, and, he adds, 'if the 'venemous calumny of those who bark against us did not stand 'in the way, I clearly think it might be expedient for him to 'use a carriage.'[3] Surely S. Francis would have been somewhat astonished to meet one of his children rolling along in a carriage.

That the inhibition of S. Francis against books was not, and could not be sustained, has been already said. Thus we find in Letter 197, with regard to Walter of Madeley, of whom Adam de

[1] Monumenta Franciscana, pp. 346, *et seq.*
[2] Hist. of University of Cambridge, p. 29.
[3] Monumenta Franciscana, p. 369.

Marisco thought very highly as a scholar, that it had been the custom for the Society to provide the more literary Friars with abundance of volumes and copyists, although for some reason or other, of which Adam justly complains, Walter of Madeley had himself been harshly treated in this respect. It was not however, only in these trifling matters that the order had gone back from its original vigour and austerity. The 202d letter of Adam de Marisco, addressed to the provincial minister, is a grave and solemn lamentation over a much more serious decay. 'I know not what to say about the state of our order. I see, 'indeed, that the whole structure of the lofty edifice reared in 'it is, as it were, going to ruin; that structure raised by the 'hand of God with such a marvellous power of usefulness for 'all ages. Its foundations are being assailed, not so much by 'idleness and sloth, as by wilfulness. Even with respect to the 'novices, in the selection of whom strength, talent, and devotion 'seem to be of no account, very great mischief is done. For 'without regard to their age and inexperience, at a time when 'they especially need good instruction and example, they are 'sent to attend to any temporal matters, as though everything 'was to be given up to worldly gain, and nothing were due 'to the blessed advance in our holy profession. This is a 'horrible crime, an execrable impiety.'[1] Again, writing to Brother Warren, the good Adam expresses the bitter sorrow which weighs him down. 'What!' he exclaims, 'may we not 'expect the ruin of every high and holy profession, when 'this glorious order, which in these latter days has been raised 'up to help the ruined Church to the admiration of all, and 'with such wonderful success, is compelled to that which is 'so alien to its nature as the ambitious craving for honour, the 'careful service for wealth, the hideous clinging to debasing 'pleasures?'[2] This, he declares, has been the work of those princes and secular nobles who have allured the Friars to their service, and caused them to be mixed up with the transactions of their own evil lives. The passage exactly agrees with Matthew Paris, who speaks of the Friars as 'in acquirendis 'privilegiis soliciti, in curiis regum et potentum consiliarii, et 'cubicularii et thesaurarii;'[3] but how it agrees with Mr. Brewer's panegyrics in his preface, we are at a loss to discover.

Dean Milman, speaking of the beginning of the fourteenth century, thus describes the progress of the Franciscans in these matters. 'From stewards to become owners; from dispensers 'or trustees, and sometimes venders of lands or goods bequeathed 'to pious uses, in order to distribute the proceeds among the

[1] 'Monumenta Franciscana,' p. 361. [2] Ibid. p. 408.
[3] Matt. Paris, p. 823 (ed. 1571).

'poor or on religious edifices, to be the lords and so, as they 'might fondly delude themselves, the more prudent and economic 'managers of such estates, was but an easy and unperceived 'transition. Hence, if not from more sordid causes, in defiance 'of the vow of absolute poverty, the primal law of the Society, 'the Franciscans now vied in wealth with the older and less 'rigorous orders. Mendicancy, their vital principle, had long 'ceased to be content with the scanty boon of hard fare and 'coarse clothing; it grasped at lands and the cost at least of 'splendid buildings.'[1] They now strove to get rid of the rule of poverty, which seemed still to reprove their degeneracy. Forty thousand ducats were offered to the Pope by the English Franciscans for a repeal of this order of S. Francis. The Pope characteristically took the money, and then refused the abrogation. The schisms and divisions in the Franciscan body turned mainly upon this point of the necessity of observing the vow of poverty.

Among other interesting points to be found in the letters of Brother Adam we have in Letter 43, addressed to Bishop Grosseteste, the writer speaking of sending him the prophecies of the Abbot Joachim (perhaps that mysterious book, 'The Everlasting Gospel'), about which he is anxious to know his opinion as to whether they are to be held as divinely inspired. In Letter 86, mention is made of a copy of the translation of the Bible by William of Arundel, whom Mr. Brewer conjectures to have been precentor of Exeter.[2] Letter 200 furnishes another instance of the high value set upon Holy Scripture in those days. It contains a request to the provincial minister, that the Bible of the late Philip of Worcester should be conferred upon Thomas of Dokkyng, whose merits, both moral and literary, are highly commended. In Letter 225 occurs a curious mention of a *tabula Trinitatis*, which Thomas of York had promised to make for Adam de Marisco, and for which he had obtained a 'privilegium' from Rome. We suppose this must have been a picture of the Holy Trinity, and that the dispensation from Rome was needed because Friars were not allowed, by their rule, to possess such luxuries as pictures.

The letters of Adam de Marisco cannot fail to impress the reader with a high notion of the activity and vigour of the Franciscans, and of the importance which their order was rapidly assuming in the country. And this impression will be much

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[1] Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' v. p. 213.

[2] Monumenta Franciscana, p. 204. *Interpretatio correcta* are the words. This Mr. Brewer sets down in his side-note as 'Translation of the Bible by William of Arundel,' as though the said William had made a new translation of *the Bible from* the original, instead of a copy of the Vulgate.

strengthened by a glance at the very curious and interesting documents which Mr. Brewer prints third in order in his volume.[1] These give us in much detail the account of the first foundation of the Minorites in London, and the way in which they attracted to themselves liberal donations and numerous proselytes. They began in a very modest manner, in a house hired from John Travers the sheriff, in Cornhill; but shortly 'the devotion of 'the citizens towards them and the multitude of their brethren 'increased.' They were transferred to better quarters in the parish of S. Nicholas of the Shambles, by the gift of John Iwyn, citizen and mercer of London. Their second benefactor was Jocius Fitzpiers, formerly sheriff and alderman, who gave them all his land in 'Stynkyng Lane.' The city of London next presented them with land. They then had gifts of land and houses in S. Sepulchre's, and numerous other donations in the quarter which bore the unpleasant denomination of 'Stynkyng Lane,' where their chief habitation was situated. Among their benefactors appear the names, not only of citizens and nobles, but also of religious houses, which proves that the jealousy entertained so strongly by the monasteries towards the Friars had not as yet become general. The list of benefactions extends down beyond the middle of the fourteenth century, and certainly leads us to the conclusion that by that time the property which the London settlement of the Minorites had acquired must have been very considerable. We then have the account of the building of their church. The first chapel, which became the choir of the church, was built at the cost of Sir William Toyner, who was mayor of London in 1239; the nave was added by Sir Henry Waleys, who was mayor during several years of the reign of Edward I.; the chapter-house by Walter the potter, citizen and alderman, who also presented all the brazen pots necessary for the kitchen, infirmary, and other offices. The porch and cloisters were built out of the common funds, which had been accumulated from alms; the dormitory was built by Sir Gregory de Rokesby; the refectory by Bartholomew de Castro; the infirmary by Peter de Helyland; and the studies by Bonde, king of the heralds. A long and minute account is given of the aqueduct, in the construction of which many benefactors assisted them, and specially William, 'taylor' to King Henry III. The schools and lecture-rooms, which were at first erected, soon proved too small, and the liberality of their friends built them more capacious ones, fit to accommodate a hundred brethren, which was generally about the number at the London convent.

[1] These documents had been previously printed in part, and the substance of them is given in Mr. Nichols's edition of the 'Grey Friars' Register,' for the Camden Society.

In the same way a more extensive and beautiful church was built for them in the year 1306, partly by the munificence of Queen Margaret, the second wife of Edward I., and partly by that of the Earl of Richmond and his niece Mary, Countess of Pembroke. This church was 300 feet long, 89 wide, and 64 high. All the columns and pavement were of marble, which at their demolition furnished materials for the present Christ Church. The glass of the windows was contributed by a variety of benefactors. Sir Richard Wyttyngton of notable memory, founded their library in the year 1421, by which time we may presume that the injunction of S. Francis, that his followers should not possess books, had been pretty well forgotten.

A few particulars as to the after history of the London Gray Friars may be added from the Chronicle published by the Camden Society. The first provincial chapter in London was held in the last year of Henry V. In 1456 is recorded the activity of their provincial, Dr. Goddard, in impeaching Pecock, Bishop of Chichester, of heresy. In August, 1498, was the second provincial chapter of the Friars Minors in London; the stricter order of the Observants commencing at the same time. On S. George's day, 1502, they relinquished the 'London russet,' which they had for some time worn, and resumed the undyed 'white grey,' which had been their original habit. On the Feast of S. Francis, July 16, 1508, the mayor and aldermen were received, with procession, as founders, a custom which continued long after; but it was not till 1522, that the convent began to provide a feast for the corporation on that anniversary. In 1524, King Henry and Cardinal Wolsey personally visited the house; and the next year they were visited by Dr. Alleyn, on the part of the cardinal. The Franciscans appear to have submitted readily to the changes made by King Henry VIII., and in their deed of surrender, signed by Dr. Chapman, their warden, and twenty-five brethren, they professed to have arrived at a profound conviction 'that the perfeccion of Christian livyng 'dothe not consiste in dome ceremonyes, wering of a grey 'coatte, disgeasing our selffes aftyr straunge fassions, dokynges, 'nodyngs, and bekynges, in gurding our selffes wythe a gurdle 'full of knots, and other like papisticall ceremonyes, wheryn we 'have byn most principally practyssed and misselyd in tymes 'past;' and that the Protestant zeal of the warden was genuine seems to be confirmed by the letter which he addressed to Cromwell, begging for a dispensation from the 'papisticall slanderous apparel,' which the order had worn for more than three centuries.

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[1] Mr. Nichols's Preface to 'Grey Friars' Chronicle,' pp. 14—16.

But the London establishment of the Franciscans is by no means their most important or most interesting settlement. The grand interest connected with the order in England belongs to that Oxford School which produced the memorable professors of scholastic philosophy, and which, above all, is closely associated with the name of Roger Bacon, the great anticipator of the marvels of modern physical science. It would seem that, though the Dominicans could also boast some great names, yet that the influence and reputation of the Franciscans were paramount at Oxford. At Cambridge, on the contrary, the Franciscans did not flourish so vigorously. There the Carmelites obtained the ascendency; and in their convent in Mill Street, now the site of Queen's and Catherine Hall, and their 'very fair church,' in which most of the university business was done, took a leading part in the university life. They were, says Fuller, 'of the largest receipt of any religious house in Cambridge.'[1] They had had bitter disputes with the Dominicans about their antiquity, but would appear to have gained a complete victory over their antagonists by asserting that their order was founded on Mount Carmel by the prophet Elijah, and that it continued there in the practice of the ancient religion until the Virgin Mary appeared to the brethren and revealed to them the truths of Christianity.

The history of the Oxford Franciscans is, as we have said, the history of scholastic philosophy, a name which is still very generally misunderstood. Mr. Brewer, with reference to the Schoolmen, speaks strangely enough of the *new logic* of Aristotle, as though the Aristotelian system of logic had been some discovery made in their time; and Dr. Shirley, in his 'Essay on Scholasticism,' assigns to it only one proper subject-matter, namely, theology.[2] But there is no special difference on these grounds between a writer of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and one of the third or fourth. They both treat of theology, and both use the syllogism. On the other side, M. Haureau would allow no specific difference whatever to scholastic philosophy, but would explain the term only as denoting a period when instruction was given orally in the schools.

There is, however, one great and remarkable characteristic of that group of writers commonly called the Schoolmen, and this characteristic may very well be said to distinguish the scholastic from other philosophy. They undertook to teach *all knowledge*. They aspired to be *universal* doctors. The first

[1] History of the University of Cambridge, p. 55.
[2] Scholasticism, p. 20.

and greatest of them, Albertus Magnus, assumed, and was always described by, this name. Stimulated and excited by the vast amount of new information derived from the treatises of Aristotle, which had now been made known through translations either from the Greek or the Arabic, and having at hand the long familiar weapon of his logical method, they were drawn into the conceit that they could reach and impart an encyclopædia of knowledge. All subjects were attempted, all topics were handled by them. Having failed to learn the great foundation of successful investigation, the depth of man's ignorance and the limited capacity of his faculties, they embarked on the great sea of the *Omne Scibile*, in the hopeless attempt to navigate their vessels safely to the haven. It was this ambition which brought them at once to first principles, and obliged them to attempt to ascertain the primary nature of things. Hence the endless disputes between Realists and Nominalists, or those who held the doctrine of primal archetypal shapes with Plato, or rejected it with Aristotle. As they had to solve all things, they had to include these abstruse questions. As they were to make a universal system, so they must build it on this foundation. Of the greater Schoolmen, some give more prominence in their systems to one subject, some to another, but they all aspire to have universal systems. No great doctor would admit that one of his pupils need go to any one but himself for instruction. S. Thomas called his great work a *Summa*, a universal and exhaustive treatise on all things needful for a man to know, and there were several other *Summæ* besides his. The thirteen huge folios, which contain the system of Duns Scotus, are stored with syllogisms on every subject of speculation which had arisen in his day.[1] Scholasticism, in fact, was no new system or method, but only a more aspiring and ambitious application of the old method to more extensive subject-matter. As a matter of course, the School doctors not only failed to impart universal knowledge, which we might readily pardon, but to use the words of Dean Milman, 'With all their re-
'searches into the unfathomable, they have fathomed nothing;
'with all their vast logical apparatus, they have proved nothing
'to the satisfaction of the inquisitive mind. Not only have
'they not solved any of the insoluble problems of our mental
'being, our primary conceptions, our relations to God, to the

[1] This will be apparent from the titles of his Treatises: 'Grammatica Speculativa;' 'In Universam Logicam Quæstiones;' 'Comment. in Libros Physicos;' 'Quæstiones in Libros de Animâ Imperfectâ;' 'Tractatus de Rerum Principio;' 'Tractatus de Primo Principio;' 'Theoremata Subtilissima;' 'Distinctiones in quatuor Libros Sententiarum' (six folio volumes); 'Repertatorum Parisiensium libri quatuor;' 'Quæstiones Quodlibetales.'

'Infinite; neither have they (a more possible task) shown them 'to be insoluble.'[1]

If this be a fair account of what the scholastic philosophers accomplished, humanity is scarcely under so deep a debt to the Friars on their account as Mr. Brewer would seem to hold it to be. Duns Scotus, indeed, may challenge admiration or wonder, as the most diligent and rapid writer of whom the annals of literature can boast; for if it be true that he died at the early age of thirty-four, the vast amount of his labours as it stands revealed in his enormous works is altogether appalling. M. Haureau, after giving the enumeration of them, exclaims with genuine astonishment, 'Here indeed is a veritable prodigy!' and after apologizing for the difficulty of his task in giving an account of their contents (an apology which we may well admit), proceeds to say that the basis of his whole system was this axiom, that 'Logic is not an art, but a science.' This is as much as to say, that investigation is to be pursued for the sake of investigation, reasoning for the sake of reasoning, and not for any practical result in determining truth. Hence the 'objects about which logic is conversant are not representatives 'of things, but real things, the conceptions of human thought, 'things actual as subsistent.' This fundamental position of the subtle doctor, the great champion of the Realists, will, perhaps, be held by most to be a fair excuse for not making the attempt to gain a more intimate acquaintance with the barbarous Latinity of his works.[2] But if this famous Franciscan friar can hardly be held to have been a great teacher of mankind, must we not at any rate give the Friars credit for having produced Roger Bacon, certainly the most striking genius of the Middle Ages? No; the reputation of Bacon cannot fairly be claimed by the Friars. His entrance into their fraternity was an accident, and a most unfortunate one for himself; he was, throughout his career, in open hostility to their pedantry, and he had to suffer bitterly for their hatred of his bold and daring inquiries after truth. It is scarcely fair for Mr. Brewer, in his preface, to claim for the Friars the credit of Bacon's researches in natural philosophy, and to assert that these studies were by no means peculiar to him, but were also eagerly and successfully pursued by other scholastic doctors. This assuredly is to convey a false impression. The way in which Albert the Great, for instance, regarded and pursued physical studies, was essentially different from that in which Bacon regarded them. The one gave instructions in these things as part of his universal

[1] Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' vi. p. 452.

[2] Haureau, 'De la Philosophie Scholastique,' ii. p. 309. Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' vi. p. 467.

system; that is to say, he enunciated dogmata drawn from the Physics of Aristotle, and reasoned upon them. But Bacon was an investigator. He desired to arrive at truth by experiment. He sought it fearlessly, with scant regard to authority, and with a contemptuous condemnation of the trammels in which his brethren were bound. Hence the hatred that arose against him. Hence the denunciations of him as one who had commerce with the devil. Hence the long ten years' imprisonment inflicted on him by the general of his order.

We are inclined to be somewhat more grateful to the Friars on account of William of Ockham than on account of either of the others for whom credit is claimed. Here indeed was a truly great man. Not a useless word-splitter, like Duns Scotus, but one who wielded his logical weapons to effect great and salutary purposes. The peasant of the Surrey village exhibited not only as great learning and skill in Dialectic as any of the School doctors, but a fearless and intrepid honesty, a bold and uncompromising faithfulness, a deep insight into the wants and mischiefs of his time. But on what ground is this praise justly due to him? It is because he opposed and denounced the worldliness and corruption of his own order, because he scattered to the winds the ingenious figments of Duns Scotus and the Realists, because he dared to confront and rebuke the overweening pretensions of the Pope and the hierarchy, and to give his true place to the temporal ruler. As the champion of the Fraticelli, the strict sect of the Franciscans, he wrote his 'Defence of Poverty;' but for thus speaking in the true spirit of S. Francis, he was seized and imprisoned. The stake was already prepared for him, when he fortunately escaped, but, at the Synod of Perpignan, he had the honour of being denounced and excommunicated by the apostate Franciscans. Whether there is more praise or blame due to the order on his account, let the reader judge. The system of Ockham appears to have been a wonderful anticipation of modern philosophy. 'He is a consummate 'Schoolman in his mastery as in his use of logic, but his philo-'sophy is that of centuries later.'[1] In his conceptualism he was the anticipator of Leibnitz, Hobbes, Locke, and Kant.

It is impossible to suppose that so many speculators should have been zealously at work on all subjects, divine and human, each striving to outdo the other in the subtlety and ingenuity of his lucubrations, without producing somewhat of a chaos, and unsettling men's opinions and faith on important points. And such in effect was the case with the Friars and Schoolmen. The famous Council of 1277, which was held by the Bishop of

[1] Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' vi. p. 472.

Paris, and Robert Kilwardby the Dominican Archbishop of Canterbury, was assembled with a view of endeavouring to suppress the scepticism and blasphemies which the wars of the Nominalists and Realists had made current. In this assembly were condemned such propositions as the following:—'It was im-'possible for God to create the world without employing the 'divine body for matter.' 'Certain primary intelligences are 'coeternal with God.' 'All souls are one in essence.' 'God 'cannot make more things than one of the same species.'[1] It is clear, indeed, that both Scotists and Thomists, in their disquisitions on matter, were approaching pure Pantheism, and there is probably not one sceptical argument advanced in modern times which is not to be found in the minutest detail in one or other of the Schoolmen.

Yet though the Christian religion was in danger of perishing in the midst of these interminable disputes, they were certainly not without their use in the progress of mankind. The human intellect, long abjectly enslaved to authority, appeals through the Schoolmen from authority to reason. Everything must now be canvassed, weighed, and examined. Dogmata are now no longer to be taken on trust. Men like Roger Bacon and William of Ockham were the true precursors of the Reformation. It is a striking remark of Mr. Brewer's, that 'the men 'who, in later times, were launching the severest sarcasms 'against the Schoolmen, or ridiculing their subserviency to 'Aristotle, had been trained to their new freedom and vigour of 'mind by the men they had learned to despise.'[2]

The extraordinary fascination which the profession of the Friar exercised on men's minds in the Middle Ages not only attracted into their ranks the learned and subtle, but also powerful nobles, and even kings. The lists printed at the end of the Monumenta Franciscana give numerous instances of this. It is true that, in some cases, the very significative addition is made to the name, 'professus est tres dies ante mortem.' How much do these few little words reveal! The politic and skilful handling of the confessional, the intriguing and plotting, the careful instilling of the all-powerful virtues of the order, the religious act held back as long as there was any hope of life, the poor, perplexed, trembling sinner at length eagerly calling for the gown and the cord, having been taught by these volunteer *spiritual* guides, who had thrust themselves to the bedside of the dying man, that he might face his God with trust and confidence, in spite of his debauchery, his robberies, and his oppressions, if he only died and was buried in the habit of the order of S. Francis!

[1] Haureau, i. p. 215. [2] Preface, p. 59.

Yet even in this wretched parody of Christianity the Friars were faithful to their all-absorbing passion—the love of wealth.

'Isti fratres predicant per villas et forum,
Quod si mortem gustet quis in habitu Minorum,
Non intrabit postea locum tormentorum,
Sed statim perducitur ad regna cœlorum.
Si dives in patriâ quisquis infirmetur,
Illuc frater properans et currens monetur,
Et statim cum venerit infirmo loquetur,
Ut cadaver mortuum fratribus donetur.
Quod si pauper adiens fratres infirmetur,
Et petat ut inter hos sepultura detur,
"Gardianus absens est" statim respondetur,
Et sic satis breviter pauper excludetur.' [1]

[1] Monumenta Franciscana. Appendix, p. 595.

ART. IV.—1. LEYSER (P.). *Historia Poetarum Med. Ævi.* Hal. Mag. 8°. 1721.

2. AMPÈRE (F.). *Hist. littéraire de France avant le* 12^me^ *Siècle.* 8°. Paris. 1839.

3. DU MERIL (ED.). *Poésies inédites du Moyen Age.* Paris. 8°. 1854.

4. DU MERIL (ED.). *Poésies populaires du Moyen Age.* Paris. 8°. 1847.

5. DU MERIL (ED.). *Poésies populaires avant le* 12^me^ *Siècle.* Paris. 8°. 1843.

6. WRIGHT (J.). *Biographia Britannica Literaria.* Lond. 8^vo^. 1846.

7. MIGNE. *Cursus Patrologiæ Lat.* &c.

PART I.

THERE is great want of a good history of early Christian and mediæval Latin poetry. Since the publication of the volume of Leyser, there have been few, if any, works expressly devoted to the subject; it has indeed been noticed casually by numerous ecclesiastical historians, and particular periods have been investigated by many able and learned writers, but it has never to our knowledge been treated as a whole. Leyser's work, though excellent as a guide, is unattractive in form, difficult to obtain, and occasionally inaccurate in matter. The entire art of criticism, moreover, has advanced since his time, new manuscripts have been discovered, and the unwearied diligence of archæologists and theologians has thrown fresh and strong light upon points hitherto misapprehended. It may not then, perhaps, be considered superfluous, if, availing ourselves of their latest researches, we attempt to give an outline, and nothing more than an outline, of this very interesting branch of Christian antiquity.

The long list of Roman poets has been generally considered to terminate with the name of Claudian. It is true, indeed, that after his death there were still Latin versifiers who adhered to the ancient religion, that we can point to the Itinerary of Rutilius, and the feeble efforts of Priscian, Capella, and Nemesian. But Claudian was the last of the great poets; he forms, as it were, the central figure between ancient and mediæval poetry, carrying us back, on the one hand, to the days of Virgil and Lucretius, and carrying us forward, on the other, to the era of martyrology and paraphrase. Classical poetry, in short, may be said to end soon after the beginning of the fifth century, or, in

round numbers, about fifty years before the overthrow of the Empire. Yet, though it had expired, metrical compositions in the Latin language abounded in all directions. The Christian Church, and more especially the Christian clergy, became possessed of the vacant throne: we pass at one step from classical to clerical poetry. Yet it would be erroneous to suppose that this clerical poetry arose at once to supply the place of its predecessor; on the contrary, the two had long continued to flourish side by side, without any communication, and, on the part of the classical school, without any knowledge of the existence of its rival.

When and by whom the first Christian poem was written is a matter still undetermined, and will in all probability remain so, but the Hymn was, beyond all doubt, its earliest form. With the Hymn, however, we are not immediately concerned, for it forms in reality an entirely distinct branch of the subject, and relates only to the public ritual of the Church. By the word poem a metrical composition is indicated that is intended to be read in private, and to replace, among members of the Christian faith, the profane literature of antiquity.

The very curious poems attributed to Tertullian are possibly some of the earliest extant. It is allowed on all sides that they are not the composition of that Father; but the four books of hexameters against the doctrine of the Gnostic Marcion could not have been written later than the third century. No one ever took the trouble to controvert an extinct heresy, and the fact of their existence is a tolerable proof that, when the author wrote, the tenets he wrote against were commonly circulated. If this view be correct, and they are in reality monuments of that early age, it is singular to observe that the Christian muse directed her first efforts to polemical controversy, and was from the very beginning the handmaid of theology. There is, however, another composition, which critics are unanimous in assigning to the same century, and which is known as the 'Instructiones' of Commodian, an African convert, who wrote, so far as can be ascertained, about the year 270.[1] It consists of over a thousand hexameters, or rather lines put together in that metre, without any attention to the rules of prosody, and is further remarkable for an early development of the tendency to the acrostic, which was afterwards a marked feature in ecclesiastical poetry. Thus, for instance, the contents of each division are indicated by the first letters of each line, read from top to bottom. Save, how-

[1] See the Prolegomena to the 'Instructiones' in the fifth vol. of Migne's 'Cursus Patrologiæ Completus.' This gigantic series, already numbering over 500 volumes 4to, will henceforth be referred to merely as Migne, tom. 1, 2, &c.

ever, its antiquity, this singular relic has little else to recommend it. The author, an ardent and uninstructed devotee, utterly unacquainted with even the rudiments of versification, poured forth his rhapsody for the purpose of aiding in the substitution of the Christian for the Pagan religion, and his work accordingly takes the form of an apology for the first. The many errors of doctrine with which it abounds are perhaps the most interesting feature of what is essentially a barbarous composition. In the following century we find a much greater abundance of poetical literature: it is cultivated in all directions, and it is well worthy of remark that, although exclusively theological, it has not yet fallen entirely into the hands of the Church. Grammarians and rhetoricians, and even women, are to be found among its writers; indeed, the greatest poet, not only of this century, but of mediæval Christianity, was a layman. Nor is this the case only at a single place or in a single country; it prevails, on the contrary, almost universally. Prudentius is a Spanish civilian, Severus a rhetorician in Gaul, Victorinus a grammarian at Rome, Valeria Faltonia the wife of a pro-consul. The laity, in a word, are not yet excluded from the Temple of Knowledge: they are educated, are full of mental activity, and take a large share in the literature of the period. It is to be observed, moreover, that the form and the subjects of Christian poetry begin now to develop themselves, and to take the mould they retained through so many centuries. Metrical paraphrase of the Scriptures is introduced by Juvencus, a Spanish ecclesiastic, and continues for generations to be a separate and recognised branch of the poetic art. Poems in honour of the saints and martyrs, such as those of the Pontiff Damasus, of Prudentius, of Paulinus of Nola, the pupil and correspondent of Ausonius, are the origin of the innumerable Legends of the Saints, that form another and most important branch.[1] Even at this early time they possess, to a great degree, the characteristics that subsequently mark them; they have the same incongruity and exaggeration, the same disregard for truth, and the same anxiety to introduce miraculous agency. In a poem, for example, on the Martyrdom of the Maccabees, a poem attributed both to Victorinus and Hilary of Arles, the author assures us that the seven brethren felt no pain whatever in the midst of their torments; the fierceness of the fire was miraculously assuaged. In a poem of Prudentius, on the Martyrdom of S. Eulalia, a white dove, the soul of the victim, is seen to fly upwards from her lips as she expires. Paulinus relates, with implicit faith, the miracles and wonders performed by his patron S. Felix. It was from such examples as these, universally diffused and accepted, and aided by a host of subordinate

[1] The few poems of Damasus that are extant will be found in Migne, tom. XIII.

attempts, that the great component features of ecclesiastical or theological poetry began to form themselves. Throughout the century they had been slowly growing in force and distinctness, and at its close may be considered as clearly defined. Accordingly, at the opening of the fifth century, we find a school of Christian poetry with divisions as strongly marked, and differing from each almost as widely as the old divisions of epic and lyric. Controversial, paraphrastic, legendary, and hymnic, they are all branches reaching out from the parent trunk, separate and individual, though springing from a common root.

It is now easy to see, that on the death of Claudian, the Christianised form of the poetic element did not suddenly spring up to supply the void it occasioned. It had long been growing to maturity, and it assumed the vacant throne because there was no rival to contest its right. But the dignity was obtained in an evil hour; in an hour darkened by wars and rumours of wars, by the breaking up of empires, by the downfall of powers and dominations. And yet, in the midst of all the misery and desolation with which the world was being oppressed, the hour in one sense was not unpropitious to the Church, for the Church rose as the empire was falling. Everywhere, in the fifth century, we see two distinct elements: a Roman element, on all sides giving way; a barbarian, rude, rough, full of courage, and not without docility, as eagerly pressing in. Between them a third element interposed, which had arisen under the older civilization, but which adapted itself with extraordinary tact to the new situation. The Church mediated between the contending parties. The influence of the monks was great, the influence of the hierarchy was still greater. Whilst they ruled the Church with an absolute sway, whilst they repressed with a strong hand the strange doctrines of Vigilantius and Priscillian, and the pestilent heresies of Pelagianism and Semi-Pelagianism, they appeared to the invaders as the venerable chiefs of an august ceremonial. Their numbers added to their importance, their wealth added to their dignity, their manners were noble and courteous, and there was no reason to suspect the integrity of their private life. Possessed of qualifications such as these, there is no reason for astonishment at the influence they exerted over the barbarian mind, and the readiness with which they imposed a yoke on the neck of the freest of mankind.

It would, perhaps, be too much to say that the clergy of the fifth century were a privileged order, and yet they were surely in a far better position than the laity. The number of ecclesiastical poets, even in this tremendous age, when nation was marching upon nation, when the arrow was flying by day and the pestilence was slaying by night, is no small indication of

their comparative security. In Italy, as is natural to expect, there are the fewest. There is S. Paulinus, a native of Gaul, who late in life became Bishop of Nola, and whose poems on S. Felix belong half to the last and half to the present century, and there is an ecclesiastic of the name of Sedulius, a paraphrastic poet, about whose age there have been incessant disputations. But it is now generally admitted, that there has been a confusion between the poet and a theologian of the same name who lived in the ninth century; that the former wrote about the middle of this, and that he was a presbyter and possibly a bishop. His paraphrase or synopsis, which is in elegiacs, is extremely long and spiritless, but, notwithstanding, appears to have been popular, as it was frequently edited and emendated during the mediæval period. A few detached poems, containing anagrams and acrostics—a fashion introduced in the preceding century by Porphyrius and Pentadius, and borrowed by them from the Alexandrian school—comprise the remainder of his works: indeed, the remainder of the metrical works that appeared in Italy, for the epigrams on scriptural subjects written by Helpidius, a physician at the Court of Theodoric, can hardly be termed a work of any kind. If Italy, however, was at the lowest point, far more activity prevailed in other directions: we pass into Spain, and at once encounter the great name of Prudentius. Born about the year 353, of a wealthy and noble family, he practised with great success as an advocate, was created a judge, and was subsequently advanced by Theodosius, or perhaps Honorius, to an important post about his person. His numerous and diffuse compositions were all written during the last ten or fifteen years of his life. To none of the old Christian poets has a fuller and readier justice been accorded. Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages he was a favourite author, and, at the restoration of letters, his works were repeatedly published. He has been universally extolled by great scholars and divines. Barth, who indeed never spoke of any one without using the superlative, repeatedly terms him the sweetest and divinest of poets. Fabricius and Tillemont join loudly in his praises. Luther declared him to be the best of the Christian poets. Bentley has asserted in strong language that he is at once their Horace and their Virgil. The works that this eminent poet has left us are extremely voluminous, and, in a theological sense, extremely important. But, as is the case with all who write largely, some of them are vastly superior to the rest, and those thus distinguished are the 'Liber Cathemerinon,' and the two controversial books against the senator Symmachus. The former, or book of daily hymns, contains twelve of those compositions; six intended for daily repetition, and six for particular occasions. The chief

fault of these, and, indeed, of all his writings, is a painful and unnecessary prolixity; he either forgot or was destitute of the last great art of blotting. Accordingly, if we look upon them as forming part of a ritual, we shall be terrified at their length and their tediousness; but, if we once consent to read them as a series of religious reflections put into a metrical form, we shall readily appreciate the many noble passages with which they abound. It may be added, also, that they illustrate many singular practices of the early Church, and are of great assistance to the student of ecclesiastical archæology.

The first of their number is intended to be recited just before the early dawn, or at cock-crow,[1] and a peculiar sanctity, it will be remembered, was then attributed to that bird, and to the time when its note was heard.[2] It was a symbol, to the primitive Christian, of the unsleeping vigilance of his Lord, and its figure frequently occurs on early monuments: the time, moreover, as the poem informs us, was regarded as the hour in which our Saviour rose from the dead. The hymn accordingly commences with an exhortation to rise and chant the praises of the Redeemer, asserts that the hour is symbolical of Him, alludes at length to the repentance of Peter, announces the approach of dawn, and concludes with a prayer that Christ will wake them from the sleep of sin, break asunder the bonds of darkness, and shine upon them with His glorious light. It is, on the whole, a beautiful and earnest poem, and indicates in a marked manner the strong poetic element that lay at the very root of early Christianity. The second, which is entitled 'Hymnus Matutinus,' a term very inadequately rendered by our only equivalent, was intended to be sung between midnight and sunrise, at the time when the grey begins to glimmer in the east, and it is neither night nor day,

'Ubi nox abiit, nec tamen orta dies,'

and is of great length, and far too allegorical for modern taste. The commencement, as is the case with most of his poems, is greatly superior to the rest. The third and fourth hymns are graces to be repeated before and after meat, but the grace is contained in the first few lines of each, and the remaining portions form in reality separate poems on the goodness and bounty of God. The fifth, on the lighting of the paschal taper, illustrates a singular practice of the early Church. It was the custom, in the age of Prudentius, for the deacon to consecrate a candle or taper on Easter-eve, which he lit by means of two flints, and on the same occasion there was a solemn baptismal service, at

[1] Gallicinium, or cock-crow, was, strictly speaking, at midnight.
[2] Apost. Constitutiones. Lib. viii. 34.

the termination of which the newly-admitted members lit the tapers with which they had been supplied at that of the deacon, and at the same moment the church was suddenly illuminated. This custom is explained and described in the hymn with great vividness, but it is ruined by interminable digressions. The next three hymns, Before Sleep, For the Fasters, and For the Completion of the Fast, are of no particular merit; the former indeed is little more than a long poem on sleep, in which scriptural allusions are plentifully introduced. The ninth is on the miracles of our Lord, and is generally referred to as the hymn 'Omni hora,' from its commencing words, but it is for the most part flat and diffuse, and is far from equal to the promise of its opening. Prudentius was never capable of a sustained flight.

And now we approach the most celebrated of these poems, the well-known funeral anthem. In all ages and in all lands the vanity of worldly prosperity, the evanescence of earthly pleasures and distinctions, the uncertainty of mortal life, have been the subjects of poetic treatment. In the finest of the Psalms of David we are told that all must perish alike, wise and foolish, rich and poor, one with another; that they must die like the beasts that perish, that their beauty must be consumed in the tomb, and their glory be left behind them; that they must go to the generation of their fathers, and never behold the light. In the most famous elegy of antiquity, that of Moschus on the death of Bion, it is said, in lines most remarkable for their exquisite modulation and pathos, that though the flowers and the grass may grow up again and be green once more in the spring-time, that we, the wise and the mighty, when once we die, shall be voiceless in the hollow earth, and sleep a sleep from which there is no arising. If we turn to the Roman poets we shall find that Ovid, in lamenting the death of Tibullus, could only borrow from the Greek, and say that when the good were taken away he was disposed to doubt the existence of the gods, and that if anything remained of us after death beyond a name and a ghost, his friend was doubtless in the Elysian fields. In a different age and in a land far distant, we shall find the ancient Mexicans repeating a similar strain, in words that closely resemble those of David and Moschus. All this uncertainty and depression of hope was completely abolished by the Christian religion: the assurance of a future life destroyed whatever remained of the heathen elegy. But that assurance, soothing and elevating as it was, could not overcome the natural sense of sorrow and bereavement. Accordingly we find in the Christian elegy a union between these two different sentiments, an expression of mere human grief, and a lofty and assured conviction that looks beyond the limits of earth and anticipates an immortality of joy.

It is the admirable skill with which these two elements are combined that has attracted such attention to this poem of Prudentius, for it is the earliest utterance of the Christian muse on a subject that had perplexed and saddened the greatest poets of antiquity. And in truth it is a noble poem. There are indeed many expressions which the rigid classicist may consider inadmissible, but if it be read without mere verbal criticism, and with a desire to elicit its real meaning, its noble and philosophical piety will at once be seen. The two remaining hymns, for Epiphany and for Christmas-day, coming directly after this, are read to some disadvantage, and indeed are not very attractive.

The controversial work that has been referred to, was called forth by a particular event. During the reign of the Emperor Gratian, the old religion had been treated with great harshness. Its revenues had been appropriated and its immunities curtailed. Many statues and temples were indeed left standing, but the senate was distressed at the removal of a figure of Victory that had hitherto adorned the entrance of the curia. Deputations therefore were sent to the court to entreat its restoration, and Symmachus, a distinguished and wealthy senator, was the leader on each occasion. The apology or petition he presented to Theodosius is still extant, and it was to controvert its arguments that the poem of Prudentius was composed. They contain the most elegant and rational exposure of Polytheism that has been preserved; their argument is well sustained, they are undisfigured by digressions, are written with remarkable candour, and above all are distinguished by a tone of liberality and toleration not often to be found in literary warfare. It had been too much the habit of Christian apologists to assail their opponents with unmeasured abuse, to reason on insufficient grounds, and to perplex and weaken them by the subtleties of Alexandrian philosophy. To meet, then, with a writer who relies only on his own good sense and the strength of his cause is at once a novelty and a pleasure, and it would be well if his example had been followed more frequently. By writing in a calm and rational manner Prudentius possessed a great advantage over his predecessors, for he is seldom betrayed into a groundless accusation, and what he has to say he says plainly and sensibly. Commencing with an examination into the true character of Paganism, he goes on to examine the causes of its long continuance, which he very rightly assigns to education and example, but insists strongly on the importance of external influence. The authority of the state and the impression made by a splendid ceremonial are of great weight, he says, in perpetuating any religion. Alluding next to the deification of certain of the emperors and

the adoration of inanimate objects, he passes on to a notice of the inhuman ceremonies connected with the old religion, and reprobates, in one of his finest passages, the bloody atrocities of the arena. The remainder of the book is occupied with an account of the subversion of Paganism under Constantine, and terminates with a graceful compliment to his eloquent opponent. The second is of a different nature, for it consists merely of a selection of passages from the petition of Symmachus, with the metrical remarks of Prudentius immediately below them: the merit lies entirely in the first.

It is not possible, in a mere sketch like this, to enter into a detailed examination of his many compositions. They vary exceedingly in their character. They are allegorical, controversial, commemorative, lyric; but whatever they are, there is the same fatal copiousness, and the same inability to preserve symmetry and proportion. A reflection that would have very well filled four or five lines is hammered out through a hundred, and dwelt on till it has ceased to signify anything. Moreover, in many cases the subject is singularly ill-chosen. There is no reason, of course, why an argument should not be put into verse, and indeed sometimes it is a positive advantage. If Dryden had published a pamphlet instead of writing the 'Hind and the Panther,' it may be doubted if his reputation would have stood so high. But conceive a man writing a poem he calls 'Psychomachia,' and introducing the Virtues and Vices contending, 'more Homerico,' on the field of battle! Fides breaks the neck of Idolatria; Pudicitia crushes Libido with a huge stone; Anger, unable to irritate Patience, kills himself in despair. The victors erect the walls of New Jerusalem. It is absurd, then, to extol Prudentius as a great poet; he rose seldom and with difficulty, and when he did so fell almost immediately. His judgment and his taste are perpetually at fault. Relatively, indeed, to others of his class, he holds a high position, and yet it would not be difficult to name individual poems which are superior to any he has written. But to speak of him as equalling any of the great poets of antiquity, seems really to indicate utter ignorance of the nature of poetry. His works are valuable, but it is to be feared there are not many people who will regard them with any great interest or admiration.

But one other Christian poet is discoverable in Spain during the fifth century: a deacon named Dracontius, of whose life little is known, has left two poems, one entitled 'De Deo,' in three books of hexameters, containing over two thousand verses, partly on the creation, partly on profane history; and another addressed to Gunthar, King of the Vandals, in which he apologizes for not having celebrated his victories, and begs to be released from his

present confinement. They are both exceedingly barbarous, and deserve mention only as illustrating the tendency of the age.[1]

On passing from Italy and Spain into France, we are at once struck by the intellectual pre-eminence of the latter. In the first two there was little activity, little difference of opinion, and hardly any agitation of important questions. But in France, at least in the southern portion of it, we find the most complete representation of the distinctive character of the century, vivid contrasts between the various component elements, great and unceasing intellectual exertion, and witness more clearly than elsewhere the victory of the Church over both the Roman and barbarian societies. At its commencement a civil society, the features of which were essentially Roman, is to be found in full organization. There were the great land-owners, who for the most part had been at one time or another members of the senate, and who were consequently known as the senatorial families; there were the curiales, the burghers and magistrates of the different towns, for in this century the municipal system was strongly prevalent; and lastly there were the people properly so-called, that is, free labourers and mechanics with a sprinkling of 'coloni' or slaves. Numerous schools, moreover, existed, some of great reputation, in which rhetoric and grammar, philosophy, law and medicine were taught almost exclusively to Roman students. It may appear from this perhaps at first sight that the civil society was firmly constituted, that it possessed within itself means of self-education, and that we may look to find writings of merit produced by its members. But this solidity of organization was only apparent. The senatorial families were sunk for the most part in sloth and debauchery, and at best trifled away their time in frivolous verses and pedantic epistles. They were moreover not so much an aristocracy as a body of dependent functionaries, unable and unwilling to make any effort, and possessing little influence over the inferior classes. The curiales, on their part, were negligent of their duty, disliked and evaded municipal offices, and those offices were before long discharged by ecclesiastics. The two lower orders, the freemen and the slaves or semi-slaves, were generally Christian, though, politically considered, they belong to the civil society. Lastly, there was a growing disinclination for study, and a growing diminution of the number of students. We turn now to the Church, and are at once struck with the wonderful activity that it exhibited. An unceasing communication was kept up between the Gauline clergy and the great doctors of the age. Deputations

[1] Migne, tom. 60. Quite an erroneous account is given by Schœll, Hist. de la Lit. Rom. iii. 106.

and treatises were perpetually starting for Hippo or Bethlehem, and returning laden with instructions and advice. Moreover, shortly after the commencement of the century, the great monasteries sprang up, and became not so much the retreats of morose devotees, as schools of philosophical theology. It was among the inhabitants of these secluded colleges that the great questions of the age, the mysteries of predestination, and the principles of biblical psychology, found their warmest advocates or investigators. The controversies produced by these and similar questions occasioned innumerable tracts and dissertations, and in truth it may be doubted if any religious differences have been more fertile in polemical literature. The Church again had been enriched with a noble ritual and glittered with a gorgeous ceremonial, at all times a powerful attraction, and more especially so in a period of ignorance and superstition. It was over such a civil and such an ecclesiastical society that the barbarians began shortly to sweep, but the fate they experienced was widely different. The civil society fell, not indeed irrevocably or without exercising a marked influence on their destroyers, but from the position it had occupied before. Yet throughout this disastrous era the Church, though harassed at places, stood firm and unshaken, and as its fury abated, rose strengthened and intact.

The most important of the controversies that agitated the Gauline Church was unquestionably that which arose out of the heresy originated by Pelagius. About the year 405 that famous heresiarch began to disseminate his views at Rome, and attempted to reconcile in one harmonious system the conflicting theories of predestination and free will. In the judgment of the Church he gave an undue preponderance to the latter, and after various fortunes his creed and his adherents were condemned. But his opinions had excited too much interest to be summarily disposed of, and many thought that his adversaries had been led in the heat of the argument too far in the other direction. They conceived, in particular, that many of the positions of Augustine were untenable; that his opinions on sanctification and the immediate agency of the Holy Spirit tended to exclude all moral freedom, and that he had represented the grace of God acting on a willing mind as a predestined necessity from which there was no escape. The most eminent of those who took this view of the question was John Cassian, the great patron of monachism in Gaul, at that time abbot of St. Victor at Marseilles. But a formidable enemy was preparing to assault him. Prosper better known as Prosper of Aquitaine, was a learned layman of that age, who leant strongly to the Augustinian doctrine, and he wrote, as did Hilary, to inform Augustine of the re-appearance of Pelagianism. The great doctor immediately responded by

publishing his treatise on Predestination and Final Perseverance, and Prosper contributed his poem 'De Ingratis' (Of the Graceless), the deniers of effectual grace, to the war of letters and tracts.

Of this composition M. Guizot has gone so far as to remark, that it is one of the happiest efforts of philosophical poetry that ever emanated from the bosom of Christianity. Dr. Milman, on the other hand, observes that the Latin language was here forced to become the exponent of theological prepossessions; and so no doubt it was. But what then? If that is a fault, it is one common to this poem and all mediæval poems, and indeed to the whole cycle of patristic literature. There were hardly any poems whatever, for seven or eight centuries, that did not represent a theological prepossession of some kind. The whole history of mediæval poetry is the history of its emancipation from theology. To say, then, of one particular poem, that it represents that which all others of its class represent, may be to condemn the class, but is surely unjust to the single composition. It is as unfair in criticism, as it would be in biography, to describe a man of the last century as a debauchee, because, at a time when heavy drinking was the fashion, he drank his bottle or two of port after dinner:

> 'respice primum,
> Et scrutare viros: faciunt hi plura: sed illos
> Defendit numerus junctæque umbone phalanges.'

It is the system, and not the individual. But if Dr. Milman's objection goes too far, so likewise does the praise of M. Guizot. What are the happiest political efforts of Christian philosophy? 'The Divine Comedy,' or 'Paradise Lost,' or, if we are to speak only of the Latin, the poem of Palearius on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' or of 'Buchanan on the Sphere,' or the four books of Daniel Heinsius on 'Contempt of Death'? It would be difficult probably to decide what they were in such a way as to satisfy every one; but who would venture to assert that the thousand hexameters or so of Prosper are equal to any one of these poems? The versification, in the first place, is not comparable for an instant; and though the subject is of an interest as great and lasting as any of them, it is not so treated as to render it popular. The fault lay not in the theme, but in the writer; it is as if the 'Essay on Man' had been written by Phillips instead of Pope. This poem, however, was not the only composition of Prosper; he has left a number of epigrams, as they have been termed, but which are merely metrical renderings of detached sentences of S. Augustine, and two other productions have been ascribed to him, though on somewhat doubtful authority. The first of these, a short poem to his wife, which has been much admired, and is written partly in an

anacreontic metre and partly in elegiac, is assigned by some to Paulinus of Nola, and consists of an exhortation to a religious life; the second, on Divine Providence, consists of nearly a thousand hexameters, but it seems clear, from passages of it that bear upon Pelagianism, that Prosper could not have been its author. It was written about 416 in the midst of the barbarian invasions;[1] and the object of the poet, similar to that of Salvian, was to assert the fact of a ruling Providence, and to justify the ways of God even while the world was being oppressed by unutterable calamities.

The Pelagian was not the only controversy of that age. As in it the foundations of moral government had been examined, so in the dispute about the nature of the soul, men turned their attention to the principles of psychology. It was indeed at first an attempt to import some of the older philosophical theories into the prevalent religion. The Church had long held the doctrine of its corporeity; discussions certainly had taken place on the matter, but the great majority of the early Fathers considered it a manifest fact. The corporeality of the soul, says Tertullian, is clear to every one who reads the Gospel: Arnobius enters into a long and elaborate argument against those who hold it to be of a spiritual nature. But towards the beginning of the fifth century the opposite opinion began to gain ground, received the sanction of Augustine, and was agitated throughout the Church. In Gaul especially it was debated with great fervour, and Faustus, a bishop of Riez, having written and circulated a letter in which the material hypothesis was sustained, Mamertius Claudian, a priest of the diocese of Vienne, and one of the most learned of his countrymen, composed a long philosophical treatise to refute him. But what is here to be noticed is not so much the occurrence of this controversy as that certain poems have been attributed to Mamertius, but on extremely inadequate grounds. The hymn 'Pange linguâ,' for example, was clearly written by Fortunatus, who died early in the seventh century, and the poem 'Contra Poetas Vanos' is only given as his on doubtful authority.[2] But whoever was the author, it probably belongs to this century, and, though very brief, deserves particular attention. Its object is to create a distaste for all kinds of secular poetry, and to exhort those who had any talent for writing it to devote themselves exclusively to Biblical subjects. It is chiefly valuable, therefore, as explaining in some degree the rapid downfall of classical literature, for the antagonism that existed between the theological and the classical

[1] 'Heu! cæde decenni
Vandalicis gladiis sternimur et Geticis.'—34, 35.
These incursions began at the close of the year 406.

[2] Migne, tom. 53, p. 786.

schools is here clearly manifested. The former, not content with having supplanted the latter, would be satisfied with nothing less than its entire destruction. If, then, we find that so early as the fifth century profane subjects were proscribed, or at all events regarded with intolerant dislike, we may cease to wonder at the entirely theological cast of mediæval poetry. If it began by regarding a poem on the legend of Pyrrha and Prometheus as a serious offence, what surprise can be felt at its confining itself to the paraphrase and the hymn?

The ancient Greek colony of Marseilles produced one of the best Latin poets of this age, though he employed himself only in paraphrase. Claudius Victor, or Victorinus, for there are many disputes about his name and age, was during the earlier portion of the fifth century a rhetorician at that city, but a learned and zealous Christian. The three books of hexameters he has left us embrace only the first nineteen chapters of Genesis, but are, with the exception perhaps of the subsequent work of Avitus, the best of the scriptural paraphrases. The descriptions, and especially the speeches that he puts into the mouth of Adam and of Satan, are full of merit. The lines are at times nervous and spirited, and though the nature of the task precludes any originality, it is evident that he was far from void of imagination or taste. But if his Commentaries, as he terms them, are good, his only other poem, one on the corrupt morality of his contemporaries, is greatly inferior, though not without interest.[1] It is merely a brief complaint that nothing is held sacred among men but gain, and nothing desired among women but finery; indeed, he had apparently a low opinion of the sex, for he remarks, in a couple of lines which Ben Jonson might have converted into a sparkling lyric, that, after all, women are little more than looking-glasses, in which the example of their husbands is reflected.

The peculiar condition of the Gauline society is nowhere more distinctly pourtrayed than in the copious remains of Sidonius Apollinaris, who combined in his own person both the civil and religious elements, for he belonged to a senatorial family and late in life became Bishop of Clermont. His voluminous writings consist entirely of letters and poems which, though highly illustrative of the period, are wholly destitute of original excellence, and, indeed, for the most part, a mass of pedantry and frivolity. To make little verses, to pay little compliments, and to indite little affected epistles to one another, were the principal occupations of the Romanised clergy. Sidonius, it should be remembered, although a bishop, was one of a small clique of literati, who had carried with them into the Church an old partiality for epigrams

[1] De Perversis suæ Ætatis Moribus Epistola. Migne, tom. 61. It consists of *about* a hundred hexameters.

and copies of verses commemorative of all kinds of insignificant events, and who never entirely sunk the patrician in the priest. Ecclesiastics of whatever rank, they perpetuated in their new character the tastes that had marked them in their civil career; they put on the vestures of the Church, and continued to write in the spirit of laymen. But this was far from being an advantage; for the truth is, that in that age the laity wrote infinitely worse than the clergy. Of what does the civil literature consist? A chronicle or two, a few pedantic treatises by grammarians, a few rhetorical panegyrics, and a host of wretched little poems, epigrams, inscriptions, idylls, epithalamia, epitaphs. The whole body of it is not worth one tract of Augustine or Jerome, and much less equal to the collective literature of the Church. And the reason is surely plain: the literature of the Church represented a principle and a purpose, and that of the civilians was without purpose, without energy, the echo of a voice that had long been silent. The writings of the churchmen may be wearisome, but who would exchange Salvian for Nazarius, or Prosper for Numatian? Now, it is precisely because there was a lay or civil element in the mind of Sidonius, that his writings were worse than those of his contemporaries. He attempted to do what no man yet has done with success—to treat theology as one of the 'belles lettres;' to give it, if the phrase may be permitted, an air of the world and of society. The name of Bossuet may, perhaps, suggest itself. But that great prelate, even amid the applause of a corrupted court, was never forgetful of the dignity of theology. He knew perfectly well that that arduous and noble science was not to be degraded by an alliance with the frivolous fashions and pedantic usages of the day; he rather raised men to his own level than debased himself to theirs. Or take one other instance, an instance, perhaps, still more directly in point. 'The Provincial Letters,' it may be said, are a monument of erudition and politeness, a signal example of theological questions treated with all the ease and grace incidental to a man of the world. But in reality they are much more than this. Who ever read those noble compositions without seeing on every page the bright and clear spirit of the author shining through them, without rising with his eloquence, without being indignant with his indignation, and sorrowful at his regret? Who can fail to perceive that under those brilliant and harmonious periods the fire of a great mind is burning, and the accomplishment of a great purpose going forward? Had Pascal been merely an accomplished gentleman with a turn for irony, the world would possibly have forgotten his exposure of Vasquez and Escobar. It was because he was something greater than this, something far above even a spirited and graceful writer, that the world has remembered it.

But the man we are here speaking of, this bishop of the fifth century with his bastard classicism, was devoid even of ability, and when he attempted to write like a civilian succeeded only in writing like a pedant. Nature intended him for a grammarian, fortune made him a bishop, and fashion converted him into a scribbler of detestable verses. It may be added that he was likewise a shameless sycophant.

And what are now the remaining poems of this age? Three only that have not been mentioned: a poem on Agriculture by Palladius, a civilian of Poictiers, a long metrical Life of S. Gregory of Tours by Paulinus of Perigueux, and a kind of monody on his own misfortunes, the production of another Paulinus, commonly mentioned as Paulinus of Pella. We are at the end of the century. Let us look, then, at the position of affairs, and into the complexion of the coming time.

It can never be repeated too frequently, that it was in this age that the Church rose into a dominant power, and took a definite and lasting form. In Italy, in Spain, in Gaul, it widened while consolidating its authority, and gained a firm hold on the barbarian mind. In a word, at its conclusion the Church was not only safe but triumphant; surviving one empire, it had laid the foundations of another of its own. The period of its long catholicity had commenced, and it was to go on prospering and increasing till its name had gone out into all lands. The fifth century reveals to the world the great trial and the great victory of the catholic faith. Turn for a moment to the ages that succeeded it. What, for example, is the great event of the sixth century? The conquests of Theodoric, the wars of the Merovingians? No, but the foundation of the Benedictine order. Of the seventh? Indisputably the publication of the Koran, but we speak here only of the Christian world. The domination of the Lombards? the negotiations with Byzantium? No, but in this iron age, this nadir of the human mind, the empire of the Church only is visible, the Church represented by Isidore and Aldhelm. Of the eighth? The Carlovingian empire certainly, at its close, but it is emphatically the age of the missionaries, the age of Winfried, of Corbinian, of Permin, of Lebwin.

We have seen that, at the end of the fifth century, classical literature had been almost entirely supplanted by ecclesiastical; that poetry had ceased to be secular, and become everywhere religious. A few scattered fragments of the former which belong to the following age may indeed be discovered in the 'Anthologia,' and to it we may refer the dull compositions of Maximianus and Priscian.[1] But the general fact is unquestioned, and in reality

[1] Poetæ Latini Minores, ed. Lemaire, vol. iv.

the sixth century only set its seal upon what was already an accomplished fact. The great bishop who at its close was the head of Western Christianity gave only the last blow to an element that was expiring through its own corruption: Gregory was to the last vestiges of ancient literature what in the same age Justinian had been to the last remnants of ancient philosophy; but both the literature and the philosophy were already doomed. It was not, however, so much classical literature itself that excited the reprobation of Gregory, it was the influence it exercised and the attempt men made to preserve in their writings somewhat of its outward form, even where their subject was widely different. The truth is that, although classicism had expired, it had left behind it, if we may venture the phrase, a kind of after-glow, the reflection of a splendour that had ceased to exist. Take for example the most famous writer of the age, Boethius; and Christian or not, matters little to the argument. He forms himself, so far as he can, upon the ancient models: he will be Cicero, if possible, in his philosophy, and in his poems Horace, if he can, Seneca if he must. The lyrics indeed that are interspersed through his 'Consolation' are a conspicuous proof of the influence that was still exercised by the older element; of its authority over great and powerful minds.[1] But it may be said, perhaps, that Boethius was not a Christian, that at all events it is doubtful if he was, and that it was therefore natural for him to recur to pagan antiquity. Take the writings then of his contemporary Ennodius, who was not merely a Christian convert but a bishop of the Church, and an active and influential bishop. This prelate composed two books of poems in various metres, of which the first consists of epistles and hymns, and the second entirely of epigrams. But this book of epigrams is one of the most grotesque productions that can be conceived; it is half Martial, half hagiology. After respectful verses 'de Gerontio Episcopo' we come upon epigrams 'de anu quadam,' which in one sense are extremely Horatian; after pious reflections on the life of S. Ambrose succeed little verses upon drinking cups on which the loves of Pasiphae had been carved. The man is a Janus; Christian on one side, he is pagan on the other: he delights the fathers of the Church with his eloquence at a council, and goes home to write epigrams almost as shameless as those of Ausonius. Let us, however, go still further: let us cross the Alps, and see if this reflection is to be found beyond them. The most famous of the poets who wrote under the Merovingians was no doubt Ecdecius Avitus, who in

[1] One of the most elegant poets of the age was Merobandes Scholasticus, a Spaniard, who subsequently taught rhetoric in Italy, but only twenty-nine of his hexameters have been preserved. Hist. littéraire de la France, ii. 338. Migne, tom. 61.

490 acceded to the hereditary bishopric of Vienne, and continued for thirty-five years to be a powerful member of the Gaulish hierarchy. His extant works consist of letters, homilies, theological treatises, and six poems in hexameter verse, all of them on religious or scriptural subjects. Now the influence of classicism is shown in the form he gave to these compositions. His versification, for the most part polished and nervous, contains abundant proof of the time and attention he had devoted to Virgil. To say that it has blemishes is merely to say that it was written in the sixth century, when, let a man imitate whom he would, he was certain to be barbarous at times. The fact of the imitation, the fact of the effort remains untouched, and is strong evidence that the old masters, pagan though they were, were still regarded as models for posterity. But there is another and very different interest which of late years has been attached to these poems of Avitus, and in which this country has a peculiar share. M. Guizot, in one of the most profound and admirable of his works, has drawn an elaborate comparison between the three books of Avitus, 'On the Creation,' 'On Original Sin,' and 'On the Expulsion,' and the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton; and such was the interest it excited at the time, that a writer in 'Blackwood's Magazine' did not hesitate to declare that we must cease to look upon Milton as an original poet. Now, in the first place, we are not aware that beyond the partial resemblances pointed out, there is any evidence that Milton was familiar with the early school of Christian poetry. But he was a deep theologian, an accomplished scholar, a man, as Coleridge said of Jeremy Taylor, of oceanic reading, and it may well be that in the course of his studies he had fallen on this curious and half-forgotten literature. It may even be admitted, that it is very possible he was acquainted with the whole cycle of early and mediæval paraphrasts, with Juvencus, with Dracontius, with Victor of Marseilles, with Avitus himself, and with his successors. But we venture to say that he does not resemble Avitus more closely than he does any of the others. There are passages in Juvencus, and especially in Victor, quite as similar to passages in 'Paradise Lost' as those of Avitus which M. Guizot has cited. The truth, we imagine, is that when a number of men write on exactly the same subject, there is almost sure to be a great identity of expression and thought. How many resemblances are there in literature which are perfectly fortuitous, and are the result merely of a common subject! There is a passage in Columbanus, for instance, on old age, very like the famous description of Shakespeare; and Shakespeare, we suspect, never heard of Columbanus in his life. But it is idle to amass examples, nor can we in these limits fully develop the *subject*; but it may safely be said that Milton owed no more to

Avitus than he did to any other of the paraphrasts, that is, if he owed anything at all to any of them.

But the poems of Avitus, and especially the three that have been indicated, are poems of great merit, and far superior to most others of the time. They indicate a strong power of imagination, the descriptions in them are spirited and well drawn, and they approach more nearly to the spirit of modern poetry than any other of the ecclesiastical poems. It is not, however, in Avitus only that the influence of the extinct literature is to be found; it is discoverable in the prose of Gregory of Tours, and the voluminous verse of his contemporary Fortunatus, who died at the termination of the century. Now Fortunatus not only deserves notice as the creator of an era in hymnology, but from the fact that at his death there was a long break in the hitherto continuous chain of sacred poets. There was not indeed an absolute barrenness of versifiers, for many metrical lives of the saints date from this period; but it may be said, roughly speaking, that from the commencement of the seventh century till the latter portion of the eighth, there were, with the exception of Aldhelm and Bede, no writers of verse who deserve attention. In other words, when we have extricated ourselves from the sixth century, there is nothing to delay us till we arrive at the Carlovingian empire. And here it should be remembered that all late historians agree in describing the seventh century, and the first half of the eighth, as the period during which ignorance and barbarism were most profound. 'If,' says M. Guizot, 'we consider in its 'entirety the history of the human mind, in modern Europe, 'from the fifth century up to our own days, we should find, I think, 'that the seventh century is the lowest point to which it has 'descended, the nadir of its course, so to speak: with the end of 'the eighth began its movement of progress.' 'France,' says Hallam, 'had reached her lowest point about the beginning of 'the eighth century.' They remark, moreover, that during this period the intellectual condition of England and Ireland was far above that of the Continent, and that it was famous for its schools and colleges. Let us see, then, for a moment, how far this is borne out by the state and locality of the single art of metrical composition: and let us remember that the contemporaries of Fortunatus, Gregory the Great, the author, among innumerable other writings, of several hymns, and the missionaries Columba and Columbanus, both metrical and hymnic writers, died at or about the end of the sixth century. Who were their successors? In Italy they had absolutely none but writers of metrical histories of the saints, and the same is the case in France. Turn to Spain, whose last poet of any distinction was Dracontius, in the fifth century: what is the history of the period

which intervened between that time and the Moslem invasion? It is a blank in history altogether, the records only of a sacerdotal caste ruling over a nation of savages. The Visigothic period is rejected by historians of Spanish literature as altogether ante-national, but it nevertheless possessed a literature of its own, which, like that of the rest of Europe, was exclusively theological; and this theological literature contains, as might be expected, many metrical compositions. Thus early in the sixth century we meet with two books of elegiacs, the work of Orientius, Bishop of Illiberis, consisting respectively of 618 and 418 lines, and containing exhortations to abstain from the business and pleasures of the world; compositions as barbarous as thick ignorance could make them.[1] In the following century we find hymns attributed, though probably without foundation, to Isidore,[2] an edition of Dracontius, and a volume of poems on miscellaneous subjects, on particular churches, on peace, on the summer, on the approach of old age, and so on, by Eugenius, Archbishop of Toledo,[3] and minor works of the same description given on doubtful authority to Ildefonsus and Julian, metropolitans of the same see. Of all these, it can be said only that they are corrupt to the last degree; in many cases they are written in a kind of bastard Latinity, and apparently without a knowledge even of the elements of prosody. A search, no doubt, through the pages of Antonio may elicit the names of many other versifiers of the Visigothic era, but the fact of their barbarity and of the utter decadence of Latin poetry will probably remain unshaken. It is not in Spain that we can look for the successor of Fortunatus.

And now we can see why it is that the death of that poet constitutes in reality an epoch in mediæval poetry, and how it happened that after that event there occurred a kind of interregnum in the unbroken succession that had been going on since the days of Commodian. What M. Guizot and Mr. Hallam have said of literature in general, and of learning in general, is assuredly true as to one branch of learning and literature; poetry, or what by courtesy is termed poetry, became barbarous as well as prose after the end of the sixth century. And yet, paradoxical as it may sound, this period was pre-eminently poetic; but its poetry is not to be found in hexameters and pentameters. It is in the heroism of its missionaries, in its monastic cloisters, in its sermons, and in its countless legends of the saints, that we must seek for the true element of its poetry. Puerile as those legends may now seem, they embodied a prevalent belief, afforded ample scope for imagination, and reflect with singular fidelity

1 Migne, tom. 81–4.
2 Acta Sanctorum, Feb. 5th, S. Agatha. See also Fabricius, Bib. Lat., v. 316.
3 *Migne, tom.* 87.

the strange fancies and the curious customs of an unenlightened age. A period of darkness and ignorance, in which there is an inability to produce a great poem, is in one sense certain to be a romantic and poetic age, but its poetry is translated into action. Faith, honour, devotion, daring, love,—these qualities have ceased to attract us in its verse, but we see on all sides and in all situations the poetry which is inseparable from human life, spreading abroad, and breaking like light through the gloom surrounding it. Poetry no longer consists in composition; it exists in the situation, and is uttered in deeds.

Once more let us refer to Fortunatus, who represents to us the close of an era, and is the last representative of a school. His life offers a singular picture of the age. An Italian by birth, he passed in that country the first thirty years of his life, and then transferred himself to France, travelling, as it would seem, as a kind of wandering minstrel, the prototype of the troubadour and the trouvère. He settled at last at the court of Sigebert, King of Austrasia, and here devoted himself to the production of that class of poems which are now considered the especial province of the laureate, to verses on incidental events, epithalamia, and elegies on the decease of eminent persons. But after a while he took leave of Sigebert and set out to visit the tomb of S. Martin of Tours, the most famous and popular of mediæval saints, where it was his fortune to meet with Queen Radegonde, the wife of Clotaire I., who, agreeably to the fashion of the age, had forsaken her husband and retired to a monastic life. With this princess he quickly became intimate; she regarded him with great esteem, and he finally became the almoner and chaplain of her convent. It was while holding these offices that he addressed to her all the little frivolous poems which have been illustrated by M. Guizot, and composed the greater portion of his works. After her death he was chosen Bishop of Poictiers, and died at the commencement of the seventh century.

His works have been spoken of as voluminous, and a list of them will show clearly that they are so, and at the same time indicate their character. Independently then of seven lives of saints, of some letters or theological treatises in prose, of four books of hexameters on the life of S. Martin of Tours, attributed likewise to Paulinus of Perigueux, he has left two hundred and forty-nine pieces of verse in nearly every variety of metre. Of these there are fifteen in honour of certain cathedrals, churches, and oratories, written at the time of their construction or dedication; twenty-nine to or about Gregory of Tours; twenty-seven to S. Radegonde and the Abbess of the convent at Poictiers; thirty epitaphs, and one hundred and forty miscellaneous pieces, addressed to all kinds of persons and written on all kinds of

occasions. But as to their value, that is a very different question. Valuable in one sense they certainly are, for they throw considerable light on the nature and customs of the period, and we can see in them many indications of the humanising influence of the Church during a barbarous age;[1] but taken merely as poems, they are utterly worthless. They bear, in fact, about the same relation to the works of the great masters that the stuff of the Della Crusca school of the last century bears to the poetry of Milton and Gray. Where they are not dull they are sure to be frivolous, and indeed for the most part are an impartial combination of frivolity and dulness. Through ten thousand detestable and corrupt elegiacs the reader may labour in vain to find a vigorous thought or a graceful image, for they form a measureless desert in which there is no oasis to be found. Yet no sooner does this same man divest himself of the shackles of classical versification, and deal with the looser metre of the hymn, than he moves with dignity and freedom, and is distinguished for the force and propriety of his style. His writings indeed do not form an era in hymnology; his predecessor S. Ambrose, his contemporary S. Gregory, were perhaps his equals, and he was far excelled by his successors, Adam of Victor and Thomas of Celano. But a most competent critic, in reviewing the characteristic excellences of the mediæval hymnists, has made especial reference to the exquisite typology of Fortunatus in these productions.[2] Moreover, independently of the intrinsic merit of his hymns, of the spirit, and it might almost be said of the enthusiasm with which they are marked, they are interesting for a very different reason, for they clearly foreshadow the introduction of the rhyme. The perfect rhyme, indeed, they do not contain; it was the production of a later age, but so far as assonance, or a partial assonance, can indicate it, they may assuredly claim the honour of doing so. And here a most interesting question presents itself,—a question, it is true, that has been debated a hundred times, but which has never, to this hour, been satisfactorily determined. How far did these assonant hymns, and subsequently to them the introduction of the rhyme generally into Latin verse, lead to its introduction in modern languages? Was it to the Arabs of Spain, or to the hymns of the Christian Church, and the poems of monastic rhymers, that the earliest of the trans-alpine States which emerged

1 It may be proved, from numberless sources, that the Church, though defaced by episcopal ambition and asceticism, was still the defence of the weak against the strong. S. Germain, S. Wandregisilus, S. Cesaire, S. Sulpicius, all of them were the protectors of the feeble and helpless. Fortunatus, in one of the passages alluded to, interferes in behalf of a girl who had been carried off from her parents.

2 Mediæval Hymns and Sequences, by Rev. J. M. Neale, Principal of Sackville College. 16mo. 1863.

from barbarism owed the varied rhymes of their canzos and sirventes? Was it the Moor, or the monk, who supplied the provincial poet with the key-note of his song?

The names of the two missionaries, Columba and Columbanus, have been mentioned as falling in some degree within the list of metrical writers of the sixth century; but the few hymns of the famous Abbot of Iona are deserving of no special remark: his lines on 'The Last Day,' are perhaps the most striking he has written.[1] The poems, however, of Columbanus, the apostle of Germany as he has been termed, are of much greater interest although of limited extent. The first of them is an epistle addressed to a friend named Hunaldus, and consists of ninety-three hexameters, the first seventeen of which form the acrostic of Columbanus Hunaldo. It turns more especially on the shortness of life, the miseries of old age, and the worthlessness of riches; it forms, in fact, a little homily on the text of 'Omnia vanitas.' The second consists of two hundred and seven monostichs in hexmeter measure, which greatly resemble the Γνῶμαι Μονόστιχοι of the Greek 'Anthology,' except that they have a more theological aspect, though for the most part they are mere apothegms or moral rules for conduct, intended for general application. The remaining pieces—an epistle in verse, a hymn on the miseries of human life, and an epigram in four lines, probably on Queen Brunchild—present no features of particular interest. Two reflections will probably occur to any one who peruses these poems of Columbanus: the first is, the great contrast their languid and almost despairing tone presents to the active and energetic life of the author; the second, that they manifest a large acquaintance with the classical masters: indeed, as will hereafter be observed, this acquaintance was long perpetuated, and it may be doubted if, at any time, it was entirely lost. It is, moreover, worthy of note, that none of the ultra-papistical tendencies with which Columbanus has been charged, are to be detected in his metrical productions.

Of greater importance, however, than the works of these enterprising Irishmen are the poems which were written by Aldhelm and Bede, and the versifiers of the Anglo-Saxon school. England, it may be remembered, in the middle of the sixth century had been entirely pagan, but at its close the kingdom of Kent had received the truth from Augustine, and the new doctrines were rapidly spreading. Nothing indeed can exceed the violence of Anglo-Saxon fanaticism; but it was the monastic life which especially took their fancy. No less than seven of their kings are said to have assumed the cowl, and ended their days in the retirement

[1] For these hymns see Colgan. Acta Sanctorum veteris et majoris Scotiæ Fol. 1645.

of the cloister. The influence of the bishops was great; the influence of the monks was still greater. To give one example out of a hundred that might be cited: at the founding of the monastery of Peterborough in 657, an enormous donation was voluntarily made by the king; but the abbot nevertheless had the effrontery to ask him for an additional island to accommodate his anchorets, and the king at once granted it, with expressions of pleasure.[1]

The earliest of the Anglo-Saxon poets whom it is necessary to mention was Aldhelm, a man of noble, indeed royal descent, who early in life had travelled much on the Continent, and who on his return took the monastic vows, and was for upwards of thirty years Abbot of Malmesbury. One of the ablest and most learned ecclesiastics of his day, he was likewise a diligent composer of theological poems, of which he has left abundant specimens. But his verses, like all those of the Anglo-Saxon school, are extremely unattractive, both in matter and form. The longest of them, which contains more lines than the first three books of the Æneid, is a prolix and wearisome composition, entitled 'De Laude Virginum,' which possibly was read with pleasure by the monks of the period, but which it is doubtful if any human being has since had patience to peruse. It commences with an invocation to the Deity, describes the persons to whom the praise of virginity belongs, extols the virtue of continence, and goes on to relate the history of a number of individuals who succeeded under inconceivable difficulties in preserving it intact. Of these some are scriptural characters, but by far the greater number are legendary or historical. We have Hilarion and Antony of Thebes, Eustochium and Demetrias, mixed together with Amos and Narcissus, Thecla and Victoria. The versification, moreover, is as bad as it can well be; the ornamentation is tawdry in the last degree; and it is not too much to say that its superstition and credulity are inordinate. The poem again, 'De Octo principalibus Vitiis,' is little more than a bad imitation of the 'Psychomachia' of Prudentius. The 'Ænigmata,' as he calls them, are nothing but a number of short pieces of verse, from four to twelve or sixteen lines each, on various ordinary objects—clouds, bees, swallows, and the like, and are hopelessly puerile; and, in truth, the remainder of his poems are not a whit better than those that have been mentioned. Aldhelm is the dryest of ecclesiastical versifiers. Of imagination he was utterly devoid. He had neither taste, delicacy, nor energy. Just as a spider in some dusty corner can spin a certain quantity of web in a given time, so the abbot, hidden away in the interior of his monastery, could produce a given number of languid and spiritless lines, in a given metre,

1 Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, ad an. 657.

within so many hours. In truth, it was no difficult task for him, or for any other ecclesiastic of that time, to sit down and throw off a hundred hexameters or so about a subject on which they had thought much, and in a language which they understood colloquially as well as their own. There is no cause for astonishment at the vast number of mediæval poets, for in point of fact every man who wrote at all was, or might have been, a writer of verses; but Aldhelm at all events was the first to cultivate the art in this country,[1] though it is probable that at his death the habit of metrical composition was common among the Anglo-Saxon monastics. Between the years 700–750, we meet with a considerable number of small and forgotten versifiers, whose productions were all of a theological character.[2] Besides these, however, there were two eminent men, whose names can never be mentioned without respect, though it must be confessed that, so far as their verses are concerned, they are little if at all superior to the others. Of these the earliest in point of time was Bede, who frequently solaced his leisure by the composition of hymns and Latin verses. But Bede, it is settled by all competent judges, though a man of much wider acquirements and of much greater ability, ranks below even Aldhelm as a poet. He was in reality a close and laborious student, a bookman, whose whole life was given to reading and making extracts, but who did not possess one of the qualifications for a great poet, or indeed a poet of any kind. His principal work, for example, is a long account of the miracles of S. Cuthbert, one of the most eminent of the northern monks, a violent ascetic, who finally died Bishop of Landisfarne about 887, and consists of 979 hexameters. It is as flat and barbarous as can be well conceived. Of imagination, indeed, so far as the number and extravagance of the miracles are concerned, it is by no means devoid; but of spirit, or anything approaching elegance of expression, it is utterly destitute. Of his other productions the 'Passio Sancti Justini Martyris,' though attributed to him and found in most editions of his works, is undoubtedly spurious: the style and form differ entirely from those he adopted; and though the metre is regulated by accent instead of quantity, it is superior to anything of the kind that he actually wrote. The 'Martyrologium Poeticum,' again, though in all probability his, is mainly marked by its exceeding dulness, and even its latest editor has only to say of it that its chief merit consists in its brevity. The remaining poems consist of hymns,—at least, such is the name given to them in the collections; but many of them are long poems, in the hexameter metre, on the seasons and the calendar,

1 Giles, Patres Eccl. Angl., Aldhelm, Introd. p. xvi. Turner, Anglo-Saxons, vol. iii., bk. ix. ch. v. 362.

2 Ibid. 383.

though some are hymns, properly so called, on various saints and scriptural events, but they are all extremely indifferent.

The other writer to whom we have adverted was Winifrid, or, as he is better known, Boniface, an English Benedictine monk, of noble birth, who, during the first half of the eighth century, evangelised among the German tribes. But his poetical remains are so scanty and of such little value, that, but for his eminent services to the Church, it would hardly have been worth while to mention them. With the exception of some rhymed lines, interspersed through his letters, they consist merely of short descriptive pieces, which are supposed to be uttered by the principal virtues, and which were written for the entertainment of his sister; they are exceedingly childish. Indeed, it may be said without exaggeration, not only of the verses of Boniface but of the whole cycle of Anglo-Saxon Latin poets, that they offer scarcely a single feature to attract interest or attention. And yet it was not so much sheer ignorance that occasioned this. Whoever looks into the letter of Aldhelm to Acircius, will see that he was intimately acquainted with the great poets of antiquity: that he has Virgil, Persius, Juvenal, Lucan at his fingers' ends, as well as Juvencus and Sedulius, and their like, and that he understands perfectly the principles of metrical composition. But, nevertheless, both he and the rest of the school were unable to imitate, with any happiness, the poems they admired, and which they knew to be the best and most perfect of models. Directly they ventured within the magic circle of the classicalmetres, a species of enchantment came over them: the faculties, which just before were awake and active, became numbed and dull, and they droned on in piteous uniformity, without freedom and without grace. In learning, no doubt they were superior, not only to their contemporaries on the Continent, but to the older poets, Avitus and Fortunatus, yet they can no more be compared to Avitus and Fortunatus than can those poets to Virgil and Horace. Great as were their acquirements, and eminent as were the talents of many of them, as poets they were the dullest and the worst in Europe; though, to be sure, the rest were so bad and so dull that nothing could well be worse. It would be a positive gain, rather than a loss, if we could exchange the whole mass of their interminable verse for the Saxon hymns which Aldhelm is said to have sung at the bridge,[1] or the genuine poems of Cædmon. Those productions, whatever their intrinsic merit, would be invaluable to the etymologist, and would afford more real insight into the heart and manner of the time than whole volumes of semi-barbarous hexameters.

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1 Turner, Anglo-Saxon Period, vol. iii. bk. ix.

And now we are approaching the end of the eighth century, and have arrived at length at the Carlovingian era; the canvas widens, the colours become richer and more varied, and we catch something of the glow and bloom of an heroic age. Yet it is far other from that gallant and golden time which has been imagined and described by the poets and romancers of many lands and of many generations. A period of almost unceasing war, it was at the same time emphatically an age of theology. Its records, its literature, present to us the great king, not so much the soldier and the conqueror as the friend and companion of learned ecclesiastics, as the centre of an intellectual circle. It is not so much his politics as his person and his tastes of which they love to speak. Eginhard, indeed, writing a professed history, may speak of the former, for it is the very object of his work; but he comes at last to his private and domestic character. In the same manner, the scholars and theologians he collected round him, the men who took part in the discussions in the school of the Palace, as it was termed, always prefer mentioning his tastes and his person to saying anything of his wars and his exploits. Incidentally, no doubt, the latter are spoken of; but with the ecclesiastics, as a rule, it is Charlemagne the defender of the Church, the patron of learning, the bestower of bishoprics and abbeys, rather than Charlemagne the destroyer of the Saxons, or the victor over the Arabs of Spain. It is his government, his administration, and especially the protection he extended to letters, to arts, and to sciences, such as they then were, that woke their admiration and were recorded by their gratitude. Again, it should never be forgotten, that though long use has rendered the appellation Charlemagne admissible in English, it conveys an erroneous notion of his origin: he was entirely and exclusively a German. And now, what, in a word, is the character of the poetry of this singular age, what is its distinctive feature as compared with that which has preceded it? We reply at once, that it was marked by a much greater complexity, both of subject and form, and that, though for the most part theological, it will be found to indicate, faintly and timidly, the final emancipation of poetry from divinity. Of original and intrinsic merit it possesses little: it contains nothing that is great, nothing that is heroic. Pregnant as the age was with great events, men's minds were yet too dwarfed to attain heroic growth, nor had they the gift of large and sounding utterance. Verses, indeed, they wrote, and their verses, as is unavoidable, pourtray much of the taste and nature of the time; but poems, in the true meaning of the word, they were incapable of producing. Nor was this for want of encouragement. The great king had surrounded himself with a host of illustrious men, whom he had drawn from every quarter

of Europe; he conversed with them familiarly, he attended their lectures, he interested himself in their pursuits, though he was comparatively uninformed, and he rewarded them with imperial munificence. But it is not in the power of munificence, however princely, or of encouragement, however generous, to create and kindle that diviner spark without which poetry is as a lifeless corpse, the mute remains of what was once a tuneful and a breathing soul. An age in which a German emperor calls himself 'David,' and has for his poets Homer, a German, and Horace, an Englishman, does not promise much for the state of its poetry.

The name that is best known, in connexion with the age of Charlemagne, is unquestionably that of Alcuin. Born and educated at York, which then contained one of the best schools in Europe, he entered, about the year 782, into the service of the emperor, became the chief of the school of the Palace, and was at once his counsellor and friend. Yet, though intellectually the most profound and capable of his contemporaries, he merits for our purpose but a passing notice. His verses, for he wrote largely in verse, never rise above a cold and dull uniformity: and, indeed, as is the case with the greatest number of these poets, the subjects he selected precluded anything like spirit or invention. His longest composition consists of 1600 hexameters, on the saints and bishops of the Church of York, and is principally founded on the narrative of Bede. This poem, as well as that on the life of the missionary Willibrord, is laden with miracles, and shows very conclusively that, whatever his abilities, he was in no sense superior to the superstitions of his age.[1] The most pleasing, however, of his productions, are his miscellaneous poems, consisting for the most part of short detached pieces, many of them being addressed to Charlemagne, and bearing on various subjects—monasteries, churches, saints, inscriptions, and biblical events. Far superior to Alcuin as a poet, was the Goth Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, and one of the 'missi dominici' of Charlemagne, who was one of the best and most copious of the Carlovingian poets. The best known of his com-

[1] As to the superstition, no more signal example can be given than that of Paschase Radbert, a man, as is evident from his writings in the Eucharistic controversy, of subtle and acute intellect. Nevertheless, the same man sits down and writes a long letter to a friend on the matter of dog-headed men—De Cynocephalis—of whose existence he is firmly persuaded. Giants, pigmies, satyrs, or rather men with the legs of horses, nothing is too strong for him, and his great authority for the existence of giants is the undoubted existence of S. Christopher. Some other peculiarities will be found in the 'Liber Pœnitentialis' of Halitgarius, and 'Capitulare' of Theodulphus. Halitgarius, it may be remarked, was Bishop of Cambray in the year 816: his works are to be found in the 'Biblioth. Patrum,' tom. xiv. and see Du Pin, 'Eccles. Writers,' tom. ii. p. 127.

positions is the 'Exhortation to Judges,' written in consequence of a visit he made to the two Narbonnese, extracts from which have been given by M. Guizot. It describes the difficulty he and his companion experienced in refusing the rich presents that were offered them on all sides by those who were anxious to secure their favour, and concludes by pointing out to persons in high positions the cruelty and injustice of receiving a bribe. It contains, moreover, a very curious and singular picture of the state of society in southern Gaul, as well as some interesting descriptions of the works of art that had been offered to him. Besides, however, this production, which consists of nearly a thousand hexameters, there exist seven books of miscellaneous poems on all kinds of subjects, of very unequal merit, and, indeed, at times approaching to downright barbarism. Yet, nevertheless, in these very poems we not unfrequently gain an insight into the nature of the age, and detect the first faint traces of what long afterwards became of popular custom. Thus, for example, in one poem, 'De libris quos legere solebam, et qualiter fabulæ poetarum a philosophis mystice pertractentur,' we see at a glance the mental nourishment attainable in the ninth century, and learn that many of its higher ecclesiastics were conversant with the philosophies of antiquity—'Legimus et crebro gentilia scripta sophorum.' In another, which is inscribed 'De quodam milite, qui perditum equum ingenio reperit,' we have, unless we are greatly deceived, one of the earliest of that class of tales, half religious and half facetious, which, three hundred years later, formed the delight and recreation of the cloister. Again, in a third, addressed to Charlemagne himself, we find a curious and minute description of his victories over the Huns, in the year 791. In a word, Theodulph, relatively to his contemporaries, holds a high position, and, as we have said, is superior to Alcuin, not merely in versification, but in conception and expression likewise. And the reason of his superiority lies simply in the fact, that he had the courage to deviate from the beaten path, and to choose subjects more capable of poetic treatment than hagiographies or the evangelic narratives.

Of the poems of Angilbert, the Homer of the Court, one of the most trusted of the servants of Charlemagne, it is unnecessary to speak, for they are but few in number and entirely devoid of interest; nor are those of Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons, more worthy of attention. But in those of the famous Raban Maur, Abbot of Fulda and Archbishop of Mayence, one of the ablest and certainly the most voluminous of the theologians of his age, there is perhaps more to attract notice, though rather on account of the celebrity of their author than any intrinsic merit of their own. They consist of hymns, many of

which are worthy of considerable praise; of epitaphs, and of miscellaneous poems addressed principally to bishops and other individuals of his acquaintance. But the most curious of his performances, and indeed among the most elaborate of their kind, is his work in 'Praise of the Holy Cross.' Written when he was about thirty years of age, and a teacher in the school of his monastery, it consists of twenty-eight figures or designs, in which, by arranging from thirty to forty hexameters in an intricately acrostic manner, he produces the figure of a cross, and the particular virtue or mystery he wishes to discover. Thus, the first contains the figure of the Saviour with expanded arms; another a diagram, which is supposed to represent the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit; and the last the cross, with the figure of a monk kneeling at its foot, the letters of the words 'Rabanum memet clemens rogo Christe tueri,' being in larger characters, and arranged so as to form the rude outline of a kneeling figure, while at the same time they are incorporated into the rest of the verses, and read in an ordinary manner from left to right.[1] The time and trouble thrown away in industry so hopelessly barren, though by no means a new feature in monastic literature, offers in reality the best comment on the nature of the age. The work, which had been undertaken at the advice of Alcuin, was presented to the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire, who, in the year 844, sent it as a gift to the Pope.

Another monk of Fulda, Walafrid Strabo, afterwards Abbot of Reichenau, and a scholar of Raban, was on the whole the best and most pleasing of the Latin versifiers of the age. Born in Germany, in the year 807, of an obscure family, he nevertheless rose rapidly into favour, and when but barely fifteen succeeded in composing some little poems, which are yet extant, and which obtained for him the patronage of influential friends.[2] He was educated at Fulda, where, among his fellow pupils, was Loup de Ferrières, one of the antagonists of Hincmar in the controversy afterwards raised by Gottschalk; and returned to Reichenau, where he taught with great success, and was ultimately chosen abbot. Independently of his famous gloss on the text of Scripture, and his treatise on ecclesiastical matters, he has left many pieces of verse of very different nature, and which, in fact, fall under three several heads. In the first stands the poem entitled 'Hortulus;' in the second, lives of various saints, and, in the third, are comprised little copies of verses, addressed sometimes to the sovereign, sometimes to one of his familiar friends. Now, the 'Hortulus' deserves attention, not so much

[1] Migne, tom. 107.

[2] *There* is one, 'Ad Amicam,' it is curious to meet with in a 'Biblioth. Patrum,' *but which* is extremely innocent, and embodies a pretty, but now common idea.

for any beauty it contains, as for its being almost the first exception to the general practice of the monastic versifiers. Hitherto, as we have seen, that practice has been to select no subject not intimately connected with divinity; no subject which did not tend directly or remotely to what they conceived to be the interests of religion. They were never wearied of writing lives of the saints, or commentaries on the Scripture, or inscriptions to be placed in a monastery or a church; but, so far as appears from their poems, beyond a few frigid lines, they were utterly insensible of Nature in her poetic aspect. Poetry for them existed only in the records of their order, in the mysteries of their profession. Clearly, then, here is a fresh point of departure: here is a fresh element brought into the conventual school. It is true, indeed, that the poem is of no particular merit, that it is not so much descriptive of the charms of a garden as it is an account of various herbs and plants, a few flowers only being mentioned, and most of the herbs being of an edible nature, or possessing medicinal qualities. But, nevertheless, it is a change, it is a novelty; it indicates, at all events, a period when some minds break out of the beaten track, and are no longer content with dressing up divinity in verse. Moreover, it is not the sole indication of the kind: there is a little idyll by Milo, a monk at S. Amand, who died in 871, which he entitles the 'Conflict of Winter and Spring,' which is certainly sufficiently simple, for it merely turns on the approach of the cuckoo, but which undoubtedly shows there was a tendency to escape from the theological into the natural. And so of others that might be mentioned. The 'Hortulus,' then, of Strabo, if for no other reason, is assuredly worthy of mention, as having at all events introduced a subject hitherto neglected, and added one more to the existing elements of poetry.

In the second division of the poems of this theologian we have included various lives of the saints, one of which is worthy of especial remark,—the 'Visions,' as they are termed, 'of Wettinus or S. Wittin:' for this legend, which concerns itself with a future life, is in truth one of a large class of a similar nature, which extends itself from the most remote antiquity up to the age of the 'Divine Comedy.' Beside the glimpse given by the Odyssey and the Iliad into the abode of departed souls, Plato has on one occasion raised, as it were, the hem of the curtain while relating the wondrous story of Erus, the Pamphilian.[1] Five hundred years later, Plutarch described the strange adventures of Thespesius as he wandered in the shades of limbo.[2]

[1] Plato, Republic. Lib. x. cap. 13.
[2] Plutarch, De sera numinis vindicta, cap. 22.

Coming down into the Christian era, when a legend such as this assumed more definite limits and possessed a feature more distinctive, we find in the Epistles attributed to Dionysius, the Areopagite, a work probably of the fifth century—a vision, simple indeed, but full of nature and of pitiful feeling, said to have been beheld by St. Carp.[1] But, even earlier than this, in the third century, we meet not only with the legends of S. Saturus and S. Perpetua,[2] but with the still more singular vision of S. Christine, who, being dead, and laid out in the church, arose suddenly from her bier, and soared away in full flight, but yet returned to her home, and described all the wonders she had seen while life was suspended.[3] It is not, however, till the sixth century that what we venture to call the Dantesque feature of this species of legend becomes clearly apparent, that we meet with strong marks of personality, that an Inferno and a Purgatory open on our view. Turn to the Dialogues of Gregory the Great—dialogues full of the marvellous and supernatural—read the ghastly pilgrimage of the soldier who passes by a narrow bridge over a river of fire into the habitation of lost souls; what is it but an indication, slight and faint, of the great poem of the fourteenth century?[4] Gregory of Tours, again, writing toward the close of the sixth century, has an instance which he narrates with the gravest faith, of translation into another world, and a subsequent return to this.[5] Bede, in the eighth century, narrates with minuteness, and with evident care, the terrible experiences of the Northumbrian, Cuningham:[6] Vathek, in the hall of Eblis, does not witness a spectacle more appalling. In this instance, too, it is worthy of remark, that no less than four circles are introduced; there are purgatory, hell, heaven, and a place of inferior beatitude, where those are received who are unworthy to be immediately admitted into Paradise. In the epistles of the missionary Boniface there is one, written in the year 725, to his sister Eadburga, in which he tells her of the wondrous sights seen by a certain monk, who afterwards returned to life, and who had been examined in his own presence before witnesses.[7]

Here then we can see at a glance the genealogy of the vision of S. Wittin. It was no exceptional production. It was one of a class, and, so far as popular favour was concerned, of a most interesting and important class. It enjoyed throughout the

1 Ep. viii. See Migne, Op. Joan. Scoti, tom. 122.
2 Augustin. De Anima Orig. Lib. iv. c. 26.
3 Boland. Act. Sanct. 21 August.
4 Greg. Magn. Op. Dialog. Lib. iv. c. 36. Migne, tom. 77.
5 Greg. Turon. Hist. Franc. Lib. vii. c. 1.
6 Bede, Hist. Eccles. Lib. v. c. 12, ed. Giles.
7 Bonifacii Op. Omnia, Ep. xx. Migne, t. 89. See on the whole of this curious *subject, Charles* Labitte, 'Études Littéraires,' 8°. Paris, 1846.

Middle Ages an enormous reputation, and no one who pretends to give any account of the legends which then struck the popular fancy can afford to overlook it. It is then curious in the last degree to find a tale so greatly favoured by public prepossession dating back to the age of Charlemagne, to the age, in any case, of the generation that succeeded him.

The legend or vision itself is briefly this. Wettinus, a devout monk of the abbey of Augie-la-Riche, is suddenly seized with illness, and as he is reclining with closed eyes (oculis conclausis) on his couch, there enters to him an eyeless demon, clad in the habit of a monk, and followed by a cohort of evil spirits, bearing instruments of torture. They throng round the bed of the sick man, terrifying and tormenting him, till they are put to flight by the appearance of a company of monks clad in shining robes (monachos nitentes), who in their turn give way to an angel attired in red (fulgens in veste rubenti), who comforts and consoles him. Under the guidance of this angel he is suddenly conveyed into a strange region, where marble mountains tower upward to the stars (montana vident quæ sidera tangunt), and which is surrounded by a river of fire, wherein are plunged and bound a vast number of priests, together with women, the partners of their offence. In another part he witnesses the punishments inflicted on unworthy monks: in a third that bestowed on nobles infamous for rapine and robbery—gold, silver, precious stones, costly vases, rich robes, everything they have unjustly taken, they are doomed eternally to devour. Not far from these he sees—strange and unexpected sight! he sees Charlemagne, the pillar of the Church, the Catholic hero, expiating his incontinence after a shameful fashion. But he is careful to notice that his sufferings are only temporary —'tamen vitam captabit opimam.' They then enter the abode of the blest, which he describes, mentions the names of certain individuals whom he sees there, repeats the counsel given him by the angel, awakes—for, as may be supposed, it is all a dream—and expires as he is receiving the sacrament.[1]

Now what is this legend, in all its startling rudeness, but a manifestation of the rich Gothic era that was yet to come, a foreshadowing of the period of feudal romanticism? It is to the severe and stately myths of the old Greek theogony what a gargoyle or a crocket is to a frieze of the Parthenon or the capital of a Corinthian pillar. Moreover it should be borne in mind, that it is only one of the ten thousand legends, every whit as wild and fantastic, that in the ninth century were scattered broadcast over the face of Christianity. Two-thirds of those strange wild tales that in the fifteenth century were collected and

[1] The metrical legend is founded on an older prose one.

published in the famous Golden Legends of James de Voragine date back to a period long anterior to the ninth century, and were preserved in many cases by metrical renderings such as this of Strabo.

Besides, however, this legendary phase, there is another connected with this age which it is important to notice because, like the 'Hortulus,' it introduced a subject comparatively untouched. History, or rather contemporary history, was a matter which had not yet been handled by the monastic poets, but for which they felt a growing inclination. It is possible that the wars of Charlemagne may in some measure have conduced to this feeling, yet, though mention is made of many of his achievements, there is no poem of any suitable greatness that expressly commemorates them. It was after the reign of Charlemagne himself, and during the disastrous times that ensued, that poems were first written which described and bewailed them. Thus, for example, the history of the reign of Louis le Débonnaire was written by an abbot of Aniane—Ermold Nigellus, or le Noir, in four books of elegiacs—as barbarous and corrupt, it is true, as thick ignorance could make them.[1] Florus, a deacon of Lyons—the bitter antagonist of Scotus Erigena—wrote a complaint or lamentation on the division of the Empire after the death of the same monarch.[2] Abbo, a monk of St. Germain-des-Pèrs, writing likewise in the ninth century, or possibly at the commencement of the tenth, describes, in verses, if indeed they may be called so, the siege of Paris by the Normans in 885.[3] Thus was yet another element brought within the domain of art. As pure description had been employed in the poems which bore on the external features of nature, so in these poems the writers fell back upon the realities that surrounded them. In the one case it was Nature, simply and by herself: in the other it is the age, the actual life, the very nature of the time.

Now the introduction of these two new features marks a period of advancement, a widening in the intellectual horizon it is important not to overlook. Paraphrase, legend, ritualistic verse, verses of society exchanged among ecclesiastics, no longer suffice for the necessities of the age: it turns to nature, it seeks in its own political life for material for song. Was it wrong then to assert, that the great feature of the poetry of the ninth century was its growing diversity—its greater multiplicity of subject?

We have seen but a tithe of that great mass of monastic verse

[1] Here is a pentameter: 'Tullius, et Macer, Cicero, sive Plato.' Tullius is one man, and Cicero another. Migne, tom. 105.

[2] In about 70 hexameters, besides a quantity of versified theology. Migne, tom. 119.

[3] *Two* books; thirteen hundred lines, meant apparently for hexameters. Migne, *tom. 132.*

which constituted so large a portion of the literature of the age. And yet it would be idle even to enumerate what still remains behind. Epitaphs such as those of the hermit Dungal; instances of profitless diligence like that of Hucbald 'De laudibus calvitii' to Charles le Chauve—136 hexameters, every word beginning with the letter c; lives of the saints by Herricus, by Candidus, by Theophanius, by countless others—such is the great bulk and body of the residue. Its fertility indeed is wonderful. Leyser alone gives the names of fifty-seven different writers in metre, many of whom were the authors of thousands of verses; and if to these we add the composers of lives of the saints and of occasional pieces, the total becomes prodigious. Moreover, a great quantity exists unpublished in manuscript, and a still larger has probably perished. But nevertheless we have been able to cast a glance, although slight and momentary, on the poetry of the Carlovingian era, and the age that immediately succeeded it.

What industry, we are driven to exclaim, what industry, and what poverty of result! what incessant toil in placing words in a metrical form that were destitute of the veriest elements of poetry! not even the highest and greatest minds can free themselves from the conventional shackles. There is Alcuin, eminent alike as theologian and politician, the restorer, for a time at least, of learning, the reviser of ancient manuscripts, the great teacher of the age: he writes verses that Mævius would have been ashamed to own. There is Scotus Erigena, a thinker not less daring than Spinosa, not less subtle than Descartes: he too writes verses, and such verses! macaronics, a tesselated ground-work of bad Latin and corrupt Greek! Poetry, in a word, is still an infant, is still lying on the bosom of Religion; it has articulated expression indeed, and a language of its own, but it has not yet realized its growing power or the full purpose of its life. Here and there indeed, breaking through the half-frozen surface, we can just see the rising buds that give promise of the spring, but they lie scattered abroad, and who knows but the frost and the winter may return? Of the ninth century, in truth, it may be said, that it contains the germs of that wonderful fertility which long after marked the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; its value is in its indications, in what it suggested rather than what it performed; for as a whole, by itself it is destitute of intrinsic excellence. And this feature is its highest praise. If long afterwards men read with pleasure poems like the 'Ligurinus' of Gunther, if a devout and credulous people listened with delight to the strange legend of S. Brandan, or the deep symbolic meaning of the poem of the 'Wandering Jew,' it was the Carlovingian age which sanctioned and perpetuated the class from which they came. Gunther commemorates the triumph of

Barbarossa, but Florus had bewailed the division of the empire, Abbo had described the Normans laying siege to Paris: both had occupied themselves with history long before the days of Gunther or Laurence of Verona. The great praise, then, that is due to the versifiers of the older age is, that they not only preserved, but extended the limits of their art; that, accepting the classification that had been handed down to them, they added to it, they enlarged it, and, though a darker age succeeded to their temporary brightness, when the period of light was at hand men availed themselves of the subjects they had long before appropriated. They were not themselves the morning, but rather the glow that foreruns the dawn.

But let us pass on; and where are we? In the tenth century, —in the age which, ever since the days of Baronius, if not of Luitprand, his authority, men have been calling the dark age, the iron age, the age in which the gloom lay thickest on the human mind. Nor in one sense is this language over-coloured. It is true, certainly, that, as we have seen, the seventh century was the period when the intellectual light was faintest—that it was the nadir of European civilization; but it is not the less true that in the tenth century the condition of learning had retrograded since the preceding age. So far as literature is concerned, it is undoubtedly inferior to the ninth.[1] Hitherto it may have been observed that there has always, or nearly always, been in some portion or other what we have ventured to term an intellectual centre: that, if Spain or Italy have lain buried in ignorance and confusion, the centre was to be found in France; and that when the whole Continent has been disturbed, we have seen it in England, or indeed in Ireland. But what especially marks this century as a time of singular intellectual poverty, is that there is nowhere an intellectual centre. For where can it be found? It is not in England: learning has been buried in the grave of Alfred. It is not in Normandy: the stately walls of Bec are yet to arise in that loveliest of all her valleys. It is not in Italy: Italy is devoured with anarchy, nor does the great name of Gerbert alone constitute a centre. It is not in Germany: the age of the Othos is without promise. There is, in point of fact, no intellectual centre visible; but, notwithstanding, there was great though scattered and desultory industry. The metrical writers, on the other hand, were less numerous by half than in the century before, nor can we point to so great a diversity of subject, though one great element now for the first time appears on the scene.

[1] It would seem, however, that although literature had retrograded there was *still some little* improvement in education. See Hallam, 'Middle Ages,' vol. iii. 473.

The essential difficulty in dealing with the metrical literature of the tenth century is, that there is scarcely a single name that is pre-eminently distinguished, for the most conspicuous characters did not, as in the preceding age, betake themselves to verse. Were we to make mention of the man who was of the greatest service to the cause of pure Christianity, the name of the Odo of Clugny, the famous reformer of the Benedictine societies, would be the one we should select. He was eminent not only for his intellectual but his moral qualities, and for the earnestness of his life and character: a reform, indeed, such as that which he accomplished could have been performed only by a resolute will. And yet for our purpose it is hardly necessary to mention him, for throughout the whole of his works four short hymns are all that is to be found in metre. We will begin therefore with a writer who, though in every way inferior to him as a theologian, merits as a poet a more extended consideration. A man in the tenth century who, in addition to five hundred pages of prose history, contrives to write some thirty or forty thousand lines of verse, is a curiosity in more ways than one.

In the year 894, then, a child of the name of Flodoard was born at Epernay, and educated at Rheims, under the guidance of Reme of Auxerre and the monk Hucbald, whose singular poem has just been mentioned, and as he grew up was fortunate enough to attract the attention of two successive metropolitans. He was admitted among the clergy of the Cathedral, placed in charge of the archives, and ultimately elevated to the dignity of canon. From the year 933 his reputation was widely extended, and he shortly afterwards made a visit to Rome, where he was graciously received by Leo VII. In trouble for awhile, on account of his opposition to the election of Hugo to the archbishopric of Rheims, in the year 940, he was ultimately restored to favour, and in addition to his revenues, which were restored, obtained possession of the church at Coroy. He assisted at the council at Verdun, where Artaldus was elected archbishop, and lived in the world till Odalric's time, into whose hands he resigned his benefice, and withdrew to a monastery, where he died in the year 966.

The extent of what are called his 'Opuscula Metrica' may be judged from the fact that, in the edition of Migne, they occupy 385 closely printed quarto pages, containing from forty to fifty lines apiece: the great majority being hexameters, and the subject being invariably the sufferings of the saints. Thus, there are three books on the triumphs of Christ and the Saints in Palestine, which begin with the martyrdom of the Apostles, and descend to the time of Eusebius, whom, in the latter part, he uses as his authority. The two books on the triumphs of Christ at Antioch are of a similar nature; a short account of the life and miracles

of each saint is given, and the manner of his death related. The remaining work, however, the triumphs of Christ in Italy, consisting of no less than fourteen books, and occupying 300 pages, is the most important of his poems. It is a huge metrical martyrology, commencing with the deaths of S. Peter and S. Paul, and continued down to the ninth century. The twelfth book embraces the history of Italy from Leo IV. to Leo VII. (847—939), the thirteenth is taken from the Dialogues of S. Gregory, and the fourteenth is a kind of supplement, containing names that had been omitted. But all this enormous metrical mass is unredeemed by any beauty, either of description or versification. The former is invariably tedious, the latter usually corrupt. The subject, moreover, is one which it is difficult to regard with prolonged interest. A series of dubious miracles attributed to a number of doubtful names, is not very entertaining reading. Still, in a sketch such as this, it was imperative to mention the name of a versifier so remarkably prolific.

Flodoard was a Frenchman, and, as we have seen, was settled at Rheims during the first half of the century. Let us change the scene, and transfer ourselves to Germany during the second.

No poems more famous and more curious are to be met with during the Mediæval cycle, than those of Hroswitha or Rosvita, a nun in the convent of Gandersheim, situated in what is now the kingdom of Hanover. In her own day she was regarded, and very justly, as a prodigy of learning. She was versed in Latin, in Greek, particularly in the philosophies, and it is even added that she was not ignorant of Hebrew. On all sides, she has been described as the phœnix of her age, and indeed, the Abbé Rohrbacher has drawn an elaborate parallel between her and Madame de Sevigné, on the ground that the latter lady could read Augustine in the original, which, to be sure, is exceedingly convincing. Her extant works, which afford a fair proof of her skill, are as follows:—1st. A panegyric, or history of the Othos. 2d. Eight metrical Lives of the Saints. 3d. Dramas, of which alone we would here speak. Now it must be observed, in the first place, that we have, as yet, encountered nothing which at all approaches dramatic representation; that we have observed no trace whatever of it in the regular literature of the cloister. And yet in reality it has existed, in more or less activity, from a period of remote antiquity, and indeed many writers are of opinion that it indirectly originated from the vitiated drama of the empire, and was in many instances, as for example in the extravagancies which occurred on the celebration of the 'Feast of Fools,' little else than a perpetuation of the old pagan festivities. Yet it is also clear that, at all events from the fifth century, to which date the ancient 'Mystery of the Passion' is

referred, the performance of similar representations was not unusual in the west of Europe. In the sixth century, Gregory of Tours, speaking of the death of S. Radegonde, describes the nuns of her convent as standing round the corpse and celebrating her virtues in dirges improvised on the occasion. Both at Poictiers and at Metz, the 'Mystery of the Resurrection' was acted in the ninth, or perhaps the eighth century, and, at the same periods, a drama embodying the incidents of the Fall, of Eastern origin apparently, appeared in Europe. In one sense, therefore, Hroswitha may be said to have had predecessors, but in one sense only, for her dramas have not the slightest affinity with the 'Mystery' or the 'Miracle' play. Those productions were at this time acted exclusively in the interior of the church or the cathedral: the plays of Hroswitha were acted by her own nuns in the retirement of their convent. The 'Mystery' was essentially of popular origin: the creation of Christianity, it was utterly dissimilar to anything in the heathen society; the dramas of Hroswitha, on the other hand, are professedly framed on the classical model, on the plays of Plautus and of Terence. Nothing of this kind had before appeared: nothing even that had approached it; it is the doubtful and timid forerunner of the dramas of the Renaissance, the predecessor, as it were, of the plays of Polentone and Reuchlin: one more addition to the varied elements of mediæval literature.

A slight examination will explain the nature of these singular productions. Take the 'Dulcitius,' as it is called from the name of the principal character. In the first scene, the three Christian virgins, Agape, Chionia, and Irene, appear before the Emperor Diocletian, who, finding that neither threats nor promises can induce them to sacrifice to the gods, orders them to be taken before one of his officers, Dulcitius. In the second and third scenes, Dulcitius appears in the midst of his guards, with whom he converses; the three prisoners are then introduced, and the judge falling in love with them, orders them to be confined in a room where the cooking utensils are kept, and the curtain falls as he disappears after them, while the guards stand outside with their torches. The three captives are now in a terrible plight, but luckily there is a second door, behind which they conceal themselves, and whence they have the pleasure of seeing the intruder, struck with miraculous frenzy, amorously embracing the pots and pans. He consequently retires, to use the words of one of the vestals, with his face as black as his mind, and the guards, taking him for the devil himself, scamper off in all directions. Indignant at this, and ignorant of his appearance, he makes his way to the palace, where he is repulsed and beaten by the doorkeepers, and ultimately returns to his wife, who enlightens and consoles

him. Furious for revenge, he orders them to be stripped and exposed in public, but the guards labour in vain to denude them, and Dulcitius himself goes to sleep on the judgment-seat. The Emperor now regarding him as the victim of sorcery, delivers the prisoners to Count Sisinnius; two of them expire suddenly and painlessly in the flames, and the youngest, Irene, after escaping to an adjacent mountain, and causing Sisinnius, who pursues her, to ride constrainedly backwards and forwards, at last succumbs to her enemies. Such is a plain and simple outline of the plot, if we may term it so. The play, then, is even more than a comedy, it is a kind of religious farce, a piece of devout buffoonery: and yet, looking to the fact that it relates entirely to a martyrdom, it possesses clearly an element of tragedy. Its literary and poetical value is certainly not very great, but, on the other hand, it is a monument of considerable value for the history of the early stage. Take again the 'Callimachus.' Here, on the other hand, there is no comic vein; it is, omitting the resuscitations, a uniform tragedy throughout, simple assuredly, as are the whole of them, in its design, but far from destitute either of grace or pathos. It bears, moreover, as has been remarked by M. Magnin, a very considerable resemblance in its *dénouement* to no less a play than 'Romeo and Juliet,'[1] and is besides curious as reflecting the nature of the age by a singular union of pedantry and passion. There is, however, one observation which it is impossible for any one who reads these compositions to resist making; and that is, that the nature of these plays is frequently such that it is a matter for some surprise, that they were either written or acted within the walls of a convent. In two instances, courtesans are rescued from a life of shame, and though they subsequently become the holiest of nuns, the representation of the former character could scarcely have been edifying for ingenious novices. But what a picture do they give us of the coarseness and simplicity of the age! Performed, not indeed in public, but probably in the presence of ecclesiastics, of ladies and of dignitaries of the court, they exhibit features apparently incompatible—an ardent and

[1] 'Dans l'un et l'autre,' says M. Magnin, 'on voit un caveau sépulcral, une tombe de femme ouverte, une jeune morte, fraiche encore, dont le suaire a été écarté par la main égarée de son amant, un jeune homme étendu mort au pied d'un cercueil. Sur le lieu de cette scène douloureuse et tragique surviennent, dans l'un et l'autre drame, deux hommes navrés de douleur, mais qui sont maîtres de leur passions: dans Shakespeare le père de la jeune fille et le moine Laurence; dans Callimaque le mari de la jeune defiente et l'apôtre S. Jean.—*Théâtre de Hroswitha*, par Ch. Magnin, Preface, p. 46. M. Magnin further remarks that the amorous conceits of Romeo, taken in great measure from the Spanish and Italian school, find, relatively to the time, their correlative in the pedantic answers of the friends of *Callimachus*.

lofty devotion to purity of purpose pervades them, and in order that the beauty and strength of this purity may be fully exhibited, the dramatist does not hesitate to display her heroines in situations where it is grievously assailed. The plays of Hroswitha are unique in literature.

When, however, we turn from these dramas, we experience, notwithstanding the existence of some twenty or thirty other metrical writers, a very considerable difficulty in selecting any other for mention; for in point of fact, they are all so barbarous and obscure, that neither pleasure nor profit can be extracted from them. They are merely repetitions of what long since it became wearisome to repeat. It will be far better, instead of lingering over the sequences of Notker Babulus, even though their 'crystal-like simplicity' has been praised by Mr. Neale, or the verses scattered through the pages of Luitprand, or the tedious barbarisms of the bishops Salomon and Radbod, or the uniform dulness of the 'Vitæ Sanctorum,' to inquire more closely and narrowly into the intellectual condition of the period.

Now, there are two works, both of them exceedingly short, which present, almost at a glance, the degree of intellectual instruction attainable in the tenth century. The first is a little tractate by Notker Babulus, above-mentioned, 'De Viris Illustribus,' which contains a list of the different authors, regarded as of paramount authority in their various lines, and the appreciation in which they were held by the writer.[1] None, however, but theological works, or such as bear on theology, are mentioned, and hence a portion only of the knowledge of the age is placed before us. But the missing portion, and we speak here only of literature, is supplied by a work written on a trivial occasion, and which contains the exact complement of that of Notker. One Gunzo, a name then of common occurrence, a monk of the Abbey of Novara, or more correctly, a deacon of the church there, had been found fault with by one of the brothers for making use of a wrong case while uttering a Latin sentence, and he accordingly wrote a letter or tract, in which he defended himself from the imputation of ignorance, and laboured to show that he had reason for the expression. Now, if we are to take Gunzo as the ordinary type of a monk of that age, there would be no ground whatever for taxing it with barbarism and want of learning. He is perfectly familiar with the classics; he cites Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucan, Juvenal, Persius, and the rest; indeed, there is even in his short epistle mention of upwards of twenty different authors. But, unfortunately, there are no grounds for supposing the erudition of Gunzo in any way

[1] Migne, tom. 131.

common ; and it is evident that, accused himself of imperfect information, he would, in replying, display all the knowledge he possessed. His letter, indeed, is merely a proof of what one man could do in the way of classical reading when he was put to it, or, in other words, it is an indication of the degree that was then attainable.[1] It is true, certainly, that monastic libraries varied extremely, that some were far richer in classical literature than others, and that in others that literature was more directly discouraged. But the fact remains, that one individual in the age, not otherwise distinguished, attained a fair degree of classical skill ; and it is surely not unreasonable to infer, that the materials which were open to him were open to others of the same profession. It would, however, be erroneous to imagine that a knowledge of the Latin poets and of the best theologians was the only knowledge attainable. Putting aside the name of Gerbert as exceptional, not less on account of his having studied in Spain, than of his vast intellectual superiority, it is manifest that a whole literature must have existed on the several arts and sciences of the period. Music, especially, was studied. Anatomy was not neglected. The ancient grammarians and rhetoricians were illustrated and expounded. The school of each monastery was a little centre of light and learning. The mental nourishment, then, was far from as despicable as is generally supposed ; it does not reflect an age of cultivation, but neither does it represent an age when, as some writers would have us believe, the world was utterly illiterate. But, nevertheless, till at least the middle of the century, the age was on the whole inferior to that which had preceded it. There was no Raban, no Gottschalk, no Scotus, to redeem it from the charge of intellectual sterility.

[1] Migne, tom. 136. Hist. Lit. de la France, vi. 386.

[*This Essay will be completed in our next number.*]

ART. V.—1. *The Chronological Bible: containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the Authorized Version: newly divided into Paragraphs and Sections; with the Dates and Places of Transactions; concise Introductions to the several Books; and Notes illustrative of the Chronology, History, and Geography of the Sacred Scriptures.* By ROBERT B. BLACKADER. London. 1864. 4to.

2. *The Holy Bible.* With Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ. London and New York. [1866, &c.] 4to.

3. *Report from the Select Committee on the Queen's Printers' Patent, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, and Minutes of Evidence. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed 4th August*, 1859; *22d March*, 1860.

WE have set at the head of our article the titles of two of the most recent editions of the Sacred Volume *not* issuing from the Patent press of the King's printer and those of the great English Universities, for the purpose of calling the attention of Biblical students to the present state of the text of our Authorized Version of Holy Scripture, and to the nature and extent of its divergencies, in our modern books, from the original standard of 1611. In an age when every second or third-rate author, who flourished during the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, is deemed worthy of being presented to us in a new edition, with a critically revised text, it is very strange that the like care has not yet been bestowed upon a work which (even if it were not the sole inspired record of Divine Truth) is universally regarded as the noblest monument of our native language and literature. Yet in the researches which the writer of the present article has been led to make on a subject that might seem trite and familiar enough, he was astonished to find himself almost immediately on ground well-nigh untrodden before him; and could not fail to mark, with much concern, the loose and hasty statements made by authors of high and deserved reputation, when they were pleased to rest satisfied with general surmises and random assertions in respect to matters which a little patient investigation might have taught them to regard in a far different light.

The third part of a century has now elapsed since the publication of *Four Letters to the Bishop of London* by one Mr. Curtis,

Secretary to a Committee of Dissenting Ministers, self-constituted in 1832, 'for the Restitution and Protection of the Authorized Version of the Bible,' brought this important inquiry for a brief space prominently before the public. Mr. Curtis, however, was so unfortunate as to import no slight portion of the *odium theologicum* into a discussion, whose intrinsic interest might well have commended it to every English Christian; while his untempered zeal and superficial acquirements compelled even his own Committee to disavow him, and rendered him and them an easy prey to the wary tact of Dr. Turton, the late Bishop of Ely, who held a sort of volunteer brief for the privileged presses, and specially for the University of Cambridge, in which he was then Regius Professor of Divinity. The present generation of scholars finds it a little hard to account for the esteem in which Bishop Turton was once held as the profoundest theologian of his age; but certainly his pamphlet, entitled *The Text of the English Bible as now printed by the Universities considered with reference to a Report by a Sub-Committee of Dissenting Ministers* (Cambridge, 2d Edition, 1833), must needs be admired as a model of dialectic skill, wielded by one who did not know too much about the matter at issue, against opponents who knew considerably less. It is a real calamity that this signal defeat of the assailants of our modern editions of Holy Scripture soon came to be accepted as a proof that the whole controversy was exhausted; that the changes admitted from the standard of 1611 were all obviously for the best; that though mostly made in silence by obscure persons, on no sort of authority, their propriety as corrections was too plain for any one to gainsay. Those who will take the trouble to weigh what shall be laid before them in the course of the following pages, will be able to judge for themselves how far such conclusions, universally as they seem to be acquiesced in, are warranted by the facts we shall submit to their notice.

I. The original black-letter folio of our present Authorized English version, 'Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majestie,' is declared on the title-page to have been 'Newly translated out of the Origin-'all Tongues: and with the former Translations diligently com-'pared and revised, by His Majesties Speciall Commandement;' to which statement is added, '*Appointed to be read in Churches.*' With what other more direct sanction, whether of Act of Parliament or Order in Council, King James's translation was first put forth, does not now appear: the records of Convocation, which body may possibly have been consulted on such a matter, were destroyed with S. Paul's Cathedral in the Great Fire of 1666 (Bishop Short's *History of the Church*, § 486). One point, however, is *no longer* doubtful, though it has been denied by some who might

have learnt better;[1] namely, that *two* genuine issues of our Authorized Bible were published in the same year, 1611, whereof that reprinted at the Oxford University Press in 1833 represents the second, and (as it would seem) the less authoritative, of them. To both of these volumes Dr. Turton's 'deliberate opinion,' formed 'after much inquiry,' will fully apply, 'that the Transla-'tion, however admirably executed, had not the care bestowed 'upon it, in carrying it through the press, which a work of so 'much consequence demanded' (*Text of the English Bible*, p. 94); but to the earlier one in a higher degree than to the other. Whoever may have been entrusted with the task of carrying the work through the press (tradition supplies us with the names of Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, and Miles Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester), must have been either grievously hurried, or culpably careless in the execution of it. Many of the worst errors of the first edition were amended in the second of the same year; others have been gradually eliminated in process of time; a few still survive in the sacred text or margin. To this last class must be assigned *Girgasite* for *Girgashite*, Gen. x. 16; *Korathites* for *Korahites*, Num. xxvi. 58 (see 1 Chron. vi. 22); 'strain *at* a gnat,' a senseless variation for strain *out*, in Matt. xxiii. 24, where the preceding English versions of Tyndal, Coverdale, Geneva, the Great Bible, and the Bishops', are correct; while in Num. vi. 2, the marginal rendering, 'Or, *make* themselves *Nazarites*,' *must* belong to the second 'separate,' not to the first; as in Gen. i. 20, the marginal, 'Heb. *soul*,' should be referred to 'creature,' not to 'life.' These mistakes, and some others, occur in every copy of our Authorized Version which we have examined, and it may be noted as an indication of reckless haste, that both the marks of reference from the text to the margin, and the citations therein of parallel passages, are even marvellously inaccurate in all our early Bibles, before the revised Cambridge edition of 1638, of which we shall say more hereafter.

No one probably will dispute the fact that two distinct editions bear the date of 1611, who shall closely compare the three Bibles in the British Museum, severally numbered 1276. l. 4; 466. i. 6; 3050. g. 1. Of these books No. 1276. l. 4 is almost complete, being perhaps the tallest and finest copy hitherto known of the earlier of the two issues of that year. A second copy of the same issue, deposited in the library of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press (A. 3. 14), has lost the title-page, sheet A, containing the *Dedication*, and part of the Translators' Preface to the Reader, and is slightly defective in a few other places. Of the second issue of 1611, besides the Museum books just mentioned (466. i. 6; 3050. g. 1), we have the noble copy

[1] Anderson, *Annals of the English Bible*, 1845, vol. ii. Appendix, p. xxii.

(apparently perfect) in the Bodleian, from which it would seem that the Oxford reprint of 1833 was made. That we are right in regarding B. M. 1276. l. 4, and Synd. A. 3. 14 as representing the earlier, the Bodleian volume the later, recension of 1611, is evident from the consideration that the grossest typographical blunders of the former are to a great extent corrected in the latter. Although the preliminary matter is differently arranged in the two editions, and the signatures of the sheets do not at all correspond (the former being arranged in *sixes*, with the New Testament of a separate notation, the latter in *fours*), the text of the Holy Bible itself (59 lines being contained in each complete column) exactly corresponds, page for page, except on the leaf containing Ex. xiv. 10, and that in consequence of an extensive press error of the later book in this verse:[1] while the perpetual and unmeaning variations in the spelling between the two recensions, and the frequent differences observable in their wood-cut initial letters, suffice to show that the type of both was separately set up, and that the Bodleian Bible is something more than a revised proof of the other. We have accumulated several hundred instances of these minute discrepancies between the two volumes, which distinctly point out to which the priority is due: such are Gen. viii. 10, *over* (for *other*) *seven dayes*; xxix. 24, *Zilpha* (for *Zilpah*); xlvi. 34, *your* (for *our*) *fathers*; Ex. vi. 15, *waman*; viii. 20, *Pharaah*; 21, *people, goe* (for *people goe,*); 27, *commadst* (for *command*); Amos vii. 3, 4, *It shall not be, hath the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God shewed unto me* (*saith* and *hath* being interchanged); Hab. iii. 13, *heate* (for *head*); Zech. vi. 7, *walked to and for* (for *fro*); ix. 9, *upon a asse*; 17, marg. *spake* (for *speake*), in all which places the Bodleian copy is correct, as are the subsequent editions of 1616, 1617, &c. In the introductory sheets the first issue of 1611 is especially careless: we find OE for OF, and CHKIST for CHRIST, in the heading of the Dedication; and in the Table of the Books, 1 *Corinthians*, 2 *Corinthians*, instead of 1 *Chronicles*, 2 *Chronicles*;[2] *Eccesiasticus* for *Ecclesiasticus*; *The idole Bel and Dragon* for *the Dragon*, &c. which in the Bodleian volume are duly amended, though both issues make the chapters in Nahum *five* (even the Bible of

[1] These words are printed twice over: *the children of Israel lift up their eyes, and beholde, the Egyptians marched after them, and they were sore afraid: and.*

[2] B. M. 1276. l. 4 once belonged to Mr. Lea Wilson, who cites, in his *List of Bibles, Testaments, Psalms, &c.* in his own collection (Lond. 1845, 4to. *privately printed*), this and several other discrepancies from the common copies which he found in it, without seeing, however, the inference that he might have deduced from his collation, that there must be *two* editions of 1611. The Cambridge Syndics' copy was used in the winter of 1813–14, by Gilbert Buchanan, LL.D. of Woodmansterne, Surrey, in revising for the King's Printer his quarto edition of 1806. Dr. Buchanan's marginal corrections, though incomplete, we have found *very useful* in our own researches.

1617 follows them here), and speak (perhaps rightly) of *The prayer of Manasseh*. In fact, the second issue bears too many marks of the same undue haste which disfigures the first; the marginal references, with all their inaccuracies, are seldom touched, and, besides Ex. xiv. 10, not a few errata occur in the text itself, which are absolutely peculiar to this edition: such are Ex. xxxviii. 11, *hoopes* (for *hookes*); Lev. xiii. 56, *plaine* (for *plague*); xvii. 14, *ye shall not eat* (for *ye shall eat*); xviii. 3, *doings of land* (for *doings of the land*); 2 Sam. xxiv. heading, *bring the muster of eleven thousand fighting men* (*eleven* for *thirteen hundred thousand*). The same conclusion may be drawn from the circumstance that Lea Wilson's Bible has for its title-page an elaborate wood-cut which had been often used before, as if there was no time to wait for another; while most volumes of the second issue (*e.g.* B. M. 466. i. 6) exhibit an excellent copper-plate engraving, marked *C. Boel fecit in Richmont:* B. M. 3050. g. 1 and the Bodleian book contain the earlier engraved title-page and modern *fac-similes* of the copper-plate.

On what precise authority the variations which affect the sense rather than typographical correctness were first brought into the second issue, cannot now be ascertained. They are not numerous, and, not being made always for the better, must stand or fall each on its own merits. The reading of the second edition seems preferable in Gen. xvi. 6, *But* (for *And*; which is read in 1617 also) *Abram*; xxvi. 34, *Bashemath* (for *Bashemah*); xxxi. 30, *longedst* (for *longest*, and so 1617); xxxvi. 10, *Bashemath* (for *Bashamath*); xlvi. 34, *an abomination* (for *abomination*), as in chap. xliii. 32; Ex. xi. 8, *all these* (for *also these*); xix. 4, *eagles'*[1] *wings* (for *eagle wings*); xxi. 26, *let him goe free* (at first *them* for *him*, wrongly, and so 1616, 1617); Lev. i. 16, marg. *thereof* (for *there*); xxv. 28, *until* (for *unto*); Num. i. 47, *tribe* (for *tribes*); and in numerous like places, where it is followed by all later reprints. On the other hand, our modern Bibles properly accord with the first issue in reading *Amorite* in Gen. x. 16, although *Emorite* in that place only is found in the second issue, and in most other Bibles (*e.g.* that of 1616, but not of 1617) down to that of 1762; in Gen. xlvii. 27, *possession* of the first issue is at least as good as *possessions* of the second issue, and all succeeding books; while the palpable misprint *Isui*, in Gen. xlvi. 17, of the second issue, instead of *Ishui*, of the first, has crept into every later copy which we have examined, except that of 1617, from that date to the present time; in Lev. xviii. 30, *ye shall keep* of the first issue is quite as good as *shall ye keep* of the second, 1638, and the rest; and in Num. x. 2, *thou shalt* of the first as *shalt thou* of the second.

[1] The *apostrophe* does not appear in these early Bibles.

No reprint of the Authorized Version seems to have been executed in the course of 1612,[1] but we know of editions dated in 1613, 1616, 1617, perhaps in more than one shape each year. Mr. Francis Fry of Bristol, who published the *fac-simile* reprints of Tyndal's *New Testament* and *Book of Jonah*, is engaged in examining the relation which these Bibles and some of later date (1634, 1640) bear to the standard of 1611; without anticipating the result of his studies, we may state in brief our own impressions about them. It is believed that the folio in the British Museum 469. g. 10, with the title-page of 1611, is really of the date of 1613; it is obviously not the same book as the other three there of that date (*above*, p. 395), from all which it differs much in type. This seems to be the 'smaller black-letter folio' of 1613, a collation of which is annexed to the Oxford reprint of 1833. Unless the collation be very defective, this edition must be said to differ from the first issue of 1611, chiefly by amending the misprints of that volume, and by bringing in some bad blunders of its own.[2] It reads *Emorite*, with the second issue, in Gen. x. 16, but has, with the earlier one, *them* instead of *him*, in Ex. xxi. 26 (*above*, p. 397); *he please*, Cant. ii. 7, for *she please*, of the second, *she* being a deliberate correction, rejected in modern Bibles. The editions of 1616, 1617, moreover, seem framed upon the same plan, that of willingly making no change in the standard text, except in the way of correcting typographical errors. The octavo edition of 1617 is in the British Museum (3052 b), but we have consulted *perfect* copies both of the folio of that and the preceding year, in the Library of Viscount Falmouth, at Tregothnan;[3] the rarity of our citations from them proves how little they vary from the Authorized model of 1611,

[1] Archdeacon Cotton (*Editions of the Bible, and parts thereof in English*, 1852, 2d edition) cites one Bible only of this year preserved at Lambeth, and at Lord Bridgewater's (p. 61), but this must be of the Geneva version (Brit. Mus. 1276. b. 6). He was also able to see, from comparing two Bibles of 1611, belonging to Dr. Daly, Bishop of Cashel, that there were two separate issues of that year: but from having noted only two errors (Gen. x. 16; Ex. xiv. 10), and those of the book from which the Oxford reprint of 1833 was made, he came to suppose that the volume which contains them, and which is really by far the more accurate of the two, is the *earlier*, as he conceives it is the *rarer* (p. 60, note). His table of signatures (p. 306) follows the Syndics' copy, or what we regard as the first issue.

[2] That the book of 1613 was taken from what we consider the *first* issue of 1611 (Brit. Mus. 1276. l. 4), appears from Acts xxi. 38, where the second issue reads 'that Egyptian' in full, the first issue 'y^{t} Egyptian' (y^{t} = *that*, 2 Cor. xiii. 7, and elsewhere). The compositors of 1613, mistaking y^{t} for y^{e} (*the*), print in full 'the Egyptian.'

[3] The Tregothnan copy of 1617 is a very fine black-letter folio, corresponding page for page with the Bibles of 1611, and, like them, containing 59 lines in a column. The signatures are in *sixes* throughout, from A to Dddddd, where the New Testament ends. Up to the end of the Apocrypha they agree with the first issue of 1611 (*see above*, p. 396). The Bible of 1616 is a small folio in Roman type, in *sixes*, with Prayer Book prefixed, and singing Psalms, dated 1612, annexed.

though that of 1617 seems the better of the two (see Gen. x. 16; xxxvii. 36; xli. 38; xlvii. 27; Ex. xxiii. 33).

This prudent rule of simply reprinting the common standard, and abstaining as much as possible from change, was rudely disturbed in 1632, when the King's printers, Robert Barker and Martin Lucas, sent forth a Bible so incorrect, that the well-known omission of *not* in the seventh commandment (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 579) was but one, though a notable, specimen of their heedlessness, out of many. For this fault they were fined £300 two years afterwards, in the High Commission Court, by means of Archbishop Laud, 'and very properly,' adds Mr. Anderson, the Scotch Baptist (*Annals*, vol. ii. p. 389), although this was actually one of the charges brought against Laud in his adversity.[1] It was probably because his attention was then drawn to the importance of correctness in the publication of the Bible, that the Primate advised King Charles to order the University of Cambridge to prepare a revised edition, which appeared in folio, 1638, having been superintended by Dr. Goad of Hadley, Dr. Ward, Messrs. Boyse and Mead, and published by Thomas Buck and Roger Daniel, the University printers.[2] With the exception of a Bible of 1629, slightly revised, this seems to have been the earliest issue of our Authorized Version, elsewhere than in London; a half-printed volume by Cantrell Legge, the University printer, having been suppressed through a compromise in 1614–15, notwithstanding high legal opinion that the King's printers' patent did not over-ride the University's Royal licence (Mr. Potts, *Appendix to Report of Select Committee*, 1860, p. 74*). This noble volume is evidently the result of a diligent comparison of the Hebrew with the translation of 1611, many of whose lesser oversights it sets right both in the text (*see below*, pp. 401—2,) and in regard to the italic character (*below*, p. 409), while the spelling is much modernised throughout. Yet for some cause or other, perhaps through the multiplicity of persons engaged on it, its execution is very unequal, its usage in different places little consistent (*below*, pp. 410—415), and some of its alterations rather unnecessary (*below*, p. 400). One of its misprints is rather famous, 'whom ye may appoint,' Acts vi. 3, *ye* for *we*, strangely repeated in Field's Bible, Camb. 8vo. 1657, and in the Bibles of 1660, 1671, 1677, 1682, &c. although it was noticed as early as 1659, by William Kilburne (*Dangerous Errors in several late printed Bibles*), and has been uncharitably enough imputed to a Presbyterian bias.

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[1] This edition was called in and suppressed, but one copy seems to survive at Wolfenbuttel (Carlyon, *Early Years*, &c. p. 177).

[2] From a MS. note in the Jesus College copy, by Richard Sterne, Vice-Chancellor, 1638, Master of Jesus, 1633–44; 1660.

The next change of importance we need notice in our Bibles (for this is not at all the place for a bibliographical catalogue of editions), besides the constant and at length excessive growth of parallel texts (*see below*, p. 404, note), is the placing in the margin of the common dates of events, according to the present Hebrew text. This innovation, for which there is no warrant that we know of, was made (as is well known) by Bishop Lloyd, of Worcester, for Archbishop Tenison's Bible of 1701. The merits of Thomas Baskett's Bible of 1756 we shall have occasion to notice hereafter (*below*, p. 427); but a much less known book, the Cambridge two volumed quarto of 1762,[1] alleged to have been edited by Dr. Paris, Fellow and one of the benefactors of Trinity College, is a thorough and scholarlike performance, containing many excellent marginal renderings and notes (*below*, pp. 403—4), though unfortunately not distinguished as they should have been from those of the translators of 1611. Dr. Blayney's revision of 1769, folio and quarto, undertaken for the Delegates of the Oxford Press, with the concurrence of the sister University, is far more celebrated than Dr. Paris's, but with no great justice. His marginal renderings we shall speak of presently (*below*, p. 404); his practice with regard to the italics does not deserve much commendation; the great inaccuracy both of his folio volume (but few copies of which remain, through a fire in the warehouse in London), and even of his quarto, is so conspicuous, that the Oxford printer himself has been compelled to discard it as his standard,[2] though there exists at present nothing much more satisfactory to adopt in its room.

We will now subjoin a list which we believe to be complete for the first three books of the Bible, wherein the united testimony of 1611 seems correct, and some or all modern editions are at fault. Mere grammatical or orthographical variations we reserve for future discussion.

GENESIS. The marginal note † Heb. *Lemech*, belongs to v. 26, not to ver. 25, as 1638 and moderns read. † by sevens (by † sevens *of* 1638, &c. *will not suit the margin*) vii. 2. Sabtecha (Sabtechah *is as late as* 1762) x. 7. *or ten* (thus in 1638; '*or, ten*' 1611, 1616, 1617; or *ten* 1762, moderns) xxiv. 55, marg. to him (to *for* unto) xxv. 33. *Emor* (*Emmor* 1638, moderns) xxxiii. 19, marg. daughter of Zibeon (1638, &c. *prefix* the) xxxvi. 14. Aiah (*as in* 1 Chr. i. 40, *but* Ajah *here in* 1638, &c.) xxxvi. 24. Medanites (*so* 1617, *for* Midianites, 1616, 1638, &c.) xxxvii. 36. The Medanites were

[1] Archdeacon Cotton's note on this Bible is, 'Bible authorized; standard edition; Cambridge, by Joseph Bentham. "Only six copies were preserved from a fire at the printers" (Note in a copy in the British Museum) fol.' Perhaps the writer of the note confounded its fate with that of Blayney's folio of 1769. Our copy is in Camb. Syndics' Library, A. 4. 3 *b*, 3c.

[2] Report of Select Committee, 1859, *Minutes of Evidence*, p. 52; and for instances of Dr. Blayney's failings, which are universally confessed and deplored, *see p. 42 (1860)*, p. 28 (1859), &c.

descendants of Medan, chap. xxv. 2, who with their brethren, the Midianites (ver. 28) and Ishmeelites (ver. 25, 27), made up the caravan. hand (*so* 1613, 1616, 1617 ; hands 1638) xxxix. 1. spirit (Spirit 1616, 1762) xli. 38. Zerah (Zarah 1762, *from* chap. xxxviii. 30, *where even* 1611 *has* Zarah, *on account of the Hebrew pause, see* chap. v. 25, 26) xlvi. 12. any man ('any men' 1762, '*any* men' *yet later*) xlvii. 6. had our herds (hath our herds 1638, *but see* ver. 22) xlvii. 18.

Exod. Zichri (*so* 1638, 1762, *even* Ostervald, 1808 ; Zithri *is quite a recent error*) vi. 21. the Hivites (*so* 1617, 'and the Hivites' 1616, '*and* the Hivites' 1638, &c.) xxiii. 23. consecrations (*so* 1638, *and all in* ver. 34 ; consecration 1762, *and all in* ver. 22, 27, 31 ; *so* Lev. viii. 28, 31 pl., ver. 33 sing. *The* Hebrew *is invariably plural*) xxix. 26.

Levit. had sinned (hath *for* had 1762, *from* ver. 6) v. 10. cheweth cud (cheweth the cud 1638, *from* ver. 4 ; *the Hebrew article is wanting in* ver. 3, *though* 1611 *does not keep up the distinction in* ver. 4, 5, 6) xi. 3. nor scales (*so even* 1638, 1762, and scales, *moderns, see* ver. 12) xi. 10. *son* (for *a son*) xii. 6, marg : comp. Gen. xvii. 12, marg. hath (*so even* 1638, 1762 ; have, *moderns, from* ver. 38) xiii. 29. which is unclean (*so even* 1762 ; that is unclean, *moderns*) xv. 33. *were* (*are* 1638) xxv. 23. of this side (*so* 1616 ; *for* on this side, 1617, &c.) Deut. iv. 49. † Heb. *lion of God* (for *lions of God* of 1638, &c. ; the same Hebrew word 'Ariel' being rightly thus explained in Isai. xxix. 1 ; Ezek. xliii. 15, marg.) 2 Sam. xxiii. 20, marg. Ezer (*so* 1611, *as in* Gen. xxxvi. 21, 27 ; Ezar 1638, 1762, *moderns*) 1 Chr. i. 38. On the other hand, 1638 and the moderns rightly read with the Hebrew other proper names in this chapter, as will be stated in the list next following.

In Job xli. 6, the true reading 'the companions' is found in 1611, 1638, 1762, and most moderns, but 'thy' for 'the' in the Oxford 1808, 1813, D'Oyly and Mant's Bible, 1817, and some others. So 'man' of 1611, 1616, 1617, is omitted in Camb. 1638, 1677, 1762, Oxford 1756, in John x. 28.[1]

We shall conclude this branch of our subject with another list of passages, taken, like the preceding one, mainly from the first three books of the Old Testament, wherein we conceive that a critical editor of our English version would feel himself compelled to reject the readings of 1611 for those of later Bibles (especially that of 1638, which we adopt for this purpose, where we do not state the contrary), unless indeed he should think it his duty to abide by the standard edition, even where it is probably or manifestly wrong.

Put Shem (*for* Sem), Gen. v. 32 ; vi. 10 ; vii. 13 (*so* 1611, chap. ix. 18, *passim*). GOD, vi. 5 (capitals, to represent the Hebrew *Jehovah* ; so 1611, in chap. xv. 2 ; 2 Sam. vii. 18, 19, twice ; 20, 28, 29 ; Isai. lvi. 8). six hundredth and first (first *for* one) viii. 13. Japheth (*for* Japhet) ix. 18, 23, 27 ; x. 1, 2, 21 (*so* 1611, chap. v. 32, *passim*). Philistim (*for* Philistiim) x. 14. Sodom and Gomorrah (*for* Sodoma and Gomorah) x. 19. Hobah

[1] We know not whether we should add to this list Matthew xii. 23, 'is this the son of David ?' where all the preceding English versions had inserted the negative, 'is not this,' &c. a reading followed by the editors of 1638 (who seem to have regarded the omission of 'not' as a misprint of 1611, 1616, 1617), 1762, and more modern Bibles. But the sense is quite as good without 'not,' μὴ being used for throwing out a suggestion rather than for a bare assertion (Acts x. 47). Archbishop Trench observes that 'not' is left out by our version in John viii. 22 ; xviii. 35 ; Acts vii. 42, but wrongly retained in John iv. 29, which is very like Matthew xii. 23.

(*for* Hoba) xiv. 15. Chaldees (*for* Caldees, *which even* 1638 *so spells against* 1611, *in* chap. xi. 31) xv. 7. Kenizzites (*for* Kenizites) xv. 19. Kadesh (*for* Cadesh, *as* 1611, *in* chap. xiv. 7, *passim*) xvi. 14; xx. 1. thing also (*for* thing) xix. 21. and the wood (*so* 1616, *for* and wood 1611, 1617) xxii. 7. gate (*for* gates, *corrected* 1762) xxiii. 10. *to the heart of the damsel* (for *to her heart*) xxxiv. 3, marg. Bozrah (*for* Bozra) xxxvi. 33. his lord (*for* her lord) xxxix. 16. *be armed* (for *armed*) xli. 40, marg.

PUT *and made* (for *made*) Ex. xiv. 25, marg. made for them (*for* made; 'for them' is in the Hebrew, Greek Septuagint, and Latin Vulgate) xv. 25. So add '*of* silver' to 'shekels,' though omitted in 1611, xxi. 32. *his ceasing* (for *ceasing*) xxi. 19, marg. name (*for* 'names,' which latter is found in 1611, 1638, and as late as 1762) xxiii. 13. -neck (*for* necks) xxiii. 27, marg. curtains (*added in* 1638 *after* eleven) xxvi. 8. Heb. roof (*for* Hebr. the roof and the walls) xxx. 3, marg. spirit (*so* 1638, *against* Spirit, 1611, 1762, *although* 1611 *has* spirit *in the parallel place*, Gen. xli. 38) xxxi. 3. of the Passover (*for* of Passeover; the *inserted* 1762) xxxiv. 25. his boards (*added in* 1638 *before* his bars) xxxv. 11. hand (*for* hands) xxxv. 29. made (1611 *adds* he *after the first* made) xxxvii. 19.

PUT on the fire (*for* in the fire) LEV. i. 8. his inwards (*for* the inwards) i. 9. unleavened cakes (*for* an unleavened cake) ii. 4. ‖in †fellowship... violence (*for* in‖ fellowship...† violence) vi. 2. *Heb. in the day* (for *Heb. the day*) vi. 5, marg. sacrifices (*for* sacrifice) x. 14. *Moloch* (for *Moloc*) xviii. 21, marg. unto you (*added by* 1638 *after* shall be) xix. 34. *So in* chap. xx. 11, surely *is added by* 1638, &c. *before* be put, *as in* ver. 10, 12, 13, 16. *omer* (for *an omer*) xxiii. 10, marg. for the priest (*for* for the priests) xxiii. 20. thy field (*for* the field) xxiii. 22. *separation* (for *separations*) xxv. 5, marg. thy stranger (*for* the stranger) xxv. 6. wall (walls 1611, 1638, 1762) xxv. 31. by me (*after* reformed) xxvi. 23. their iniquity, and (*before* the iniquity) xxvi. 40. It is worth notice how many of the above changes relate to the margin.

Hebrew Proper Names are often corrected in 1638 and the later Bibles, where that of 1611 is inaccurate. Thus Sirah (Siriah, 1611) 2 Sam. iii. 26. Jerubbesheth (Jerubeseth, 1611) 2 Sam. xi. 21. Ammonites (Amorites, 1611) 1 Kings xi. 5. Jehoiakim (Jehoiachin, 1611) 2 Kings xxiv. 19. Hemam (*so* 1762; Heman, 1611, 1616, 1638, *but* Hemah, 1617) 1 Chr. i. 40, marg., and Shepho (Sepho, 1611) *ibid.* as in the parallel place, Gen. xxxvi. 22, 23. Dishan (Dishon, 1611) *ibid.* ver. 42. Izhar (Izahar, 1611) 1 Chr. vi. 2, &c.

We have only space to notice further, that in John xiv. 6, 'and the truth,' which is more close to the Greek, occurs in 1638, 1677, 1756, 1762, but only 'the truth' in 1611, 1616, 1617; Oxford, 1835, 1848; Cambridge, 1858; London, 1859. 'If 'you were to open twenty Bibles now, you would probably find 'one-half of them omit the word "and,"' says Mr. B. Pardon to the Committee on the Queen's Printers' Patent (*Evidence*, p. 38, 1859), without suspecting that 'and' is not found in 1611.

II. The marginal renderings, pointing to different senses or to a more strict interpretation of the original Hebrew or Greek, were first brought into English printed Bibles by Coverdale in 1535.[1]

[1] Expository notes, however, are found in the margin of Tyndal's earliest New Testament of 1525, the poor fragments of which are in the Grenville Library in the British Museum. Five out of the 18 marginal notes in Coverdale's New *Testament* are also explanatory, the rest relating rather to the proper ren-

They are sparingly employed in the Geneva (1557, 1560) and Bishops' (1568, 1572) Bibles, and with much more freedom in Junius's and Tremellius's Latin version (1576), from which books the practice was adopted by our Authorized translators. The influence and authority of Tremellius and Junius have powerfully affected both the text and margin of our standard Bible of 1611. Junius indeed is cited by name six times in the margin of the Apocrypha (2 Esdr. xiii. 2; Tobit ix. 6; xi. 18; xiv. 10; Judith iii. 9; vii. 3);[1] and from these foreign Protestant scholars our present version derives many of its happiest, and some of its worst, peculiarities. If the text or margin (especially the latter) exhibits any feature unusually strange or constrained, we may generally trace it to its origin in the Latin translation of 1576; a fact which the reader may verify, if he please, in Gen. xl. 13, 16, 19, 20, marg.; Ex. xvii. 16, marg.; xxix. 43, marg.; 2 Sam. v. 20, marg.; xxi. 8. There occur no less than 624 marginal renderings in the first three books of the Old Testament, and 724 in the New Testament, from the hand of our translators. Out of the 624 from Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus, no less than 384 are merely closely literal renderings of Hebrew idioms; 45 translate Hebrew Proper names, while 14 (such as Gen. v. 12, Gr. *Maleleel*) give the Septuagint form of such names, a fact of no importance; 172 are real alternative translations,[2] most of them valuable, and not a few preferable to the text itself; the other 9 are of the nature of explanatory annotations, after Tyndal's fashion (*e.g.* Gen. xxxvii. 36, first note; Ex. xvii. 9; xxix. 13).

Besides these marginal notes, due to the translators of 1611, about 131 in the New Testament, and a yet smaller proportion in the Old Testament, have been added by Dr. Paris, the editor of the Cambridge Bible of 1762, and by Dr. Blayney in his Oxford books of 1769; at least we have been able to trace them to no higher source.[3] As they can claim no sort of authority of any

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dering. In the earlier pages of his Bible they are more frequent; those in Gen. i.—iii. are as follows: chap. ii. 12, onix] *Some call it Schoham. Ibid.* 18, to beare him company] *Some reade; To stonde next by him.* iii. 6, to make wyse] *Some reade; Whyle it made wyse. Ibid.* 16, thy lust shall pertayne unto thy huszbande] *Some reade; Thou shalt bowe downe thy self before thy husbande.*

[1] The margin of the Apocrypha also cites *Herodotus* (Judith ii. 7), *Pliny's History* (Benedicite, ver. 23), and *Josephus* ten times in 1 Macc. (after Coverdale's example), four times elsewhere. The *later* margin quotes Josephus also in Gen. xxii. 1, and elsewhere.

[2] In the following places two explanations are given us to choose from: Gen. xxxvii. 36; xli. 43; xlvii. 12; Ex. xvii. 16; xxiii. 5; xxx. 8; Lev. vi. 2, 5; xix. 20, *twice;* xxiii. 10; xxv. 23; xxvi. 1.

[3] We have noted above, in the lists of variations of our modern Bibles from that of 1611, not a few minute changes in the margin, due to the editors of 1638; mostly for the better (Gen. xli. 40; Ex. xxx. 3, p. 10), but not always (Lev. xii. 6, p. 9).

kind, it is only right to enclose in brackets these supplementary renderings, to distinguish them clearly from those of the translators: Pr. Scholefield, in his Cambridge New Testament in Greek and English, is the only editor we remember who has taken this necessary precaution. To Dr. Paris's Bible we appear to owe the long note at the beginning of Job, those on Gen. xxxvi. 39; 2 Chron. xvi. 1, and others of the higher type (*e.g.* Gen. i. 20, *the third*; viii. 21, *the second*; x. 4; xi. 2; xxii. 1, *the former*; xxv. 15; xxvii. 37, *the former*; xxviii. 9; xxxiii. 11; xxxvi. 11, 22, 23, *twice*; 26, 27, 40; xlvi. *often*; Ex. iv. 18; xvii. 15, *part*; Num. i. 14; ii. 14, &c.). Dr. Blayney has got almost exclusive credit for the additional annotations, but those due to him, though perhaps more numerous, seem inferior in merit to the rest; in fact, an unlimited number of such marginal notes might be appended on the same principle. Some of his are Gen. ii. 23, *twice*; iv. 1, 25; v. 29; x. 25; xvii. 5, 15; xix. 22; xxv. 30, *part*; xxxi. 47, *part*; xxxii. 28; xli. 45, *the former*; xlviii. 17; Ex. ii. 18, 22 (*compare* chap. xviii. 3, marg. *in* 1611); vi. 2; the best of them being interpretations of Hebrew Proper names, and some frivolous enough. On the whole, these more recent marginal glosses are distributed very unequally over the Old Testament; there are *none* in Leviticus, 33 in 2 Sam., 26 of them being found in the edition of 1762.

The marginal citations of parallel passages stand also in urgent need of a thorough revision. They are found in our earliest English Bibles (in Coverdale's, 1535, they are quite numerous), and are the more interesting, in that many, if not most of them, are derived from the margin of manuscript copies of the Latin Vulgate, and thus exhibit to us glimpses of the traditional sense of Holy Writ, as understood in the mediæval Church; whose chief doctors, whatever might be their defects in other respects, were consummate masters both of the letter and spirit of Scripture. In our standards of 1611, these marginal references are by no means numerous, and (as we have observed above, pp. 395, 397) are printed with scandalous inaccuracy in both issues of that year. Later editors not only corrected the typographical blunders, but have assumed a right of largely adding to the collection of parallel passages, and indeed take a kind of pride in doing so; although in this, as in so many other cases, numbers tend rather to distract and confuse the reader, than to instruct him.[1] Our

[1] Thus Hewlett (*Commentary*, vol. i. p. *45, 4to. as quoted by Hartwell Horne) has been at the trouble of reckoning that the number of parallel texts in the margin of the Bible of 1611 were only 9,000 (viz. Old Testament, 6,588, Apocrypha, 885, New Testament, 1,527); in J. Hayes's, 1677, 25,895; in Dr. Scattergood's, 1678, 33,145; in Tenison and Lloyd's, 1699, 39,188; in Dr. Blayney's, 1769, 64,983; in *Bp. Wilson's*, 1785, 66,955; of which host only 1,772 occur in the Apocrypha.

modern Bibles, coming from the presses of the Universities and the King's printer, seem to aim at retaining all the parallel texts that are in the edition of Dr. Blayney, with one exception, which we cannot even name without a certain sense of shame as well as regret. The margin of the Authorized Version of 1611 contains many apt references to the Apocrypha in the Old Testament, and a few in the New (*e.g.* Ecclus. xxxv. 9, cited 2 Cor. ix. 7), which are all systematically excluded from many recent copies, without of course one word of warning that such a liberty has been taken. Now we feel bound to denounce such a practice as not only very unfair in itself, but an unworthy concession to a spirit which is not that of the English Church. It was not to serve the polemical prejudices of an extreme party that the privilege of printing English Bibles has been limited to those who enjoy it at present, and who will, we believe, continue to retain it, so long as they are faithful to the trust reposed in their diligence and honour. If any of the texts set down as parallel in the edition of 1611, *and which form an integral part of it*, be erroneous or weak, and inapplicable (there will not, we are persuaded, be found many such), let them by all means be corrected or removed; but the changes we have indicated were evidently made, not for such reasons, or through mere inadvertence, but with a deliberate purpose of doing the work of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We are sorry to be compelled, for the truth's sake, to speak in such terms of those we would fain respect and honour; the fact that the Apocrypha itself is omitted in the editions we refer to is rather an aggravation of the mischief.[1]

Whensoever, then, a critical edition of our Authorized Version shall be undertaken, the marginal references must not be neglected. Their number might be largely reduced, until all that remain shall be indeed illustrative of the text in some important particular; and this excision of extraneous matter may be carried out without scruple, provided that the passages cited in the margin of 1611 be never displaced, unless they be manifestly wrong.

III. On no point has the practice of the translators of our Authorized Version been deemed more open to exception, than in regard to the change of character employed to indicate words which, though implied in the original tongues, are not actually expressed in them, but are inserted in the English translation as necessary to complete the sense. Bishop Turton paid so much attention to this branch of the subject, that his tract (*Text of the*

[1] This censure of the practice of omitting the Apocrypha and all that relates to it must not be understood to apply to those numerous editions of the Bible which, from their lack of marginal renderings, parallel texts, &c., do not *claim* to be a full reproduction of the standard of 1611.

English Bible) has appeared to some a complete exposition of the whole matter; the principles he lays down are reasonable and almost intuitively true, while his exact learning and good sense effectually guarded him against serious faults of detail. Yet after all it was so plainly impossible to discuss, in a short pamphlet of 130 pages, the large question about the *italics* (as from our present use we find it convenient to term them, though in our older Bibles the type in such cases is mostly the small Roman, in contrast to the Old English black-letter of the ordinary text), that he does not pretend to do more than examine some seventy passages in the whole Bible, and that chiefly for the purpose of illustration, or of defence against objectors. It is clear that such a critical edition of our common vernacular translation as shall meet the wants and satisfy the scholarship of the present age, must be grounded on a close and laborious comparison of the sacred originals, line by line, with the English Bible, by way of applying to each several case, as it arises, the general rules which may have been previously laid down. A careful review of our present version has been executed in this spirit by more than one person (we wish to specify the Rev. J. Gorle, Rector of Whatcote), within the last few years, and the results of their independent labours have recently been brought together for mutual comparison and correction, in the hope of applying an effectual remedy to the faults and defects in this respect, as well of the original Bible of 1611, as of the modern reprints. Such a revision of the *italic* character had been attempted in the celebrated Cambridge folio of 1638, which, however, may be said to have introduced almost as many inconsistencies as it remedied. The Cambridge quarto of 1762, and Dr. Blayney's Oxford Bibles of 1769, especially the latter, greatly increased the number of the italicised words, Dr. Blayney's practice in this matter erring in many places rather in excess than in defect. We are not aware of any intentional changes that have been made since his day in the Bibles issuing from the privileged presses.

We find no reason to doubt Dr. Turton's conclusion that a variation of type was first applied to the same purpose as our modern italics in Sebastian Munster's Latin Bible, published in 1534. Five years later this diversity of character was employed in the English Great Bible, to draw the reader's attention to clauses rendered from the Latin Vulgate Scriptures, although wanting in the original Hebrew or Greek original; a conspicuous example of its use occurs in Matt. xxv. 1, 'Then shall the kyng-'dom of heaven be like unto ten virgins, which toke their lampes, 'and went to mete the brydgrome (*and the bryde*);' where the words set in italics within brackets are derived from the Latin Bible, not from any Greek copies known in that age. As the

peculiar readings of the Vulgate came to be less regarded or less familiar in England, subsequent translators applied the smaller type to the purpose for which Sebastian Munster had first designed it, the rather as it had been so employed by Theodore Beza, in his Latin New Testament of 1556. Our English New Testament published at Geneva in 1557, and the Geneva Bible of 1560, thus 'put to that word, which lacking made the sentence obscure, 'but set it in such letters, as may easily be discerned from the 'common text' (*To the Reader*, p. 2, New Testament, 1557). The same expedient was resorted to, somewhat too freely indeed,[1] in that very accurate, though perhaps over-literal translation, the *Bishops' Bible* of 1568, 1572; which certain writers, who dislike both its name and its authors, have very unduly disparaged. From the two preceding versions then held in the best repute, the Geneva and Bishops' Bibles, this use of the smaller type was naturally brought into our own Authorized Version, and forms a distinguishing feature of it, whether for good or ill.

The cases in which the italic character has been employed by the translators of our Authorized Bibles, may probably be brought under the following heads:—

(1) When words quite or nearly necessary to complete the sense of the sacred writers have been introduced into the text from parallel places in Scripture. No less than six such instances occur in the Second Book of Samuel:—

Ch. v. 8. 'And David said on that day, Whosoever getteth up to the gutter, and smiteth the Jebusites, and the lame and the blind, *that are* hated of David's soul, *he shall be chief and captain.*' The last clause is supplied from 1 Chron. xi. 6.

Ch. vi. 6. 'And when they came to Nachon's threshing floor, Uzzah put forth *his hand* to the ark of God'... We borrow *his hand* from 1 Chron. xiii. 9.

Ch. viii. 4. 'And David took from him a thousand *chariots*, and seven hundred horsemen, and twenty thousand footmen.' We derive *chariots* from 1 Chron. xviii. 4.

Ibid. 18. 'And Benaiah the son of Jehoiada *was over* both the Cherethites and the Pelethites.' Here *over* is got from 1 Chron. xviii. 17.

Ch. xxi. 19. '...slew *the brother of* Goliath the Gittite.' In 1 Chron. xx. 5, we read, 'slew Lahmi the brother of Goliath the Gittite.'

Ch. xxiii. 8. 'The same *was* Adino the Eznite: *he lift up his spear* against eight hundred, whom he slew at one time.' The important words in italics occur 1 Chron. xi. 11.

On the other hand, 2 Sam. viii. 6 supplies 'garrisons' to complete the sense of 1 Chron. xviii. 6. Compare also such cases as Num. xx. 26, where *unto his people* is derived from ver.

[1] Thus, in Luke i. 56, we read, 'and [*afterward*] returned to her own house.' But even the first Geneva New Testament had taken too much licence in this way, *e.g.* Mark xiv. 62, 'at the right hand of the myghty *God*;' Eph. ii. 5, '*by whose* grace ye are saved.'

24: so in Judg. ii. 3, *as thorns* is taken from Josh. xxiii. 13. There can be but small doubt that these are mere *various readings;* words lost in the one ancient text, but preserved in the other.

(2) When the extreme conciseness of the Hebrew language produces a form of expression intelligible to those who are well versed in it, but hardly capable of being transformed into a modern tongue. Two of Bishop Turton's examples will illustrate our meaning as well as any other:—

Gen. xiii. 9. 'Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if the right hand, then I will go to the left.'

Ex. xiv. 20. 'And it was a cloud and darkness, and (*or* but) it gave light by night.'

Every one must feel that something is wanting to render these verses perspicuous; the latter, indeed, we should hardly understand without looking well to the context. It seems quite right, therefore, that supplementary words should be inserted in such places, and equally reasonable that they should be indicated by some contrivance which may show that they form no portion of the Hebrew original. Our modern Bibles, therefore, represent the two passages thus:—

'If *thou wilt take* the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if *thou depart* to (rather, *to*) the right hand, then I will go to the left.'

'And it was a cloud and darkness *to them*, but it gave light by night *to these*.'

(3) Just as little objection will probably be urged against the custom of our translators in italicising words in the case where the figure *zeugma* occurs, whereby, in the Hebrew no less than in the Greek and Latin languages, a term which strictly belongs to but one member of a sentence, is (with some violation of exact propriety) made to do duty in another. Thus:—

Gen. iv. 20. 'And Adah bare Jabal: he was the father of such as dwell in tents, and cattle' (*of such as have* supplied before 'cattle').

Ex. iii. 16. 'I have surely visited you, and that which is done to you in Egypt' (*seen* inserted before 'that which is done').

Ibid. xx. 18. 'And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking.' The order of the clauses renders it awkward to supply any verb before 'the lightnings,' which would not so well suit 'the mountain smoking;' the passage therefore is left as it stands: not so, however, the parallel place.

Deut. iv. 12. 'Ye heard the voice of the words, but saw no similitude, only a voice' (*ye heard* supplied after *only*). So again, Luke i. 64. 'And his mouth was opened immediately, and his tongue *loosed*.'

On the same principle, our version usually inserts a word or two to indicate that transition from the *oblique* to the *direct* form of speech, which is so familiar to most ancient tongues, but so foreign to our own:—

Gen. iv. 25. 'And she bare a son, and called his name Seth: For God, *said she*, hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew.'

Ex. xviii. 4. 'And the name of the other *was* Eliezer; for the God of my father, *said he*, *was* mine help.'

Similar instances may be seen in Gen. xxvi. 7; xli. 51; Deut. ii. 13; 2 Sam. ix. 11; xviii. 23; Job xxxii. 17; Jer. iv. 31; vi. 17; xx. 10; Acts i. 4. The inconvenience of the sudden change of person, unbroken by any such ellipsis, may appear in Gen. xxxii. 30, 'And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.' Just as abrupt is the transition in Gen. xli. 52 (compare ver. 51); Mark vi. 9 (Greek).

(4) The last class to which we may refer the italicised words of our Authorized Version, is that wherein the words supplied are essential to the sense of the English, although they may be very well dispensed with in the Hebrew or Greek; nay more, although they could not be received into the original without burdening the sense, or marring all propriety of style. This last head comprises a far greater number of cases than all the rest put together, and it may be reasonably doubted whether much advantage accrues from a change of type where the sense is not influenced to the slightest extent. Whether we say, 'the folk that are with me' (Gen. xxxiii. 15) with the Bible of 1611; or, 'the folk that *are* with me' with that of 1638, can make no difference whatever, except to one who was contrasting English with Hebrew idioms, and he would hardly need to carry on his studies by such means. One thing, however, is quite clear, that if it be well thus to mark the idiomatic or grammatical divergences between the two languages, all possible care should be bestowed to secure uniformity of practice; cases precisely similar should be treated in a similar manner. But this is just the point at which our Authorized Version utterly fails us; we can never be sure of its consistency for two verses together. To take one or two instances at random out of ten thousand, why do we find '*it* be hid' in Lev. v. 3, 4, and 'it be hidden' in ver. 2, the Hebrew being just the same in all? Or why should the same Hebrew be represented by 'upon all foure' in Lev. xi. 20, but by 'upon (or 'on') *all* foure' in ver. 21, 27, 42? These gross oversights, and indeed not a few others, are set right by the revisers of 1638; yet those learned persons, as we have before hinted, brought into the text at least as many inconsistencies as they removed. Thus, for example, whereas 'which were left,' Lev. x. 16, adequately renders the Hebrew article with the participle of the Niphal conjugation, and so in 1611 was printed in ordinary characters, the book of 1638 wrongly italicises *which were* here, but leaves 'that were left' untouched in ver. 12, a dis-

crepancy which still cleaves to our modern Bibles. The same may be said of 'ye are to pass' (*are* first italicised in 1638), Deut. ii. 4, compared with 'thou art to pass' in ver. 18; '*even* unto Azzah' (*even* first in 1638, compare ver. 36, Heb.) in ver. 23 of the same chapter, but 'even unto this day,' ver. 22; 'the slain *man*' (*man* first in 1638), Deut. xxi. 6, but 'the slain man,' ver. 3; '*their* backs' (*their* first in 1638), Josh. vii. 12, but 'their backs,' ver. 8. The reader will find as many instances of this nature as he cares to search for, in any portion of the sacred volume he may please to examine, and from the whole matter it is impossible to draw in the main any other conclusion than what has been already arrived at by that cautious and painstaking inquirer, Bishop Turton, whose expressions, however strong, are too plainly true to be gainsaid:—

'The circumstances under which I am writing compel me to declare, which I do with great reluctance, that as I advanced in my examination of the text of 1611, I became more and more convinced of its extreme incorrectness with regard to italics. In the same Book, in the same Chapter, indeed in the same Verse, may be found the same expression differently printed in respect of typographical character, when the Original required that it should be printed in the same manner. On behalf of the modern Bibles, it may be truly said—without meaning that in various small matters there is no possible room for objection—that in them the principal discrepancies of this kind are removed. After the state of the case has been thus made known, it would be no credit to the Age, or the Country, to revert to a Text so imperfect, in this view, as that of 1611.'[1]—*The Text*, &c. p. 94.

Had this eminent prelate paid as much regard to the defects of our modern Bibles (commencing from that of 1638) in regard to italics, as his *case* forced him to do to the faults of the original standard of 1611, he would have seen that the changes introduced from time to time have been too unsystematic, too much the work of the moment, executed by too many hands, and on too unsettled principles, to hold out against hostile, or even friendly, criticism. We submit to the consideration of scholars the following list of proposed corrections in regard to the italics, as they stand in our modern Bibles (*e.g.* in that of Oxford, small pica 8vo. 1835, or of Cambridge, small pica 8vo. 1858), limiting ourselves for the present to the books of Genesis and Exodus. Those to which the letter G. is annexed have been either suggested or approved by Mr. Gorle, whose acuteness, learning, and patience, those only who have laboured in the same field can duly appreciate:—

GEN. i. 27, in his own image, G. (So 1611, and every edition we know as late as 1762. As the Hebrew has no equivalent to 'own,' it might be deemed right

[1] We may add, if we please, the use of italics to indicate that a passage is of doubtful authenticity; but of this we know but one instance (1 John ii. 23) in 1611. 2 Kings xix. 31, was italicised in 1638; John viii. 6, later than 1762.

to print it in italics, as the modern Bibles do, and as Bishop Turton approves. On examination, however, it appears that although 'own' occurs 150 times in our version, it is never italicised except here in the modern books, and in them and that of 1611 twice in Prov. i. 18. Since we ought to be uniform, we prefer in so small a matter to make three changes rather than so many.) 30, every *thing* (so ch. vi. 17; vii. 8). ii. 6, marg. *a mist* which *went up from*, &c. 11, 13, 14, *is it* (so 1611 in ver. 14 only; '*is* it' elsewhere, and thus 1638 in them all; comp. 2 Sam. xxii. 48). 14, marg. *eastward* to *Assyria*. iv. 7, *shalt thou* not. marg. have *the excellency* (so 1611: 1638 *have* led the moderns wrong). 13, than *I* can bear. The pronoun is often omitted in this usage of the infinitive, but not seldom with some risk of ambiguity. See Ex. xxx. 12, where even 1611 italicised '*thou* numberest' the second time in the verse (as it does the pronouns in ch. vi. 19, 20; Ex. xxx. 15; xxxi. 13); thus evidently admitting the principle, though it overlooked it two lines before. The italics in ch. iii. 6; Ex. xxviii. 28, were inserted in 1638; in Ex. xxxv. 1, after 1762. *Ibid.* marg. is *greater* (so 1611, 1638, 1762; *is* moderns). 14, *this* day. The Hebrew article is perpetually rendered by the demonstrative pronoun, as is the Greek article sometimes,[1] but we have always italicised it in such cases; 1611 indeed has done so occasionally, *e.g.* Gen. xviii. 32, '*this* once;' Ex. ix. 27; xxxiv. 1; Num. xi. 32; Eccles. vi. 12. Although 1638 rejects the italics of 1611 in Gen. xviii. 32, it sometimes uses them when 1611 does not, *e.g.* Gen. xxxi. 43, thrice; xliii. 16, twice; Jer. ix. 26. In 2 Sam. xviii. 32, the modern italics were yet absent in 1762. 26, *to* him. be an *men* (so Ex. x. 5; Lev. vii. 25; compare ch. xxxiii. 13; Lev. xxvii. 9). vi. 4, mighty *men* (so Ex. xii. 33, in 1611; Turton cites from the same 1 Cor. xiv. 21; 1 Tim. v. 24; 2 Tim. iii. 9). 11, 13, filled *with* (so 1611, ch. xliv. 1; Ps. lxxii. 19; thus alter xxi. 19; xxvi. 15; xlii. 25; see the full construction in Ex. xvi. 32, &c.). 14, *in* the ark, G. 19, living *thing* (so ch. viii. 21, Heb. not the same as ch. i. 28). vii. 4, yet seven days, *and* I (contrast Jonah iii. 4) G. 21, *both* of fowl (so 1611, ch. viii. 17). 23, which *was* upon, G. and *they* that *were*, G. ix. 3, *even* as, G. (so ch. x. 9; so even 1611 in xiii. 10). *Ibid.* all *things*. x. 8, mighty *one* (see above, ch. vi. 4). xi. 1, *of* one language, and *of*, G. 3, burn *them*, G. (both text and margin). 30, she had no child, G. (*had* 1611 and moderns, contrary to their ordinary usage, as in ch. xii. 20; xvi. 1, &c.; *passim:* in ver. 6 '*have*' 1611, but 'have' 1638 and moderns, which should have made the same change here. The fact is that the English idiom, 'had no child,' is regarded as *equivalent* to the Hebrew, 'not to her a child.') xiii. 9, depart *to* the right hand. 12, 18, his tent, G. (so 1611. Here, as in ch. xi. 30, and xiv. 10, idiom is equivalent to idiom in the two languages; *his*, 1638). 14, where thou *art*, G. xiv. 2, which *is* Zoar, and ver. 3, which *is* the salt sea, G. (so ver. 7, 'which *is* Kadesh,' in 1638 and moderns). 4, *in* the thirteenth year, G. (the preposition is inserted, ver. 5). 9, *with* Tidal, G. 10, full of, G. (so 1611: the idiom implies no less). 20, blessed *be*, G. (so moderns in ver. 19, and Camb. 1638, 1677, 1762; Oxford, 1756, even here). xv. 6, *for* righteousness, G. 16, *in* the fourth generation, G. xvi. 1, *children*, G. (this passage is examined by Bishop Turton, *The Text*, &c. p. 17. Similar words are italicised by 1611 in ch. v. 3; x. 21; xvii. 17; xliv. 27; Eccles. vi. 3; and the full expression occurs Gen. iii. 16; see also ch. xvi. 2. In xx. 17, 1638 and the moderns have *children*). xvii. 4, 15, *as for* (in ver. 20 the preposition is supplied). 10, 12, 14, man *child* (compare ver. 23) G. 24, *in* the flesh, G. (ver. 25 is somewhat different). xviii. 1, 10, *in* the tent door. 5, after *that*, G. (the fuller form occurs ch. xxiii. 19; xxv. 26, and is rightly

[1] *E.g.* 'this,' Acts ix. 2 (not xviii. 25, 26); Rom. xvi. 22 (*this* 1638); 2 Cor. v. 1 (*this* 1638); 2 Thess. iii. 14; 2 Tim. ii. 4 (*this* 1611); 'that' John i. 21, 25; Acts xvi. 12; xix. 9, 23; xxiv. 22 (*that* 1638); 2 Cor. iii. 17.

printed as 'after that.' This may seem an over-refinement of criticism, nor can we find that the distinction is actually observed in 1611). 13, *a child*, G. (see above, ch. xvi. 1). 17, *that thing* which, G. xix. 7, do not *so* wickedly, G. (so ch. xxxi. 28, in 1611; ch. xl. 7; xliii. 6, in 1638, and moderns). 9, *this* one (article), so ver. 12, *this* place (not vv. 13, 14, where the demonstrative is expressed in Hebrew), ver. 21, *this* city; vv. 37, 38, *this* day. 11, *at* the door (see above, ch. xviii. 1). 19, *some* evil, G. xxi. 5, Abraham *was*, G. 27, gave *them*, G. xxii. 14, *this* day (art.). xxiii. 10, 18, *at* the gate. 13, give *thee*, G. xxiv. 11, 32, *his* camels (article used for possessive pronoun; in such a case '*his* people' is italicised in ch. xxvi. 11 by 1638, 1762, moderns). 11, *women* go out, G. (it is rather bold to italicise *women* here, both in the text and margin, as the gender is implied in the Hebrew participle, but 1638 and the moderns do so in the precisely similar constructions. Lev. xxiv. 10; Matt. xxiv. 41, rather with the approval of Bishop Turton, *The Text*, &c. pp. 27, 107. Compare above, ch. vi. 4). 12, *this* day (art.). 14, come to pass *that*...ver. 43 come to pass *that when*...G. (but ver. 15 came to pass... that, the 'that' being represented by the Hebrew conjunction copulative. This distinction, however nice it may seem, is actually kept up by 1611 in Gen. iv. 14; Ex. xxxiii. 8; Num. xvi. 7; and by 1638 and the moderns, though not by 1611, in Ex. xxxiii. 7; Lev. ix. 1; Num. xvii. 5). 55, after *that* (see above, ch. xviii. 5). 65, had said (so 1611, 1638, 1756; *had*, 1762 and moderns, contrary to their usual custom, as in vv. 1, 66; ch. xii. 1, *passim*). xxv. 30, marg. *with* that *red*, with *that red* pottage. 31, 33, *this* day (not quite the same form as xxiv. 12, &c. but literally 'as the day'). xxvi. 26, *one* of his friends, G. (so 1611 in Ex. ii. 6; vi. 25). xxvii. 5, for venison, G. (as in Prov. vi. 26). 8, *that* which I (so 1638 and moderns in ver. 45; ch. xxviii. 15). 20, *is* it *that* (so 1638 and moderns in Ex. v. 22); *so* quickly (*above*, ch. xix. 7). 31, brought *it*, G. 45, *in* one day, G. xxviii. 11, a *certain* place, G. (so 1638 and moderns in 1 Kings xxii. 34). *that* place (first only). 19, *that* city. xxix. 17, was tender-eyed, G. (*above*, ch. xi. 30). 28, *also*, G. 34, *this* time (so 1611, not 1638, in Ex. ix. 27). xxx. 1, *children*, G. (*above*, ch. xvi. 1). 18, given *me*. 20, endued me with, G. (the full construction is expressed, as in ch. xxvii. 5; Ex. xxv. 11; contrast *above*, ch. vi. 11, 13). 33, *shall be counted*, G. xxxi. 26, taken with, G. (italics needless in this idiom; '*taken* with' of 1611 and the rest cannot be right, but '*taken with*' might be). 36, *so* hotly (so 1611 in ver. 28, *above* ch. xix. 7). 43, 48, *this* day. xxxii. 4, stayed *there*, G. 8, the *other* company, G. 13, that *same* night (so 1611 in ch. v. 29). xxxiii. 11, marg. *all* things. 13, *men* (*above*, ch. iv. 26). xxxv. 20, *this* day. xxxvi. 31, *any* king. xxxvii. 3, 23, 32, of many colours, G. (so 1611, and even moderns in 2 Sam. xiii. 18). 13, Here *am* I, G. (so 1638, Oxf. 1756, and even moderns in 1 Sam. iii. 4). 15, a *certain* man, G. (*above*, ch. xxviii. 11). 47, I heard *them* say, G. 20, *some* evil beast, G. xxxviii. 10, *the thing*. 11, *at* thy father's...*in* her father's, G. (see ch. xl. 3; xli. 10). 15, to be a harlot, G. (so 1611). xxxix. 3, and *that* the Lord, G. 23, *was* with him (so 1611 and all others in ver. 3). xl. 3, *in* the house. 10, *and* the clusters, G. 17, all *manner of*, G. xli. 9, *this* day. 10, *in* the captain..... 12, *to* each man, G. 21, *still* ill-favoured. 34, fifth *part* (so 1638 and moderns in ch. xlvii. 26; compare ch. xlvii. 24). 36, and *that* food. 40, *in* the throne. xlii. 13, 32, *this* day. 19, *for* the famine (so ver. 33 in 1638 and moderns). 24, returned to them *again* (compare ch. xliii. 10, &c.). 25, *with* corn (*above*, ch. vi. 11, 13). 27, one *of them*. 36, and xliii. 14, bereaved of my children (fully implied in the Hebrew, so 1611 here, and all alike in Lev. xxvi. 22; 2 Sam. xvii. 8; Prov. xvii. 12; Jer. xviii. 21, against Hos. xiii. 8). xliii. 15, *to* Egyyt. 21, every man's, G. (so 1611, and all in ch. xliv. 1, 11, 13). 18, *are* we brought in.

19, *at* the door (so 1611, Lev. xiv. 11; xvii. 6, &c.); xliv. 5, *so* doing (*above*, ch. xix. 7). 6, these *same*, G. 9, whom*soever* (so 1611, 1638, 1762). 20, *his* old age, G. 30, *is* bound up (comp. ch. xlix. 29). xlv. 6, *in* the which. 16, fame *thereof*, G. *in* Pharaoh's house. 23, after this manner, G. (literally *as this;* there is no ellipsis). 25, *into* the land. xlvii. 12, *with* bread (so 1 Kings xviii. 4, 13; but compare note on ch. xxx. 20). 22, a portion assigned them (so 1611, fully implied in the Hebrew). 23, *this* day. xlix. 12, *His* eyes...*his* teeth, G. 25, *by* the Almighty, G. *with* blessings. 26, *that was* separate (so 1611, and all in Deut. xxxiii. 16). 29, *am to be* gathered (compare ver. 33, also ch. xliii. 18; xliv. 30).

Exod. i. 5, *out of.* ii. 11, *one* of his brethren, G. (so 1611 in ver. 6; ch. vi. 25: see Gen. xxvi. 26). 14, *this* thing, G. (contrast ver. 15). 16, 19, drew water (so 1611: Heb. expresses all this; not so in the word used Gen. xxiv. 19, 20, &c. Compare Gen. xxiv. 13; 2 Sam. xxiii. 16). iii. 2, was not consumed (1611). iv. 9, *it upon.* 14, is not Aaron (1611, so ver. 11). 19, *into* Egypt (contrast ver. 20, 21). 21, *those* wonders. 23, *if* thou refuse, G. v. 11, find *it*, G. *shall be* diminished. 16, *There is* no. 19, *your* daily (so ver. 13, 1638 and mod.). vi. 3, *by* my name. 8, *concerning* the which, G. *for* an heritage. 26, 27, *These are.* vii. 24, *for* water. 25, after *that* (contrast ch. iii. 20; xi. 8). viii. 4, *both* on thee, &c. 21, marg. of noisome beasts (so 1638, but *of* 1762, mod.). ix. 10, sprinkled it *up* (see ver. 8; comp. ch. xii. 6) G. 16, for this cause (idiom for idiom). 17, that *thou* (infin.). 18, *this* time (comp. ver. 27, *this* in 1611, 1638; not in 1762 and mod.). x. 5, *one* cannot be able (*see* Gen. iv. 26; impersonal verb). 7, this *man* (necessary, though for 'this *thing*' the Hebrew pronoun would more likely be fem.). 17, *this* once (so 1611 in Gen. xviii. 32). xi. 5, *even* unto. 8, marg. *that* is *at thy* feet (so 1611, but *is* 1638, 1762, mod.). xii. 6, keep it *up* (see ver. 25; comp. ch. ix. 10). 9, roast with fire, G. (state of construction). 16, *manner of*, G. (so correct ch. xxxi. 3, 5; xxxv. 29, 31, 33, 35; xxxvi. 1, &c. *passim*). 17, the *feast of* (so 1611, *the* 1638, mod.). 39, *any* victual, G. (so Oxford 1756 here, and 1638 mod. in ch. xxi. 23). 41, *that* all the hosts (so ver. 51 in 1638, mod.; *see* Gen. xxiv. 14). 46, *ought* of the flesh, G. (so Oxford 1756). xiii. 3, *in* which ye. 4, *This* day. 13, redeem *it*, G. xiv. 28, and all the host, G. 21, *that* night. 31, *that* great work. xv. [13, 'the people *which*' seems correct; the Hebrew pronoun is demonstrative, not relative]. 26, *these* diseases. xvi. 12, filled *with* bread (the verb is not the same as in Gen. vi. 11, 13; it has one preposition expressed, Prov. i. 31; xiv. 14; xviii. 20 (*first*); Eccles. vi. 3; Ezek. xxxii. 4; and another, Lam. iii. 15, 30; but has no preposition here, or in Job ix. 18; Ps. civ. 28; cxxiii. 3, 4 (*twice*); cxlvii. 14; Prov. v. 10; xviii. 20 (*second*); xxv. 16; xxx. 22; Ezek. xxxix. 20; Hab. ii. 16). xvii. 10, *to* the top. 16, *to* generation. xviii. 2, sent her *back* (Heb. not as 2 Chr. xxv. 13). 5, *at* the mount. 18, *this* thing. 20, *wherein* (*sic*). xx. 4. *any* graven image, G. (so 1638 and moderns in Deut. v. 8). 25, *of* hewn stone (*so even* 1611 *has* with *in the margin*). xxi. 3, *were* married, G. 8, marg. be *evil* (so Num. xxii. 34). 22, as the judges determine, G. (fully implied by the Hebrew preposition before 'judges'). 29, *were* wont to push. 30, *for* the ransom (so 1611 ch. xxii. 13, *for* witness). 32, *of* silver ('of silver' rightly added to the text in 1638, *above* p. 402). 36, *if* ... *hath* used (compare ver. 29). xxii. 9, lost *thing* (so 1611 in ver. 15). 29, *the first of* thy ripe fruits and *of* ... xxiii. 3, a poor *man* (see Gen. vi. 4); so ch. xxxvi. 4, 8, &c. 19, *into* the house (contrast ver. 20, 23). xxiv. 3, *with* one voice. 5, *of* oxen. xxv. 10, 13, of shittim wood (so 1611). Here 'of' is used to express the material whereof a thing is made, and both the standard of 1611 and the editions of 1638 and its successors vary much throughout the remainder of Exodus and elsewhere as to italicising 'of.'

The rule plainly ought to be that where the word preceding 'of' is in the state of construction in Hebrew (which is equivalent to the genitive case of the classical languages, only that the former of two nouns has its termination or vowel points or both changed in Hebrew, while the second noun is changed in Greek and Latin), then that 'of' is virtually expressed, and should be printed in the ordinary character: whereas if the termination or vowel points of the former noun be unchanged in Hebrew, it must be regarded as in apposition with the second, and 'of' should be put in italics. Numerous examples of both constructions may be seen in this book, used almost indifferently, as 'bars *of* shittim wood,' ch. xxvi. 26, but 'bars of shittim wood,' ch. xxxvi. 31. On this principle we make many of the following alterations :—

xxv. 11, 24, crown *of* gold (it would not be so in ver. 25, because the two nouns are connected by Makkaph). 19, marg. *of* the matter of *the mercy seat.* 31, candlestick of pure gold (so Zech. iv. 2: contrast ch. xxxvii. 17, where 1638 and moderns rightly give '*of*'). 40, marg. *which thou* wast *caused to see.* xxvi. 1, 31, and xxxvi. 8, 35, *of* cunning work (so '*with* cunning work' ch. xxxix. 3, '*of* cunning work' ch. xxxix. 8, in 1638 and moderns). 2, *and* every one, G. 8, *and* the eleven, G. 14, of badgers' (but '*of* rams,'), so ch. xxxvi. 19, exactly. 31, *with* cherubims (so 1638 and moderns in ver. 1, ch. xxxvi. 35). 37, pillars of shittim *wood* (as all in ver. 32). xxvii. 6, of shittim wood (*see note on* ch. xxv. 10, 13, *throughout the rest of Exodus*). 14, of *one* side (so ch. xxxviii. 14). 17, filleted *with* silver (so ch. xxxviii. 17). xxviii. 6, *with* cunning work, G. (so Oxford 1756 and 1638 and moderns in ch. xxxix. 3: *see* ver. 15, ch. xxvi. 1). 7, *thereof* joined. 10, the *other*, G. (contrast ver. 25). 11, *With* the work. *in* ouches *of* (so ch. xxxix. 6, 13). 15, *with* cunning work (*see* ver. 6). 24, *of* gold (so ch. xxxix. 17). 27, *the other* (so 1611; the *other* 1638 and moderns). 31, all of blue (so 1611; *of* 1638 and moderns; thus also ver. 33). 32, *that* it be not rent (so ch. xxxix. 23). 33, pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet (so ch. xxxix. 24). 38, holy *things* (as ch. xxvi. 33, 34, 'holy *place*' even in 1611, *see* ch. xxxv. 2). 42, *their* nakedness, G. and marg. 'their *nakedness.*' xxix. 20, the *right* ear of Aaron, G. (so Oxford 1756). 27, which *is* for his sons (so 1611, 1638, 1762 against moderns). 33, those *things* (so ver. 35 in 1638, and moderns). 34, if *ought* of, G. (so Oxford 1756). 40, fourth *part* (the second, as in ch. xvi. 36 in 1638 and moderns; but not the first, the Hebrew form being there the same as in Num. xxiii. 10; 1 Sam. ix. 8; 2 Kings vi. 25). 41, *and* shalt do, G. xxx. 3, crown *of* gold. 12, when *thou* numberest (the first; the second in the verse is so printed even in 1611; *see note on* Gen. iv. 13). 20, *with* water (contrast Lev. i. 9, 13). 25, 35, *after* the art (*see* ch. xxxvii. 29). xxxi. 3, and xxxv. 31, 35, filled *with* (*see note on* Gen. vi. 11, 13). 3, 5, *manner of* (*see note on* ch. xii. 16). 14, *every* one. xxxii. 12, *this* evil. 21, *so* great, G. 24, *any* gold, G. (so Oxford 1756). 29, *this* day. xxxiv. 7, and *that* will, G. 11, *this* day. 19, *that* is male, G. (*that is male*, 1611 and its successors, but though the construction be obscure, 'to be male' is clearly implied in the Hebrew). 22, *at* the year's. xxxv. 2, a holy *day* (so 'holy *place*,' 1611 in ver. 19, see ch. xxviii. 38). 34, that *he* may teach (inf.). 29, 31, 33, 35; xxxvi. 1, *manner of* (*see* ch. xii. 16). xxxvi. 4, wise *men*, and ver. 8 wise hearted *men* (contrast ver. 1, 2; so Prov. ix. 8); *see note on* Gen. vi. 4. 7, stuff *they had.* 8, *of* the tabernacle. 18, of brass (so 1611). that *it* might be (*inf.* so ch. xxxix. 21). 19, of badgers' (so ch. xxvi. 14). 26, 30, *of* silver (so ch. xxvi. 21 in 1638). 36, pillars of shittim *wood* (so ch. xxvi. 32 in 1638 and moderns). 37, *of* needlework (as ch. xxviii. 39; xxxix. 29 in 1638 and moderns). xxxvii. 2, 11, 26, crown *of* gold (contrast the Makkaph in ver. 12). 4, staves of shittim wood (so 1611). 16, *his* covers (contrast ch. xxv. 29). 24, talent *of* pure gold (not the state of

construction as in ch. xxv. 39). 29, *according to* the work (*see* ch. xxx. 25, 35). xxxviii. 7, *the altar* hollow. 11, sockets *of* brass (so ch. xxvii. 11 in 1638 and moderns). 14, of the *one* side (so ch. xxvii. 14). 17, filleted *with* silver (so ch. xxvii. 17). xxxix. 6, 13, *in* ouches *of* gold (so ch. xxviii. 11). 6, *as* signets (so 1611 in ver. 30, *like to*; ch. xxviii. 11, *like*; and modern editions in ver. 14). 10, *this was* the first row (as ch. xxviii. 17 in 1638 and moderns). 17, 18, wreathen *chains* (so 1611 in ch. xxviii. 24, 25). 17, *of* gold (so ch. xxviii. 24). 21, that *it* might be (so ch. xxxvi. 18, and 1638 and moderns in ch. xxviii. 28). 22, all of blue (*see* ch. xxviii. 31). 23, *that* it should not rend (*so* ch. xxviii. 32). 24, pomegranates of blue (so ch. xxviii. 33). 25, bells of pure gold (so all our Bibles in ch. xxviii. 33). 43, *even* so had. xl. 28, the hanging at the door (so 1611, 1638, 1762, and 'at' ver. 8; 'of' ver. 5, 33; 'for' ch. xxxv. 17; the preceding noun being in the state of construction. In ch. xxvi. 36, where the Hebrew noun for 'hanging' is unchanged, a preposition is inserted after it in the Hebrew).

Note. In not a few places the italics falsely or dubiously used in 1611 have been withdrawn in later Bibles: *e.g.* Ex. xxxii. 29, *even* every man ('even' 1638 and moderns): xl. 7, there*in* ('therein' 1638, moderns).

The reader will perhaps be able to judge, from this specimen, the character of the investigations which must be so minutely and carefully made, if the italics in our version are to be amended on system, instead of remaining, as they now stand, a mere heap of discrepant details. Whether it be the proper office of a version to aim at exhibiting the exact phraseology of the original is an open question, which we will not now discuss; none will deny that if the attempt is to be made, it should be carried out consistently and on a uniform plan; and some may be inclined to think that those who spend their time in thus weighing the very words and syllables of Holy Writ are worthily occupied in their humble vocation, and merit the goodwill and sympathy of the Christian student. At the same time we will confess that the whole subject of italics, their insertion or omission as the case may be, is pretty unintelligible to readers who know little or nothing of any language except their own, and we are much disposed to acquiesce in the suggestion of one of the shrewdest witnesses before the Parliamentary Committee on the renewal of the Queen's printers' Patent,[1] when he advised that editions of

[1] Charles Knight, the eminent publisher. 'It appears to me,' he says, . . . 'that the italics in the text, which are very useful, of course, to a biblical scholar, to indicate that a preposition or a pronoun is supplied which is not in the original, are extremely embarrassing to unlearned readers. Surely to a schoolboy, or one who reads his Bible without any explanation of what is the meaning of the italics, it must be a little embarrassing to find a great many words so distinguished. I just open at the 2d chapter of Genesis, the 18th verse. "And the Lord said, *It is* not good;" *It is* is in italics, which of course means that those particles are not found in the original. We should not read the passage . . . laying an emphasis on *it is*, but we should lay the emphasis according to the sense; and that principle runs through the whole book [a rather humorous reason for a valuable suggestion]. I am not saying that for the better editions that principle [of inserting the italics] should not be observed, but I think for school editions it might be deviated from with considerable advantage. My

the sacred volume that are designed for the use of the ignorant or of children, should not be encumbered by those differences in the type, which may well confuse a simple mind; and we do so without much fearing the censure launched forth by the Wesleyan oracle, Dr. Adam Clarke, that thus we 'make God to speak what He never did speak' (*Minutes of Evidence before Select Committee*, 1860, p. 76). We seem indeed to have admitted the principle of making changes for the sake of simplification, when we permit the bare text of the Bible to be issued for general use without the marginal notes, the parallel references, the *Preface*, and very recently the *Dedication* also, all which form portions of the volume of 1611. One thing is certain, that the corrections which must be applied to render the system of italics consistent and homogeneous, cannot fail to increase somewhat the quantity of italic type employed in our Bibles, inasmuch as the words needlessly thus printed by Dr. Blayney and others are much fewer than those in which, for the sake of analogy, the italic character must now take the place of the Roman.

The reader will have noticed that none of our examples in regard to italics have been taken from the Apocrypha. We have seen above (p. 403, and note 1) that our version of that series of books differs in some particulars from that of the Canonical Scriptures as respects the marginal notes; the divergency of its practice in the matter of italics is much wider: it would seem indeed that the second Cambridge company of translators, to whom the revision of the Apocrypha was assigned, took no sort of pains to assimilate their portion of the work to that executed by the other Committees.[1] Italics occur only in 54 places throughout the whole volume in the standard of 1611, five times apparently to indicate variety of reading (Tobit x. 5; Wisd. vi. 9; Ecclus. iii. 22; xl. 4; xlv. 4; *see above*, p. 410 note); twice to denote the transition from the oblique to the direct form (Jud. v. 23; Ecclus. ii. 18, *see above*, p. 408); about eight times to supply mere grammatical defects (*e.g.* Tob. viii. 10; Wisd. vii. 12, 13); but chiefly by way of explanation or comment, after a fashion not found in other parts of our version, and with a degree of boldness far from commendable (Wisd. ii. 1; x. 10; xiv. 12;

observation only applies to the very commonest editions of the Bible, which are likely to get into the hands of young people and persons who are not aware what that variation means.'—*Minutes of Evidence before Select Committee*, 1860, p. 5.

1 John Selden, who was twenty-seven years old in 1611, and must have had means of information not open to us, ascribes the Apocrypha to Andrew Downes, Fellow of S. John's, Regius Professor of Greek, 1585—1625; adding that 'then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues or French [*Olivetan*, 1535?], Spanish [*Pinel*, 1553, or *De Reyna*, 1569?], Italian [*Diodati*, 1607, or *Bruccioli*, 1532?], &c.; if they found any fault, they spoke; if not, he read on.'—*Table Talk*, *Bible*, p. 6. No one need look for much accuracy as the result of such a process.

xvi. 10; xix. 14). After Ecclus. xlv. 4, however, italics (or the small Roman type corresponding to them and contrasted with the Old English black-letter) occur nowhere except in 1 Macc. v. 65 ('*townes*,' rightly printed in common type by 1638 and the modern Bibles); 2 Macc. iv. 21; v. 6 (also in common type in 1638 and the moderns): the room of italics being henceforth supplied by enclosing the words within brackets [ ], or sometimes ( ), which are hardly distinguishable from the parenthesis in punctuation. A large portion of the words thus bracketed (we count only 113 places in all) are put in italics by the editors of 1638 and their successors, though a few yet survive in our present Bibles (*e.g.* 2 Esdr. iii. 22; Wisd. xii. 27; xvii. 2, 3, 4; Ecclus. vi. 1, 2; viii. 11; xi. 30; xii. 5; xiv. 10), and in their character precisely resemble those printed in what may be termed the proper italics: some referring to various readings of the original Greek or Latin Vulgate (Ecclus i. 7; xvii. 5; xliv. 22; 1 Macc. iii. 53, 60; vii. 37, 41); a few pointing to the figure *zeugma* (1 Macc. vii. 17; x. 20, 24; 2 Macc. xi. 14; *see above*, p. 408), or the transition in the form of speech (1 Macc. i. 50; xvi. 21); a few others to grammar; most forming a sort of running commentary, such as we noticed just now: a Proper Name in one place being actually brought into the text from Josephus (1 Macc. ix. 35). The Bible of 1638 introduced 96 fresh instances of italics, and ten have been since added, most of them of the ordinary sort and some rather frivolous, while others are of higher value, whether for the reading (Tob. xi. 15; Ecclus. iii. 22; 1 Macc. ii. 10; iii. 18; x. 78; xi. 15 *twice;* xiv. 4), for the construction (*e.g.* 1 Esdr. i. 4; 2 Macc. vi. 24), or for correcting errors of 1611 (Ecclus. iii. 22; xxix. 17). Thus the italics amount to but 273 in all.

It will be easily seen from the foregoing statement, that a revision of the italics in our translation of the Apocrypha, if it is to be undertaken at all, must be commenced *de novo;* very little help will be supplied by the text, whether as it appeared in 1611, or as it has been modified since that date.

IV. The practice of our English Bibles with respect to placing the indefinite article *a* or *an* before a word beginning with *h* next calls for consideration. It would seem indeed as if *a* were but an abridged form of *an*, the *n* being dropped first before an initial consonant proper, and only subsequently, and under certain limitations, before *h* aspirated. Thus Chaucer's use, *an halle, an hare, an heth*, is uniform, so far as we have noticed; a fashion which seems to have kept its place far into the sixteenth century. Thus in the earliest English draft of the Litany, contained in the King's Primer of 1545, we read '*an heart to love and dread thee*,' as it still remains in our Service-books, whence it has passed into a very recent Occasional Prayer.

What is described as *a hot iron* in our Bible of 1611, is *an hott yeron* in Tyndal's earliest New Testament (1526), *an hote yron* in his later edition (1534), in the Great Bible (1539), and the Geneva New Testament (1557). In Coverdale's Bible, however, of 1535, we meet with *a harpe*, 1 Sam. x. 5; *a hert*, Ecclus. xvii. 6, though such instances are very rare.[1]

After this brief explanation we shall the better understand what Dean Alford has to say on this matter in his genial, rambling, clever *Plea for the Queen's English*.

'What is our rule—or have we any—respecting the use of *a* or *an* before words beginning with an aspirated *h*? The rule commonly given is this: that when the accent on the word thus beginning is on the first syllable, we must use *a*; when it is on the second or any following syllable, we may use *an*. This is reasonable enough, because the first syllable, by losing its accent, also loses some portion of the strength of its aspiration. We cannot aspirate with the same strength the first syllables of the words *history* and *historian*, and in consequence, we commonly say *a history*; but *an historian*.[2]

'Still, though this may define our modern practice, it is rather a reasonable description of it, than a rule recognised by our best writers. They do not scruple to use *an* before aspirated vowels, even when the accent falls on the first syllable. In the course of an examination through the letter *h* in the Concordance, verified by the text in all passages which seemed doubtful, I have found very few instances in the English version of the Bible of the article *a* used before a word beginning with *h*. We have *an half, an hammer, an hand, an high hand, an handmaid, an harp, an haven, an head, an heap, an heart, an hedge, an helmet, an help, an herdsman, an heretic, an heritage, an hill, an high hill, an hissing, an holy day, an holy man, an holy angel, an horn, an horrible thing* (I may mention that Cruden has cited *a horrible* in every instance, but that in every instance it stands *an*, both in the edition of 1611, and in our present Bibles), *an horse, an host, an house, an hundred, an husband, an hymn, an hypocrite*. The only exceptions which I have found are *a hill*, Josh. xxiv. 33; *a holy solemnity*, Isai. xxx. 29.'—Pp. 43, 44.

It is very hard on poor honest Alexander the Corrector, our general benefactor, that the venial blemishes of his marvellous *Concordance* should bring on him the censure of a writer whose strong point has never been thought to be severe accuracy; and that too in a sentence in which he has himself fallen into almost as many errors as his list contains words. We fear it is vain to hope that Dean Alford may yet learn to write deliberately or search diligently, but we will at any rate lend him a helping hand in this direction by submitting to him, as a kind of literary curiosity, the following exceptions to his statements, 'both in

[1] The reader will of course be unable to depend on reprints for such niceties as these, unless they profess to be fac-similes of the original works. Thus the Aldine edition of Lord Surrey's poems (1831) has *an heir*, but *a hill, a heap, a hundred*, just like a modern book. The original editions of the *Homilies* (1547, 1549) constantly exhibit *an homily*, and even *an whore* (so *an whole*, Num. x. 2, in 1611), but all this has disappeared from our present reprints.

[2] The Dean's rule would thus enable us to retain *an habergeon*, Ex. xxviii. 32; xxxix. 23, as in 1611.

the edition of 1611 and in our present Bibles,' understanding by the latter the Oxford Bible of 1835, small pica 8vo. We refrain from travelling out of his own list.

Although *an* is used before each of these words, as Dean Alford states, we find also:—*a half*, Ex. xxv. 10, *ter.* (*an halfe* 1611 *secundo loco*); 17, 23; xxxvi. 21; xxxvii. 1 *ter.* 10; 2 Esd. xiii. 45; probably more: *a hammer*, Jer. xxiii. 29 (it only occurs again *an hammer*, Judg. iv. 21): *a hand*, Ex. xix. 13 (in 1611, but *an* moderns from 1638 downwards): *a high wall*, Isai. xxx. 13: *a highway*, Isai. xix. 23; xl. 3: *a handmaid*, Gen. xxix. 24 (in 1611, but *an* moderns since 1638): *a harp*, 1 Sam. x. 5; 1 Chr. xxv. 3: *a haven*, 2 Esdr. xii. 42: *a head*, Judith xiv. 18: *a heap*, Isai. xvii. 11: *a heart*, 1 Chr. xii. 33 marg. *bis*; Ecclus. xiii. 26; xvii. 6; xxii. 17: *a help*, Ecclus. xxxiv. 16 (in 1611, 1638; but *an* in 1762 and moderns); xxxvi. 24 (so *a helper*, Ps. xxii. 11, marg.): *a hill*, Isai. xxx. 17 (in 1611, but *an* in 1638 and moderns): *a holy thing*, Lev. xxvii. 23: *a holy law*, Wisd. xviii. 9: *a horse*, 2 Macc. iii. 25 (in 1611, so *a horseman*, 2 Macc. xii. 35): *a house*, Ex. xii. 30 (*an* in ver. 3); Lev. xiv. 34, 55 (*an* ver. 55, 1611); 2 Sam. xx. 3 marg. (so 1611, 1638; *an* 1762 and moderns): *a hundred*, Isai. xxxvii. 36, and in the Bible of 1611, Ex. xxxviii. 9; Judg. xx. 10 (once, *an* once); 1 Kings vii. 2 (so 1638); Ecclus. xli. 4; but *an hundred* full 150 times:[1] *a husband*, Ruth i. 12 (1611 and 1638 once, *an* once); Ecclus. iv. 10 (1611). Of the rest on Dean Alford's list, *an herdman* (sic), *an heretic*, occur but once; the usage for *an hedge, an helmet, an horn, an horrible, an host*, is invariable; *an heritage* may be an example of the mute *h*, since our Bible always exhibits *an heir, an hour, an honour*, &c.

From the foregoing statements (which might be largely added to by instancing other words, but only to the same effect) the inference seems direct enough;—that our modern Bibles should be rendered uniform in this particular, as at present they certainly are not; and that the change should be made in the opposite direction to that attempted (though not consistently acted upon) by the revisers of the Bibles of 1638, 1762, and others yet later: viz. *a* should take the place of *an* in the great majority of (not in all) those cases wherein, by using *a*, our translators show that *h* in their age was regarded as a true aspirate. We have only to add that *such a one* is justly preferred by 1611 to *such an one*, which it employs but once, Job xiv. 3.[2] The initial *o* in this case partakes of the sound of the semi-consonant *w*.

Archbishop Trench, in his valuable and suggestive treatise *On the Authorized English Version of the New Testament* (2d Edition, 1859), has noticed the tendency of the later printers to make

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[1] So even Burke (*Works*, vol. iv. p. 261), *by an hundred a day*.

[2] Here again we must guard against Dean Alford's loose statements. 'In my examination of the usage of our translators of the Bible, a curious circumstance has come to light. They uniformly used "such a one," the expression occurring about thirteen times. In the New Testament, the printers have altered it throughout to "such an one:" in the Old Testament they have as uniformly left it as it was' (*Queen's English*, p. 45). Very curious this, were it but true. We find, however, in our modern Bibles *such a one*, Gen. xli. 38; Ruth iv. 1; 2 Cor. ii. 7; but *such an one* in Job xiv. 3 with 1611, and in spite of 1611 in Ps. l. 21; lxviii. 21; 1 Cor. v. 5, 11; 2 Cor. x. 11; xii. 2, 5; Gal. vi. 1; Philem. 9.

silent changes, and that on no fixed principle that we can discern, in words which may have seemed to them to have grown obsolete. For such a liberty no valid excuse can well be urged; and it is a positive wrong to a copious and flexible language like our own thus to extirpate modifications of speech, which often differ from those in more general use by some fine shades of meaning which can be more readily felt than expressed. Thus, *ought*, as he reminds us, has been corrupted into *owed*, Matt. xviii. 24, 28; *flixe* into *flux*, Acts xxviii. 8; *fet* into *fetched*, *ibid.* ver. 13, but not much before 1762, so far as we can trace.[1] Hence, a critical editor would be careful to restore the more ancient and approved forms, especially those which tend to throw any light on the history or grammar of our native tongue. *Ye*, for example, is the almost invariable nominative of the second person, pronoun plural in our present Bibles (*get you*, however, in Gen. xix. 14; xxxiv. 10); while in that of 1611, *you* is found thirteen times in Genesis, nineteen in Exodus, four in Leviticus. The preterite of the verb *to lift* is both *lifted* and *lift* (Gen. xiv. 22; xviii. 2) in the latest Bibles, yet, though they acknowledge and retain each form, they capriciously alter *lift* into *lifted* nine times in Genesis alone. Akin to this is *shall rent*, Lev. xxi. 10 (1611). So again in 1611, the preterite of *to steal* is *stole*, Eph. iv. 28; *stale*, Gen. xxxi. 20; 2 Kings xi. 2; but always *stole* in our present books. Thus, too, we ought to retain *sprang*, Gen. xli. 6, but *sprung*, *ibid.* ver. 23; *stunke*, Ex. vii. 21, but *stanke*, Ex. viii. 14; *stript*, Ex. xxxiii. 6 (as *dipt*, Lev. ix. 9, but *dipped*, Gen. xxxvii. 31), which even the moderns admit in Gen. xxxvii. 23, though they put *stripped* elsewhere. The elasticity of our old language in this respect may be seen from Gen. xliii. 34, where, in the text, the book of 1611 reads, *and they drunke, and* † *were merry with him*, while the margin runs, † *Heb. they dranke largely*; the form *drunke* (a perfectly correct one) was removed as early as 1638. Yet more interesting and important is it to maintain the original grammatical constructions of our Authorized Version. Archbishop Trench observes (*Auth. Vers.* p. 58), that, at the date at which our version was made, *his* was the proper possessive pronoun, neuter as well as masculine, and is so used perpetually throughout the Bible of 1611, *its* (the genitive of *it*) having only just made its appearance, timidly and rarely, in the language. It is therefore unfortunate that in Lev. xxv. 5, *of his owne accord* of 1611, which was retained up to 1638, was subsequently turned into *its own*. Similar changes have been made, and very injudiciously, from a desire

[1] The worse, because wilful and ignorant, corruption of 1762 and the moderns, *shamefacedness* for *shamefastnesse* (Trench, *On Words*, p. 88, *note*), 1 Tim. ii. 9, was introduced after 1638. Coverdale has *unshamefast*, Ecclus. xxiii. 6.

to suppress some racy idiomatic expression which our editors may have deemed incorrect, such as 'no maner fat,' Lev. vii. 23; 'all maner plague,' *ibid.* xiv. 54; perhaps, also, 'king manner,' Esth. i. 13 (1611, *first issue*). We scarcely know whether we should add such cases as Gen. xxxi. 1, 'of that which was of our father's,' where the second 'of' was removed in 1616, 1617, 1638: 'a sojourner of the priests' occurs, Lev. xxii. 10, in 1611. The undoubted irregularity of affixing *s* to the Hebrew plural in *-im* (*e.g. cherubims* for *cherubim*, Gen. iii. 24; Ex. xxv. 18; xxvi. 1, &c.), no subsequent edition has attempted to set right throughout the Bible; there is therefore the less need of putting 'Philistines' (from Gen. xxi. 34) with 1638 and all its successors, in the room of 'Philistims' in Gen. xxvi. 1, 8, 14, 15, 18.

The orthography of our old English writers is so variable and capricious, that it is hard to imagine that they followed any consistent rules; they were doubtless often prompted by the mere accident of the moment, the sound being their only and most untrustworthy guide. Hence we need not wonder that in the same verse, almost in the same line, the same word is spelt in quite different ways. We saw *huszbande* in the text, *husbande* in the margin, of Coverdale, Gen. iii. 16 (*above*, p. 403, *note*), and the same strange phenomenon is familiar to every one who has at all studied the original editions of our Authorized translation. Thus, we have both *sprinckled* and *sprinkled* in Lev. vi. 27 (1611, *first issue*); *hundred*, Judg. viii. 10 *text*, but *hundreth* (not *hundredth*, the ordinal, which occurs Gen. viii. 13, &c. in 1611)[1] *margin*; *yallous* and *gellous*, Esther v. 14 (1611, *first issue*); *son* and *sonne*, 1 Macc. ii. 1; *kall*, Lev. viii. 16, but *caule*, ver. 25; *plaistered*, Lev. xiv. 42, 43, but *plastered*, ver. 48; *bath*, Lev. xv. 5, 6, 10, 18, 22, but *bathe*, ver. 7, 8, 11, 13, 21, 27; and so on in a thousand instances. It was but by slow degrees that these irregularities were eliminated from our Bibles, and some one of the several modes of spelling employed in the standard edition was chosen, to the exclusion of the rest. Occasionally, though wrongly, a form is preferred for which there is no authority, *e.g.* in Ex. ix. 32; Isai. xxviii. 25; *rye*, in 1611, is transformed into *rie* in 1638 and the moderns.[2] Not but that some discrepancies may even now be detected in not very distant parts of the same edition. Thus, *ankle* (the usual modern form) is found in 1611

[1] Yet *hundreth*, Gen. vii. 11, *eight*, Lev. xiv. 10, 23, &c. of the first issue of 1611 must be ordinal.

[2] It would have been as well, too, if our modern Bibles spelt *judgement*. We observe *judgment* only in Gen. xxx. 21, marg. 1611, *first issue*. Such a form as *ribband* (Num. xv. 38), which occurs only once, must, we fear, be retained, even though it suggests a false etymology.

only in Ps. xviii. 36, marg., but *ancle* in the four other places; the moderns put *ancle* there, but *ankle* in 2 Sam. xxii. 37, marg. leaving *ancle* in Ezek. xlvii. 3, text and marg.; Acts iii. 7: 1638 has *ankle* in all, except Acts iii. 7. So again, from 1611 downwards we have *Oh my Lord*, Gen xliv. 18, though the same Hebrew is better rendered by *O*, Gen. xliii. 20; Ex. iv. 10, 13; the interjection proper *Oh* representing other Hebrew words in Gen. xviii. 30, 32; xix. 18, 20; Ex. xxxii. 31, and in Job xi. 5. The modern Bibles, following that of 1638, rightly spell *mortar* in Num. xi. 8; Prov. xxvii. 22, though in 1611 it is confounded with *morter* (Gen. xi. 3, &c.), to which it bears only an accidental resemblance. On the other hand, *travaile* (*i.e. weariness*) of 1611, in Ex. xviii. 8; Numb. xx. 14, is changed into *travel* in 1638, 1762; while the moderns have only corrected their error in the former place, and still read *travel* in Num. xx. 14. Again, there are forms which our modern books, after the translators' example, have partially retained, with which we should be sorry to dispense, inasmuch as their presence tends to lend richness and variety to the style. Such are *astonied*, Ezra ix. 3; Job xvii. 8; xviii. 20; Isai. lii. 14 (1611); Jer. xiv. 9; Ezek. iv. 17; Dan. iii. 24; iv. 19; v. 9; but *astonished* in forty-one other passages: so *stablished*, Lev. xxv. 30. *Toward* and *towards*, *among* and *amongst*, *beside* and *besides*, are alternative forms recognised by our recent Bibles: yet, while they are all acknowledged in some cases, *towards* of 1611 is most needlessly altered into *toward* five times in the first three books of the Pentateuch, as is *amongst* into *among* twenty-three times, *besides* into *beside* thrice. In Gen. xi. 3, also, *thoroughly* (*thorowly*, 1611) is preferable to *throughly* of 1638 and its recent followers, although it is true that *throughly* of 1611, 1638, Ex. xxi. 19, is rightly corrected into *thoroughly* in 1762, &c., and *thorow* is used by 1611 in Ex. xix. 13, 21, as synonymous with *through*, Ex. xxi. 6. We could have wished, also, to retain such ancient modifications as *moe* (1611, 1638), Ex. i. 9; Lev. xxvi. 21; and *grinne* or *grin* (1611, 1638, and even Cruden), Job xviii. 9; Ps. cxl. 5; cxli. 9, for *ginne* (Job xl. 24, marg.; Isai. viii. 14; Amos iii. 5); and *oweth* (so 1611, 1638, but *owneth* 1762, *own* being but the past participle of *owe*), Lev. xiv. 35; Acts xxi. 11. By *middest* (1611), Lev. xvi. 16; Num. v. 3; Acts iv. 7, &c., the superlative form is better indicated than by *midst* or *mids* (Ex. xiv. 16, 1611): while *twined* for *twinned* (that is, *coupled like twins*), Ex. xxvi. 24, marg.; xxxvi. 29, marg. in Camb. 1762, Oxford, 1835, following a mere misprint of the *first* issue of 1611 and the books of 1616, 1617, positively destroys the sense of the passage.

We are sorry to have to point out one or two instances in which

modern editors seem to have concealed a superficial difficulty by means of skilful dealing with the spelling. In Gen. l. 23, where it is said that 'the children also of Machir the son of Manasseh were brought up upon Joseph's knees,' *brought up* is explained as well in the modern books as in those of 1611, 1616, 1617, by the marginal gloss 'borne.' The Hebrew word, however, indicates *born* in the precise natural sense, so that the spelling of 1611 was rightly modernised by 1638, 1672, into 'born,' and thus that idea is expressed in Ex. xxi. 4; Lev. xii. 2, 7, &c. (moderns). The true explanation, of course, is, that adoption in ancient times was regarded as equivalent to natural parentage, and spoken of accordingly, even as Michal brought up (Heb. *bare*) the five sons for Adriel (2 Sam. xxi. 8, and marg.; compare Gen. xvi. 2, marg.; xxx. 3, marg.; Ruth iv. 17). By recalling the antiquated orthography, our modern books have involved the text in an ambiguity which can hardly be accidental.

There is still less excuse for their procedure in Ex. xxxi. 10; xxxv. 19; xxxix. 1, 41, where 'clothes of service' (compare Num. iv. 5, &c.) is the correct rendering of the Bibles of 1611, 1616, 1617, 1638, &c. down to 1762, *clothes* being employed to translate the Hebrew word signifying *garments*; by changing the spelling into 'cloths,' the moderns suggest quite another notion.

While we quite assent to Archbishop Trench's wish to print 'Vengeance' (personified) in Acts xxviii. 4, we wonder that he should add that the standard of 1611, which supports his view, is 'not prodigal of capitals:' we should have thought this statement the reverse of the truth. Large classes of words, which can hardly be regarded as Proper Names, are constantly so represented; such are *Altar, Arke, Cherubims,*[1] *Court, Even, Hanging, Mercie-seat, Nobles, Priest, Sabbath, Statutes, Tabernacle*; even *Cedar-wood, Shittim-wood,* and a host of the same class. In Ex. xvi. 34, the moderns have *Testimony,* as 1611 always does except thrice (Ex. xxx. 36; xl. 20; Lev. xvi. 13), and that by pure inadvertence. *Witness* may very well be thus printed in Num. xvii. 7, 8; xviii. 2; 2 Chron. xxiv. 6; and especially in Acts vii. 44, where even 1611 has *witnesse.* So also *Oracle,* 2 Sam. xvi. 23; 1 Kings vi. 16; viii. 6; 2 Chron. iv. 20; Ps. xxviii. 2. On the other hand we prefer, with Mr. Gorle, 'valley of salt,' 2 Sam. viii. 13, to 'city of Salt,' Josh. xv. 62, the Bible of 1638 and its successors having retained the capital in the latter case, rejecting it in the former.

A few words in conclusion will suffice for the punctuation. The original edition differs in this respect from those of recent

[1] The capital letter is retained in this word Gen. iii. 24 alone, in nearly all editions we have consulted.

date, chiefly in resorting to the use of the parenthesis ( ) much more frequently than they do; there is also, at times, a good deal of variation between them in regard to the placing of the paragraph marks (¶), as might indeed have been expected. The ungraceful habit of setting a comma before as well as after such words as *behold, lo,* &c. is modern; our Bibles of 1611, 1638, and downwards to 1762 inclusive, print 'And behold,' 'And lo,' not 'And, behold,' 'And, lo.' On the whole we have noticed but few examples wherein a change in the stops materially affects the sense, and our notice of two or three of these shall close this branch of our subject. In Gen. xxxi. 40, our present books run '*Thus* I was; in the day the drought consumed me,' whereas the Bible of 1611 reads, and we believe rightly (at any rate, with the countenance of the Septuagint and the Vulgate), 'Thus I was in the day, the drought consumed me.' In 1638, 1672, the comma was transferred from after *day* to after *was*, and has subsequently been lengthened into a semicolon. In the hard construction, Lev. iv. 2, '*concerning things* which ought not to be done,' it may be advisable to enclose these words in a parenthesis, as in 1611, 1638, 1762, although this is not done when the phrase recurs in ver. 13, 22, 27. Again, in Luke xxiii. 32, we read in 1611, 1638, 1672, 'And there were also two other malefactors led with him . .' *other* being plainly an old form for *others*, now grown obsolete (so 2 Sam. ii. 13; Matth. xxiii. 23; Luke xi. 42; Acts xvii. 9; 1 Cor. xiv. 29; 2 Cor. xiii. 2; Phil. i. 17; ii. 3; iv. 3). Under these circumstances, the fear of so solemn a passage being misunderstood has induced the recent editors rightly unwilling to change *other* into *others*) to insert a comma after *other*, in order to obviate the possibility of mistake in the meaning of a phrase which is rather Greek than English.[1] In Titus ii. 13, on the contrary, modern printers since 1762 have, with equal propriety, removed the comma after God, in 'the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ,' that no one might think that 'the great God and our Saviour' cannot be joint predicates of the same Divine Person, a conclusion which the grammatical construction of the Greek sentence, and the half unconscious testimony of the Greek Fathers, alike persuade us to receive.[2]

V. We have now reviewed the existing state of the Authorized English Bible under the several heads of the text itself, the marginal renderings and parallel references, the italics, and the

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[1] Yet even an unlearned reader would bear in mind the precisely parallel term 'other seventy,' in chap. x. 1 of this Gospel.

[2] Sometimes the mode of dividing the words is of a little importance; *e.g.* 'in to the holy place,' 1611, in Lev. xvi. 23, &c. &c. is perhaps better than 'into,' 1638, &c.

grammatical and orthographical variations. We have seen, we believe, something to set right in each of these matters; and in the case of the italics, no slight need of a thorough and laborious revision, on principles identical with those of the translators themselves, but carried out more fully and consistently. We have reason to know that a revised edition of the sacred volume is being prepared at the Cambridge University Press, which will reproduce the forms and readings of the standard edition, so far as they can be upheld with propriety, and will carefully record the departures from that edition, wheresoever it has been of necessity abandoned. We only hope that the task, which will call for the exercise of calm judgment and careful scholarship, as well as of diligence and anxious care, will be executed in such a manner as to render it worthy to become a model to which all future reprints of the Holy Bible may be conformed. The present condition of things, as testified by the evidence of the privileged printers themselves before the Parliamentary Committee we have referred to several times, is very remarkable and far from satisfactory. On the one hand, there is the utmost pains bestowed on exactly representing some particular edition which is proposed for imitation; on the other hand, there appears to be no sort of understanding subsisting between more than two of the three co-ordinate and independent presses, as to what is to be regarded as the standard edition by which each fresh reprint is to be regulated; nay, more, for anything that appears, different standards may be even now set up at the same press at different times. The *Minutes of Evidence* seem to speak quite unambiguously on each of these points. On the matter of correctness, we are persuaded that the several printers have in no way over-stated their case. 'I am satisfied,' speaks Mr. C. J. Clay, the Cambridge University printer, 'that a much higher 'degree of relative accuracy is both required and maintained in 'the printing of the Bible than in the printing of any other 'book. . . . Accuracy in ordinary books means simply the 'avoidance of palpable errors; in the Bible it means far more, it 'means accuracy extending to the minutest details of spelling and 'punctuation' (*Minutes of Evidence*, 1860, p. 68). 'We have positive directions and injunctions,' says Mr. T. Coombe, the Oxford University printer, 'to make no alterations whatever, not even 'the slightest, in the present standard. We do not alter a 'comma, and frequently we have letters from different parts of 'the country, making suggestions that this letter or that word 'should be altered, or a comma placed here or taken out there, 'but we never attend to them. We never make any alteration; 'I dare not; we are as jealous as can be of making alterations' (*Ibid.* 1859, p. 52). To the same effect Mr. Spottiswoode, the

holder of the Patent as Queen's printer, declares, 'As regards 'the examination of our books, they are perpetually under ex- 'amination; we are perpetually reading and cross-reading one 'Bible with another, so that no Bible is long without a careful 'examination; that is rendered practicable by having a printing 'office devoted wholly and solely to the subject, where nothing 'but our Bibles are passing through the hands of compositors, 'readers, pressmen, and everybody employed in the establish- 'ment' (*Ibid.* 1859, p. 11). But then all this incessant and praiseworthy straining after accuracy is spent upon the Queen's printers' own Bibles. 'A certain copy which we keep, which is believed to be as nearly perfect as possible' (*Ibid.* p. 16). Those of the two Universities seem utterly lost sight of; the people in London hold no counsel with those at Oxford or Cambridge. 'Do the Universities go by the same standard?' Mr. Spottiswoode is asked, naturally enough. 'I cannot speak for their practice,' he replies (*Ibid.* p. 16). 'We never consult with the Queen's printers,' Mr. Coombe states bluntly enough; 'we have no intercourse with them whatever' (*Ibid.* p. 58). In respect to the sister University the case is different. 'In 1834,' he tells us, 'the Delegates of the Press at Oxford, and the Syndicate at Cam- 'bridge, formed a Committee, and appointed Dr. Tournay of 'Oxford, and Dr. Turton of Cambridge, to revise and compare 'the text of 1611' (*Ibid.* p. 51). This, it would appear, is all: a single examination made more than thirty years since, and never (so far as we know) renewed, is the standard from which the two Universities 'do not alter a comma:' the Queen's printers have a separate copy, 'we printed it ourselves,' and believe it to be near to a 'perfect standard.'

And in regard to this revision made in 1834, under the superintendence of the authorities at Oxford and Cambridge, we may boldly assert that it must have been very slight and fragmentary. In the present article we have submitted to the reader abundant proof that the modern Oxford and Cambridge Bibles published since 1834 correspond but indifferently with the accepted standard of 1611; and our examples might be multiplied a hundredfold. Add to this that the Bibles issuing from the two presses exhibit even now not a few points of discrepancy, slight indeed, yet not unimportant where the purity of the text of Scripture is concerned. In certain words the mode of spelling even has not been brought into conformity. Why, for instance, should the Oxford and London books (1835, &c.) invariably print *houshold*, the Cambridge (1858, &c.) *household*? or the Oxford and London *enquire* and *enquiry*, the Cambridge *inquire* (but *enquire*, Judg. iv. 20, Cambr. brevier 8°, 1855) and *inquiry*? The standard of 1611 will not help us here, as in it each of these

forms of spelling is found promiscuously, so that, according to the rule we have laid down above (p. 421), it matters little which is adopted; but mutual conference, especially if shared by the Queen's printer, would be very useful in arranging these and ten thousand other *minutiæ*. This lack of communication between the co-ordinate possessors of the exclusive privileges has always proved fatal to every previous attempt to correct admitted oversights on an uniform system. In Thomas Baskett's Oxford Bible of 1756 (p. 400), for example, an honest and skilful attempt was made to reconcile obvious inconsistencies in respect to italics. Thus not a few of the improvements recently suggested by Mr. Gorle and others (*above* pp. 410—415), were actually anticipated by the unknown supervisor of this edition; such are '*any* victual,' Ex xii. 39; '*ought* of the flesh,' *ibid.* ver. 46; '*with* cunning work,' xxviii. 6; '*right* ear of Aaron,' xxix. 20; '*ought* of the flesh,' *ibid.* ver. 34; '*any* gold,' xxxii. 24: and these are but a few cases out of many. Immediately afterwards followed Dr. Paris's Cambridge edition of 1762: had he only seen Baskett's Bible, or compared its italics with the Hebrew text, he could not fail to have adopted them. As it was, they were laid aside and lost sight of; they disappear from the volumes of 1762, and from their successors, and have been re-detected (but not yet restored to their place in the text) within the last few years.

One other case, pointing to the same conclusion, shall close this prolonged discussion. Soon after Mr. Curtis's attack on the modern Bibles in 1833, Professor Scholefield, when preparing his Greek and English Testament at the Cambridge Press, was led to adopt various changes which had been suggested partly by Mr. Gorle (who was even then earnestly toiling in the good cause), partly, no doubt, by his own reading. These improvements were made by him, if not in his first edition, which we have not at hand, at any rate in his second of 1836. Such are 'thy *friends*,' Mark v. 19; '*thy* hands,' *ibid.* ver. 23; '*his* hands,' vi. 5; viii. 23; Luke iv. 40; '*his* father,' Mark vii. 11; 'wrapped *him*,' xv. 46; '*thy* womb,' Luke i. 31; 'with *him*,' vii. 49; xiv. 15; 'all *her* living,' viii. 43; '*his* disciples,' ix. 18; 'ye *are* Christ's,' 1 Cor. iii. 23 (this last with Camb. 1638, 1677, 1762, and Oxf. 1756). Yet in all recent editions we can refer to these italics have been universally discarded, and the old forms followed, and that because 'we do not alter a comma.'

Is it too much to hope that such prodigal waste of their precious time and strength shall no more vex the souls of zealous students of Holy Writ, who have judged that no iota of its contents is beneath their notice, if only through mere reverence for Him by whose inspiration it was given? We have heard less of late about a new version of the Bible; perhaps because recent

controversies have made us sadly conscious how much the best of our divines have yet to learn in the original languages of the Old Testament. It is a good sign when confident men come to doubt the fulness of their knowledge, for this is the first, and not the least painful, step towards increasing it. For some years to come it may probably suffice for us to exercise whatever gift has been vouchsafed to us in the humble task of examining, restoring, and revising the Authorized translation of 1611. Considered only as an English Classic—the greatest and most popular on the long list of our standard works—it claims at our hands far more labour than has hitherto been bestowed upon it; as it is perhaps the least inadequate representation of the Divine original which man's learning and devotion has yet produced, it becomes us to guard its purity with jealous watchfulness, lest perchance the ray of God's truth be never so little dimmed by the imperfection of the human medium through which it has to pass.

ART. VI.—*The Agamemnon of Æschylus and the Bacchanals of Euripides. With Passages from the Lyric and Later Poets of Greece.* Translated by HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D. Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray. 1866.

A SUPERFICIAL criticism of the contents of Dean Milman's volume might not improbably shape itself into the dictum, that it contains nothing new: and one can conceive that even a closer examination into it might lead very matter-of-fact scholars to the conclusion, that in many passages the vast help of modern interpretation has hardly been made the most of. But translations executed for the most part forty years ago, at the least, must rely on some more solid ground than novelty for favourable acceptance; and it is as reasonable as it is inevitable that the advance of scholarship within that space of time should have materially altered the consensus of competent opinion as regards this or that obscure passage. So far, therefore, one should be prepared to find marked difference, in point of sense and interpretation, between classical translations of the earlier part of this century and those of the most recent years; nor need it be set down as blameworthy if the former fail of the accuracy of the latter. It were too much to expect of a septuagenarian, whose skill in rendering Greek poetry into graceful English measures charmed our fathers, his contemporaries, that he should slave through piles of new commentaries with a view to surprising a younger generation with his research. If, indeed, his *forte* were wonderful exactness, such a course might be obligatory; but we conceive Dr. Milman's great gift to have always been the exhibition of his power of uniting a masterly use of his own language and poetry with wide and various scholarship, and of raising up, out of such union, studies from the antique, sufficiently like for scholars to recognise them with pleasure, while to non-scholars they serve as lively substitutes for the originals. And if, as one sometimes fancies, the more exact scholarship of to-day has a leaning towards depth at the expense of width and breadth, and so translation runs a risk of becoming servile copyism, the advantage of such a work as this, which Dean Milman has seen fit to unearth from his manuscript-drawers, may be that from the study of a veteran scholar, well versed in every field of classical English literature, emanates a model of what his contemporaries accepted as standard translation—those contemporaries being, it should be remembered, a more poetry-

loving race than ourselves. It is the part of modesty to attach weight to the judgment of elder generations, as of elder men; and, however disposed we may be to set great store by our modern accuracy and faithfulness, it would be wilful blindness to shut our eyes to the fact, that there is room for latter-day translators to learn lessons of grace, style, and skill in rhythmical matters at the feet of their elders. This granted, there can be little doubt that Dean Milman's mission, so far as concerns poetical translation, is clearly defined; and it is devoutly to be hoped that the present rage for translation from the classics will be wholesomely toned and leavened by the cultivated freedom, if we may so term it, of his Muse. His own style, in prose as well as poetry, has been conspicuously based on antique patterns. To start with, he has had in him more of the poet than of the translator. But he has chastened his composition by the surest process—to wit, deep study and frequent imitation of ancient authors: and hence his original composition breathes a classical spirit, while his translations evince the ease and dexterity of a master of English literature.

Such translations, indeed, as he has now put forth, are well worthy the study of those who enter the field of original poetry, as also of such as seek only the prizes of translation; for it is certain to be a profitable study for either class to note the lawful flights of fancy, the admissible expatiations of thought, which the pregnant phrases of Æschylus, and, indeed, the wonderful conciseness of language noticeable in the mass of Greek poetry, suggest to a poetic mind; and at the same time to observe the limits and barriers which a copious reading of Greek poetry has a tendency to oppose to unrestrained licence of imagination. Nothing, in truth, is more noticeable from first to last in the volume under consideration than the presence of two elements —an innate gift of poesy, and an acquired discipline of scholarship—in one and the same author. It is hardly true in his case that—

> 'A flowret by the river's brim
> A simple flowret was to him,
> And it was nothing more,'—

for when he handles such a phrase as ὀχυρὸν ζεῦγος Ἀτρειδᾶν (Ag. 44), he is apt to go to the full length of lawful expansion, translating it—

> 'Like two strong coursers in one battle car.'

Nevertheless we much doubt whether in any instance he has imported into his text aught that has not its germ, at all events, in the Greek,—aught that good taste and classical feeling would condemn as supererogatory.

The contents of this volume, as its title indicates, are a master-

piece of Æschylus and a masterpiece of Euripides, seemingly given entire to convince the reader that Greek tragedy will bear reproduction without omissions or curtailments. These occupy the first half of 325 pages, while the other half consists of passages selected and translated, with infinite discrimination, from the whole range of Greek poesy. As the book lies on one's drawing-room table, which it is neither too learned nor too much tinged with the faults of heathen literature to grace and adorn, it every now and then meets the eye of some scholar of forty years ago, who fondly recognises the elegant English versions with which the Poetry Professor of that day at Oxford used to enliven his Latin lectures on the Literature of Greece. These, now brought to light, are, like old wine, the better for keeping. Their aroma is as distinguishable amidst a heap of modern samples of inferior bouquet, as the old port of some favoured cellar is distinguishable from that of later and more doubtful manufacture. If we may continue the similitude, the scholar who tastes this genuine vintage of true Attic flavour will cling to it with unchangeable preference ; much as the connoisseur, who, in certain houses, is loud in asserting that claret is the best of wines, and that port is never drunk now-a-days, will be found the staunchest devotee to the port of other houses, where he knows and is assured of its history. In truth, Dr. Milman's translations win upon us as we dip deeper into them, and will abide the test of re-perusal better than any, save one or two of the very best translations of late years. It will be our object in the following remarks to stimulate our readers' interest in the whole volume by the aid of such samples as appear to us calculated to whet the literary appetite. Where there seems to be misinterpretation, we shall deem it no detraction to note it, or perchance to suggest its cure. A candid survey will take account of imperfections as well as perfections. But we shall be disappointed if, after all that can be said, we fail to establish the position, which has gained a strong footing in our own mind, that Dean Milman's translations are so happy and skilful, and have such poetical merit, as to deserve the diligent study of scholars, translators, and general readers.

The Agamemnon is perhaps on the whole his least successful effort. He is hardly so much adapted for the representation of the grand as of the sweet—the majestic as of the plaintive and tender. At times we feel that the stern ruggedness of the eldest of the three great tragic poets is clothed upon with too smooth drapery, too neat and fine-fashioned a garb, in the musical rhythm of the Dean of St. Paul's. While he surprises us with the pliancy wherewith he converts the choruses of the Agamemnon, so as to get out of them, *in extenso*, the sense which

however obscurely, they generally suggest in the original language, it is manifest that he revels more congenially and unrestrainedly in the simple and less elaborate lyrics of the 'Bacchanals.' By comparing, too, his rendering of iambic passages in each dramatist, it will be further seen that his genius is more at home with Euripides than with Æschylus. This is speaking relatively: and yet who would not be proud to have done such justice, in setting even Æschylus before English readers, to the ascertained requirements of classical translation, as Dr. Milman has? In the first chorus there are some lines which, as rendered by him, come fully up to the ideal of Æschylean grandeur—those striking lines respecting the discipline of suffering as a teacher of wisdom, which begin with Ζῆνα δέ τις ἐπινίκια κλάζων, and end with βιαίως σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων (167—176, pp. 11, 12, English translation):—

'Most wise is he who sings the all-conquering might of Jove.
Jove, that great God
Who taught to mortals wisdom's road;
By whose eternal rule
Adversity is grave instruction's school.
In the calm hour of sleep,
Conscience, the sad remembrancer, will creep
To the inmost heart, and there enforce
On the reluctant spirit the wisdom of remorse.
Mighty the grace of those dread deities,
Throned on their judgment bench, high in the empyrean skies.'

This is truthful, though by no means slavish, translation. The only line we should wish to meddle with is the last but one, where some alteration seems desirable, so as to make more plain the force of βιαίως, as implying that the favour of the gods manifests itself in a compulsory discipline of man for his own good. It may not be so smooth a line which we suggest, but it seems to us that

'*Perforce comes* grace from those dread deities'

will better satisfy the drift of the Greek equivalent.

Further on, in the same passage, will be found a very adequate reproduction of one of the 'loci classici' of antiquity, the lines so memorable as having suggested to Lucretius an episode of as choice, if not choicer, beauty (pp. 13, 14, English translation).

'There lay she prone,
Her graceful garments round her thrown:
But first her beauteous mouth around
Their violent bonds they wound,
Lest her dread curse the fated house should smite
With their rude inarticulate might.

But she her saffron robe to earth let fall :
The shaft of pity from her eye
Transpierced that awful priesthood—one and all.
Lovely as in a picture stood she by,
As she would speak. Thus at her father's feasts
The virgin, 'mid the revelling guests,
Was wont with her chaste voice to supplicate
For her dear father an auspicious fate.'

In the fifth verse here we should counsel the addition of a comma at the final word 'smite,' so as to connect more distinctly the English of *βίᾳ χαλίνων τ' ἀναύδῳ μένει* with *φυλακὰν κατασχεῖν*. As the verses are printed, this is scarcely clear: and, furthermore, the question may arise whether *ἀναύδῳ* in the line above quoted does not mean 'denying her speech,' or 'utterance,' as it is clearly referable to the bonds. But the general style of execution of the passage is not marred by question about particulars. Nevertheless there needs no great observation to discover that the 'Bacchanals' has been to Dr. Milman the more congenial subject for translation. The lyric flow of the choral odes in it is less constrained and laboured. The English seems to have accommodated itself with more perfect and yet truthful ease to the very genius of the Greek; and, saving for an omission here and there of a line or so, possibly because deemed spurious in the commentaries which the Dean has consulted, the original is as nearly set before us as it could be by the medium of another tongue. Witness this extract from the chorus beginning *Ὅσια πότνα θεῶν*, the topic of which is a lively commemoration of the joys which Bacchus has vouchsafed to mortals (378—85, *θιασεύειν—ἀμφιβάλλῃ*, p. 118, English translation):—

'Bromius, of gods the first and best,
At every glad and flower-crowned feast.
His the dance's jocund strife,
And the laughter with the fife,
Every care and grief to lull
When the sparkling wine-cup full
Crowns the God's banquets, or lets fall
Sweet sleep on the eyes of men at mortal festival.'

Or a little further on, in the same chorus (402—15, *ἱκοίμαν ποτὶ Κύπρον κ.τ.λ.* p. 119, English translation) :—

'O would to Cyprus I might roam,
Soft Aphrodite's isle,
Where the young Loves have their perennial home
That soothe men's hearts with tender guile :
Or to that wondrous shore where ever
The hundred-mouthed barbaric river
Makes teem with wealth the showerless land
O lead me, lead me till I stand,

Bromius! sweet Bromius! where high swelling
Soars the Pierian Muses' dwelling—
Olympus' summit, hoar and high—
Thou revel-loving Deity!
For there are all the Graces,
And sweet desire is there,
And to those hallowed places
To lawful rites the Bacchanals repair.'

Were it not that we must set some limit to quotation, this beautiful passage might be prolonged, or others of equal beauty cited, from a translation which we have no hesitation in characterising as one of the few successful versions of a drama of Euripides.

It strikes that in the iambic portions of the Bacchæ, too, the mastery of a flowing and elegant style is shown more prominently than in those of the Agamemnon. One cannot tell what are the particular portions of each drama which have been filled in by Dr. Milman of late years. But it is oftener possible to come to a pause, for want of clearness, in the Dean's version of the Æschylean than of the Euripidean tragedy, and possibly the latter has been a more recent performance for the most part than the former. Though we are far from setting Miss Swanwick's clever version of the Orestean Trilogy above Dr. Milman's execution of the Agamemnon in point of poetic merit, it cannot be denied that she occasionally hits off the grandeur of the original with greater force and blunt reality. Thus, in translating the line which will be remembered as issuing from the prophetic mouth of Cassandra—

ἀνδροσφαγεῖον καὶ πέδου ῥαντήριον

—the more masculine rendering is the lady's, and the diffuser paraphrase, which one should expect from her, is the Dean's. But no one can doubt that

'A human shambles with blood-reeking floor' (S.)

is more vigorous and appropriate translation than

'The lord lies slaughtered in that drear abode,
And the dank floor with bloody dew is dyed.' (M.)

And so, too, Miss Swanwick's English for

ἀνδρὸς τελείου δῶμ' ἐπιστρωφωμένου
'If but the husband's presence cheer the house,'

is more apt and adequate than the vaguer and less accurate rendering of the Dean,

'The *prime of men* moving through the long chambers.'

Still there is something Shakespearian in the ringing metal of these lines from the Dean's version of the speech of Clytem-

nestra, of which the line just quoted forms the last line but two (931–8, p. 49, English translation) :—

> 'Who shall go quench the prodigal sea, that still
> Teems with bright purple, worth its weight in silver,
> The ever-fresh and never-fading dye
> That steeps our robes in everlasting colours?
> Of these, O King, our house hath ample store—
> Our house that knows not vulgar poverty.
> Of many as rich the trampling in the dust
> I would have vowed, if the oracular shrine,
> At which I knelt, had uttered such decree,
> Working the ransom for thy precious life.'

Good as these lines are, there is better management of ground less difficult to manage in the descriptive and the dialogic portions of the Bacchæ. If we had space to quote that portion of the dialogue between Bacchus and Pentheus, which commences with a curious proof that 'seeing double' was held to be characteristic of a mind confused, whether by wine, or any other exciting cause, in ancient as well as modern times,

> 'Ha! now indeed two suns I seem to see,
> A double Thebes, two seven-gated cities' (p. 151),

we could show by illustration that the accomplished translator has completely entered into the double sense, the concealed irony, with which the god seasons his portion of it. But we prefer to make an extract from one of the two famous narratives which are a main feature in this tragedy, because it exhibits as happy a command of descriptive powers as we have shown the accomplished translator to have over lyric passages. The messenger is telling the final catastrophe of Pentheus, and preparing the way to a tale of horror by skilful depiction of quiet natural beauty (p. 159; cf. Bacch. 1048—1062) :—

> 'And first we crept along a grassy glade
> With silent footsteps, and with silent tongues,
> So moving, as to see, not being seen.
> There was a rock-wall'd glen, watered by a streamlet
> And shadowed o'er with pines: the Mænads there
> Sate, all their hands busy with pleasant toil.
> And some the leafy thyrsus, that its ivy
> Had dropp'd away, were garlanding anew:
> Like fillies some, unharness'd from the yoke,
> Chanted alternate all the Bacchic hymn.
> Ill-fated Pentheus, as he scarce could see
> That womanly troop, spake thus: "Where we stand, stranger,
> We see not well the unseemly Mænad dance:
> But mounting on a bank, or a tall tree,
> Clearly shall I behold their deeds of shame."'

If any one desires to form a relative estimate of Dean Milman's translation of such passages and that of average translators, let him take up some versions of Euripidean plays by

Mr. Cartwright, which have lately been going the round of the reviews, and he will see the vast superiority of the former, both as regards faithfulness and easy versification. Here and there, however, the Dean himself nods, as may be seen in two lines which occur later in the same passage which we have been quoting,—

> τέλος δὲ δρυΐνους συγκεραυνοῦσαι κλάδους
> ῥίζας ἀνεσπάρασσον ἀσιδήροις μοχλοῖς.

These he translates—

> 'The oaken boughs, by lightning as struck off,
> Roots torn from earth, but with no iron wedge,
> They hurled.'—P. 161.

But this falls short of the meaning of the passage, which surely is that 'rending oaken boughs, they used them to tear up the pine roots, and as wedges, which were not of iron but of oak.' Mr. Paley, in his edition, has a very clear explanation of this passage.

These two plays, in their entirety, will doubtless have their charm for English readers curious to glean an idea of the genius of two great Attic dramatists from the translation of a tried and proved scholar and poet. To us, however, as probably to most classical readers, the miscellaneous fragments from lyric, philosophic, and later poets have an even greater interest. The taste exhibited in their selection, their admirable variety, and the fact that they are fragmentary, so that the book may be taken up and laid down again at odd times, conduce to make this part of Dr. Milman's volume an extremely pleasant library companion to any one fairly versed in Greek poetry. Elton's translations are the only parallels to it we know of in point of variety, and they have not, certainly, so much versatility or so much poetic spirit and fire. Specimens from particular authors might be put out of court by citation of translators who have devoted themselves to those special authors; for instance, Milman's one or two versions of Theognis are inferior to those of John Hookham Frere. But we should hold cheap the intelligence of any classical reader who could dive deep into the hundred and fifty imitations of at least fifty different poets, which Dr. Milman has published, and not be possessed with admiration and gratitude for the rich and diversified treat which is therein purveyed. What his lectures on the history of Greek poetry may have been, we are too young to be able to form an opinion, but this is certain, that to any present or future work upon that subject the present volume must form an admirable appendix. Herein the English reader will come to see how many of its brightest ideas his native poetry has borrowed from the Greek; herein, too, the classical scholar will discern how a

new and augmented grace can sometimes be imparted to the compacter, closely-expressed, expressions of ancient poesy. In the Pæan to Peace, which is translated from the fragments of Bacchylides, we may at the same time study the essential 'ease' of which the Dean is a master, and catch an echo of words that have suggested kindred ideas to many of our poets. The passage will be found in Schneidewin's 'Delectus Poetarum Græcorum,' p. 442, v. 5—11 (*γυμνασίων τε νέοις—θάλπει κέαρ*):—

'Youths crowd the arena's sacred ground
Where ring the pipes and fifes with jocund din,
And in the bucklers' clasps with iron bound
Their webs the dusky spiders spin;
And rust subdues the trenchant sword and spear;
No more the clarion's brazen voice we hear;
Nor, exiled from the eyes, doth sleep depart—
The gentle sleep that soothes the inmost heart.'—
Milman, p. 192.

This is so pretty and true that one must the more regret the omission of what is given in the Greek as the final line of the fragment—

συμποσίων δ' ἐρατῶν βρίθοντ' ἀγυιαὶ παιδικοί θ' ὕμνοι φλεγόνται,

a line susceptible of equally graceful treatment with the preceding.

Again, to enhance the estimate which intelligent readers will of themselves form of the Dean's taste and skill in this sort of translation, we would counsel their comparison of the Greek text of Solon's Elegy 11, p. 24–5 Schneidewin (vv. 17—24, *ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς —ἐστὶν ἰδεῖν*) with the translation in p. 197 of the book before us.

'Jove views the end of all. As sudden burst
Of vernal winds drives off the clouds dispersed,
Heaves the foundations of the billowy deep,
Wastes fertile earth with desolating sweep;
Then mounts to heaven, the abode of deity,
And gives to view the calm and spotless sky;
Beams in his strength the sun through boundless space,
And not a cloud deforms heaven's azure face.'

How kindly does the English accommodate itself to the Greek! How little is left unrendered! How loving a study has been bestowed upon metrical effect, as well as minute word painting! How admirably realized is the force of *γῆν κατὰ πυροφόρον δηώσας καλὰ ἔργα* in v. 4, and how simply true the translation of

λάμπει δ' ἠελίοιο μένος κατ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν,

in v. 7. They create in our minds a misgiving that our contemporaries deal more irreverently and carelessly with the precious relics of ancient literature, and do not handle them with touch a hundredth part as appreciative and discriminating. And

this misgiving would receive confirmation strong if we were minded to set some detached passages from various tragedies of Æschylus, and one from the Antigone of Sophocles, side by side with parallel versions by Blackie and Plumptre. Whereas we are convinced that before the Dean could have reached the high perfection developed in these translations, he must have complied with Horace's requirement that success must be won by toil and pains ('sudavit et alsit'), it is not a whit the less interesting or important to point out to aspirants to the like fame that nothing of this toil appears upon the polished surface which is its result. 'Ludentis speciem dat et torquetur.' And such, we are persuaded, is the secret history of most excellence in art. Occasional brilliancy may characterise the clever dashing genius, but its prestige will be apt to be damaged, especially in translation, by casual indications of carelessness and want of study, which provoke a sigh, and suggest that something more solid and hard of acquirement is needful. That it is not all the result of a sparkling bright imagination and a wonderful wealth of choice and apt words, we are convinced by observing that the translation now under our consideration is excellent in the most unlike veins. For instance, the Dean trills the lighter popular songs of Greece with an airy jauntiness that has Attic salt in its composition. The Convivial Song (p. 231), the famous Song of the Swallow (pp. 233–4), and the burlesque descriptions of the Golden Age from Teleclides and Pherecrates (pp. 235–7), are turned into English verse as lively as it is musical. We begin to fancy that this is his special forte, when lo, we turn over a leaf, and find ourselves in the midst of fragments from the philosophic poets, which are turned with a didactic power that does justice to the remarkable fragments of Empedocles,[1] and suggests the impression that Dr. Milman might have become *the* English translator of Lucretius. Here is one of the more descriptive passages, worth citing, and worth comparing with the original [2] (*οὐδὲ τις ἦν κείνοισιν κ.τ.λ.*)—

> 'Nor Mars was then a God, nor Tumult dire,
> Nor monarch Jove, nor Jove's more ancient Sire,
> Nor Neptune ruling on his watery throne:
> Queen Aphrodite sate and reigned alone.
> The only offerings on the blameless shrine,
> The breathing stone, the painter's rich design.
> And all sweet odours breathed and mingled there,
> And purest myrrh and incense warmed the air;

[1] These are to be found in a collected form, and with a very serviceable Latin version, in the 'Fragmenta Philosophorum Græcorum' of F. G. A. Mullach. Paris: Didot. 1860. One of the most useful volumes of the valuable series of Greek Classics, which has issued from that publisher's press.

[2] Mullach, p. 12.

Flowed liquid honey o'er the yellow floor,
The shrine stood guiltless of unhallowed gore ;
Nor yet had flesh been slain, nor blood been spilt,
Nor man stood shuddering at the unheard-of guilt.'—*Milman*, p. 244.

Sufficiently close, this is no servile copy, and young translators may well adopt so safe a model, after laying in so much of sound scholarship, as to ensure a regard of faithfulness and accuracy.

One of the numerous tokens by which we are led to recognise the Dean's qualifications for his diversified task is the skill with which he throws into each set of specimens a character of its own, so that the process of translation does not fuse all that is gathered from various sources, as if in one melting-pot, into a characterless congeries, but contrives to keep distinct and nicely defined the selections from different Greek poets. We may indeed be sensible of one and the same hand in the whole translation, but we can hardly help bearing testimony to the discriminative powers of that one hand's touch—

'Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen.'

This must result from a loving appreciation of each poet whom he translates for his individual merits, as well as from long skill and practice in the varieties of English poetry. We have shown his mastery over blank verse and lyric minstrelsy above. Our last extract has introduced our readers to his skill in heroic measure. And, with the exception of a hymn or two from the Philosophumena of Hippolytus, and a dedicatory poem of Bacchylides (p. 285), it is to this metre that he confines himself for the last eighty pages of his pleasant volume. And yet it strikes us irresistibly that, from a poet's sympathy with the peculiarities of each several poet in this portion, he has imparted to his translation of each some characteristic feature, which in the original has stood out in contrast to the rest. The pathos and epic force of Apollonius Rhodius, the cultivated simplicity of the descriptive passages of Theocritus, the learned and stately formality of Callimachus, and the peculiar narrative talent of the later Oppian, are caught, one after other, with a divination that betokens the poet *born*, as well as the scholar equipped with the arms of research and observation. Of Quintus Calaber, Coluthus, Nonnus, and the rest he has possibly made more than they deserve, and their Manes ought to be extremely obliged to him for giving these later days a taste of the cream of their voluminous compositions unalloyed by the vast quantity of over-loaded, long-drawn-out feebleness which characterises the bulk of it. Readers may safely make acquaintance with these latter through Dean Milman's specimens; but

we must warn the uninitiated that it will be anything but wise to act on the principle 'ex uno disce omnes,' and to expect to find in the original a mine of equal value. It is a very old trick to carry about bits of precious ore for samples. But the student who would fain build his poetic structure after the best models will do well to devote himself to the Greek poets 'melioris ævi et notæ,' and assuredly will be better for ignorance of the versification of Nonnus, who is apt to corrupt a good and fastidious style by the example of his own redundant effeminacy. For Apollonius Rhodius, long and sometimes tedious though he be, we plead guilty to a pardonable affection. He has passages of a Virgilian polish and beauty; he is a master of 'sensationalism' in a good sense, to an extent very rare among his contemporaries. Theocritus and Bion and Moschus can be tender and touching on occasions. In the second Idyll of the first-named poet, Simætha rages, very fairly for some hundred lines or so, and Venus bewails her lost Adonis prettily and pathetically enough in one of his imitators; but Apollonius has struck out an independent line, and is entitled to the praise of deeper reading of the heart, and higher skill in portrayal of its diverse passions and workings. Fawkes's translation has probably never attracted many readers to this far from ordinary poet, yet there might be a worse field for one of the new and increasing race of translators than to rehabilitate this by no means least eminent member of the Alexandrian Pleiad; although whoever essays such a task must make up his mind to wade through a vast mass of text, notes, and scholia, to make himself master of his author. Such an one will find a meet standard of excellence to aim at in the half-dozen passages from this poet, with which the Dean favours his readers, and one of which we subjoin. It is the fatal interview of Medea with Jason, described in Ap. Rhod. iii. 949–66, and its length will be forgiven on the score of its excellence.

'Nor though she sing, will now her sweetest lay
With sweet diversion guile her cares away.
On any favourite air she dwelt not long,
Broke sudden off the faint unfinished song;
Nor on her train reposed her quiet gaze,
But restless down each distant pathway strays.
How burns her cheek, how bounds her heart to hear
The wind, or some light footstep trembling near!
Nor long delay—he burst upon her sight
Like Sirius from the ocean blazing bright,
That rises fair, but fatal to behold,
Darting red plagues upon the parching fold.
So Æson's lofty son arose to view,
As bright, as beautiful, as dangerous too.
Then fell her heavy heart, her dim eyes swam,
O'er all her cheek the burning blushes came.

Nor fail her knees, her form nor onward bear,
But grown to earth seem fixed and rooted there.
Slow glide the attendant maids away, while still
Voiceless they gaze, and cannot gaze their fill.'—*Milman*, p. 253.

It is a mild compliment to say that this is infinitely closer than Pope's Homer, but it is a tender of praise as legitimate as it is deserved, when we conscientiously add that in flow and grace of versification it is not far beneath that great master.

But we are mindful that it is possible to be too lavish of quotation, and shall therefore crave admission for but one more extract, a portion of the prettily-told tale of the Dolphin and the Boy, from the fifth book of the Halieutica of Oppian. Many readers of natural history are familiar with it in one form or another, and, as Dr. Milman observes, the tale is told in some respects better by Ælian. It is a curious instance of the influence of habit and association in bringing brute instinct to marvellous sympathy with the lords of creation. This dolphin, made familiar with the water-sports of an Æolian lad, had grown so fond of his company, that the twain frolicked and frisked together so as to become the talk of all who frequented the bay. As the story runs, in the translation before us (v. 492—518)—

'Still where would glide the blithe and sportive boy,
The obedient fish went bounding in its joy;
Now where the deeper billows heave and roar,
Now smoothly glide along the quiet shore.
Nor e'er might skilful charioteer command
A steed more docile to his mastering hand,
Nor at the hunter's beck the well-trained hound
Track the fleet prey, and scent the tainted ground,
As this unbridled dolphin would obey
His self-chosen master's light and easy sway;
Nor him alone, all toil at his behest
Was pleasure, him to serve was to be blest.
So each in turn his blithe companions rode,
And light the dolphin bore the unwonted load.
Such all his life the faithful love he bore.
But the youth died—then all along the shore
Was sadly seen the mourning fish to roam;
At first seemed wondering that he did not come,
And searched each nook, each creviced rock in vain,
Ye almost heard a feeble voice complain.
Nought heeded he the crowds along the sands,
Nor took the offered food from strangers' hands.
Then far he fled to the great deep, nor more
Was seen to haunt that solitary shore,
Nor long survived his dear, his human mate,
But shared his living sports, and shared his fate.'—Pp 269, 270.

A strict comparison of the Greek with the English may possibly result in the detection of one or two omissions and one or two amplifications in the translation just quoted; but as a whole

the execution of it is vivid and natural, as well as fraught with grace. So great a gift it is to have a musical ear; and so great an acquirement is a finished taste, which has been formed upon a widely-ranging study of the best models.

The pleasant book which we have been reviewing is in truth so launched into the literary ocean that it cannot founder, and certainly deserves success. For it is calculated not merely to give pleasure, but to impart instruction. If indeed it went no further than ministering to the former object, we might surely count its end achieved by the rich banquet of classic viands which it sets before the unlearned as well as the learned, in such a form and fashion that delight need not be alloyed by the admixture of toil and pains. Whilst there is much to attract, there is really nothing to deter.

The engravings, too, which are interspersed, are so choice and well-chosen as to transport the reader insensibly into the scenes and associations of antiquity, which it is too much the tendency of modern literature to banish or make light of. A familiarity with these pages, reproducing as they do both the words and the forms of ancient Greek art, will do much to engender a classical taste without the severer processes by which scholars attain to it. Nay, it is quite conceivable that a dip into them of even no longer duration than consists with a general fondness for poetry, will as satisfactorily furnish our young-lady friends with mythological facts and data as the most diligent study of Hort's Pantheon, or whatever may be its more recent substitute. Settle the great question of female education how we may, our wives and daughters will find much to delight, and nothing to offend them, in the exquisite feast which is here so judiciously purveyed. There is no cropping out of crabbed Greek in foot-notes, to cause a fluttering in tender breasts, lest they should be suspected of bluish proclivities. On the other hand, there is sufficient adherence to the letter and spirit of the Greek to satisfy in the main a Miss Swanwick, or a Mrs. Webster.

But to ourselves the interest of this choice contribution to our translational literature, consists in the help it affords towards settling the question which we rejoice to find assuming its due importance of late years; we mean, as to rules and laws to which aspirants to excellence in translation from the antique should be expected to conform. It seems to us that the age is fortunate in having a living solution to the problem. A professor of poetry while yet there were poets on the earth, a distinguished scholar ere yet scholarship had agreed to decide the relative values of 'free spirit' and 'exactness,' can, in the person of Dean Milman, be set as it were in the witness-box, and subpœnaed to tell a critical jury, illustratively, how far his

own views, as touching translation, coincide with the theories of moderns. Indeed, his evidence in this matter is entitled to as much respect as that of a district's oldest inhabitant, when called to prove an ancient right of road. He stands in this present generation as an honoured and distinguished link with a race of scholars and poets which has all but passed away. He was a critic, we imagine, before there arose in the land the 'pestilent heresy' of English hexameters: before men questioned the expediency and appositeness of translating Greek and Latin lyrics into the English measure coming nearest in character to the spirit of the original. It has been reserved to later days and theorists to attempt to fetter translation with a yoke it is unequal to bearing. Some refuse to allow that the poems of Homer can be set before an English public, unless not merely the words, but the measure also, of the original are actually, and so to speak, photographically, reproduced. Hence the multiplication of English Hexameter Iliads, to torture our ears, and try our patience, and eventually no doubt to be relegated to an 'endless and unbroken slumber' upon the topmost of our bookshelves, after that the advocacy of some half-dozen enthusiasts has waxed cooler, and changeful fashion has introduced some newer belief. But this is not all. If we may reproduce the hexameter, why not other classical metres? And so we are in constant dread of seeing Horace tortured and twisted into such un-English rhythm, that the facile grace, with which the cheery Venusian accommodates himself to the congenial freedom of Theodore Martin's Muse, shall be lost in dreary and bootless efforts to assimilate English sapphics and alcaics to Latin; efforts which we cannot think it is in the nature of things should be successful. As to the dramatic choral odes, what is to become of unfortunate English readers, if their only chance of reading them is when cut to the exact length, breadth, and measurement of the originals, by over-scrupulous precisians? This crotchet has so far gained ground that, in late attempts at translation of Euripides and Sophocles, the rhymed endings of the English lyric are abandoned, and, at a grievous sacrifice of pleasure on the part of English readers, a sort of lyric blank verse drags its weary length over most uninviting pages. Against this hypercritical prudery, this excessive piety to the Manes of ancient authors, Dean Milman's versions serve as an undesigned protest. Like Anstice, whose selections from the choric poetry of the Greek dramatists are about as delightful imitations of ancient minstrelsy as one can conceive, the Dean discards the impracticable idea of exact measure for measure. Deeply, lovingly versed in the structure and capabilities of our national poetry, he has an intuitive sense of what in it most

approximates to the Greek choral odes, which he desires to represent, and, whilst engaged in this representation, he has the tact to consider the question how best to win and retain the ear of his countrymen and countrywomen.

In the pages we have been considering, he has proved the heroic metre capable of conveying, to as great an extent as our language will admit, the force of the ancient hexameter. He has, in some degree, repaired the discredit into which, through Pope's slackness, self-seeking, and lack of scholarship, the English heroic measure as an exponent of Homer had fallen. He has realized the scope, life, and airy grace of the lyric and elegiac Greek poetry, without afflicting his spirit by such dire fetters as Dindorf's tragic and comic metres would supply to a too conscientious imitator. In a word, he is an advocate, we take it, of the use of accredited English measures in translating choral odes, and lyrics in general, whilst in practice he abjures the union of Greek metres to English words. As to literalness, it is possible that he might have achieved a nearer approach to it, in many passages, without loss of spirit; not that we think he would have been any the more close and literal, had he imitated more servilely the metres of the original. There can be no greater fallacy than that identity of measure secures room for every word of the original in a like space of translation. Where the Dean goes wide of the Greek in translating, it never seems owing to necessities of metre, but rather to a poet's fertility of imagination. In a pregnant phrase he sees more than is seen by the uninitiated. He then goes about to represent the vision vouchsafed to him. The result is that we own its beauty, even when a misgiving crosses us as to whether he has not amplified the original idea. This may be less to be desired than greater exactness. Nevertheless, we must acknowledge in his translations a most valuable contribution towards the solution of a standing difficulty, and whilst, in exactness and faithfulness to the Greek, future translators can scarcely be wrong in aiming to outdo Dr. Milman, they may esteem themselves fortunate indeed if, in point of grace, spirit, feeling, and appropriateness of versification, they come anywhere nigh him. It is a high testimony to the enduring charms of classical literature, that to the end of life it ministers ever fresh food for the cultivated mind: and gratitude for the treat we have enjoyed in this volume of Dean Milman's can hardly express itself more simply than in a wish that he may live to taste and to impart other like intellectual banquets.

ART. V.II—1. *Felix Holt.* By GEORGE ELIOT. Blackwood.
2. *Romola.* By the Author of 'Adam Bede.' Smith and Elder.

ALL good writing costs the reader some labour. He may not know it; for the charm of genius lightens the work, and makes the effort a pleasure. But he does not apprehend fully what he reads, or do it justice, or get the good he ought from it, if the reading has cost him nothing. This is a mere truism with regard to works of instruction, but it applies also in its degree to light reading. The work of fancy that can be read and exhausted without any vigilance of attention, or concentration of mind, or sense of duty towards its author, will never be read a second time. We do not care to look into it again. The picture of life, which has tasked our powers, and made demands on us beyond the mere search for amusement, alone contains that subtle truth to nature and fact which, at each reading, gives us something fresh to think of, and adapts itself to new experience and change of mood. It alone—however familiar in outline and leading features—is more than a match for our memory, and ensures for us, at every re-perusal, something of that variety, surprise, and fresh knowledge, without which reading is, of all employments, the idlest.

And this labour is taken for what it is before a name becomes famous, and a style has made itself a home in the public intellect; before readers have got into a habit of following the mind of their author. 'Waverley' at once attracted attention, but ordinary readers called it hard work. They owned that, in taking up a novel, they expected to be amused without the trouble of thinking; and to have to take up so many new subjects, ideas, and interests, was something more than they bargained for. Of course, the more familiar the scene and class of character, the lighter the labour will always be. Drawing-room life, even carefully depicted, makes less demand on patience and effort, than life among classes whose ways we have to learn; but nothing good can be adequately apprehended by the merely passive recipient.

This question has been suggested by the works of the author before us. There have always been readers to complain that her novels are not light reading, that they make too large demands, and involve some hard work. We remember a critic in the *Quarterly* honestly avowing that the elaborate and, to us, exquisite portraiture in the 'Mill on the Floss,' was such

trouble to him to read that he found some entire relaxation needful after the immense effort it cost him to master it. It might be true, pregnant, suggestive, an unexplored field for the student of human nature; but it must be investigated at an expense the reviewer was not willing to pay; and he evidently believed himself the spokesman of a party. It is very true, that no works of fiction ever more resolutely shut themselves up against the processes of skimming and skipping than the whole series from this pen. There is an evident compact proposed to the reader. The author warrants every sentence to be the result of thought, and turned and finished with care; we recognise a tacit pledge, that there shall be nothing slovenly, or hurried, or crude, on her part; but she demands, that such conscientious vigilance in giving her best shall be met by some equivalent effort. This, of course, is something beyond the mere novel-writer's line of pretension. He engages to amuse the reader without trouble; who, on his part, considers himself free to leave off the moment the page wearies him, and regards all tasks as in abeyance so long as he holds a novel open. There was something in 'Adam Bede' which, it must be allowed, held most attentions enthralled without any sense of duty: it was so evidently a work of love to the writer that the charm overflowed on the reader. But it is certain that 'Romola,' and 'Felix Holt,' the author's latest works, will please in proportion to the effort the reader is willing to bestow. If he expect simple amusement, he will be disappointed. 'Felix Holt' is not mere relaxation, much less 'Romola.' No religious novel was ever weighted with more moral and improvement; though the department of comment and reflection, which is apt, with the moral class of writers, to tend to prolixity and diffuseness, is here a model of terseness and point, and a field for the author's especial gift of insight into human motives.

Both are, in fact, religious novels, only the religion is not always so distinctly Christian as the term generally implies. And here we find the cause of an occasional sense of depression and weariness which visits the reader, however keenly alive to the power of these delineations of life; and ready to admit the justice of the author's strictures on the world's—even the Christian world's—laxity of conscience and warped views of right and wrong. There is an absence of hope; we miss the reference to a future, which pervades all essentially Christian literature; and, indeed, all that takes the received view of Christianity for granted, though the religious allusions may be merely of the conventional sort. This want is not, however, a distinctive feature of the books before us. It is a characteristic of much of the writing of our day.

It is, perhaps, an essentially nineteenth century line of thought to give extension to the reign of time, and to let this extension obscure the illimitable before and after. It is one natural effect of the discoveries of science to fill men's imaginations with the long series of computable ages—ages of which numeration can at least pretend to convey some idea—which are demanded by modern theory for the processes of Nature. Numbers beyond the powers of thought are constantly run off or noted down, to account for the formation of rocks, for the progress, work, and disappearance of glaciers, to indicate the distances of stars, or the plenitude of animal life that teems and swarms in air and water. We are learning to apply the word 'infinite' to material things, at once too great and too small for human vision; to the years this earth has seen and to those the human race may look forward to on its surface. It is, in fact, becoming a term connected with time, with the things we see, feel, understand; with just the reserve of an 'all but' to distinguish it from the indefinite and impracticable. And as this world extends in significance and vastness, so does this life. Instead of the vapour which passeth away, instead of a probation, a mere passage, a point between the eternal past and the eternal future, which was the view of life once pressed upon men's minds, its other aspect is dwelt and enlarged upon. It is what we have, what we know, what we must make the best and most of. Each individual life is viewed as a unit of a mighty sum, which gathers greatness and importance from the magnitude, endurance, and power of the whole.

Instead of heaven being set before the thoughts, human progress and perfectibility is the predominant vision; and in some way the soul is to project itself into this coming time, to hasten it on by noble thoughts and great deeds, and to be satisfied in the cultivation of truth and virtue. We do not say that either heaven or eternity are disputed, but the contemplation of them is apt to be regarded as visionary, even as selfish indulgence, if the hope of them is made a motive of action. To do anything with the view to saving one's own soul is boldly treated as a low motive by the morality of this modern school, and as savouring of egoism. The considerations of time, the consequences of actions, the anomalies of this life, its injustices and inequalities, its vice and miseries, and how to alleviate, equalize, elevate, and advance it onward to a possible perfection,—these are to absorb the soul beyond all personal questions, even of eternal happiness. There are words that we miss out of much direct religious teaching and much literature, where some or other of them would have occurred, as a matter of course, a generation back: such words —or the spiritual ideas associated with their highest use—as

Salvation, Heaven and Hell, Hope and Fear, Resurrection, the Judgment, the Wrath to come, Prayer, Praise. And, along with the absence of these words, is the presentation of this life as the theatre, not only of our duties, but of our keener aspirations—we do not say selfish aspirations, but of sanguine thought as such. We are quite ready to grant that the belief in heaven, in some minds, need not be a virtue, or lead to any real elevation; indeed, that the expectation of it, apart from all self-preparation, is a feature of fanaticism; but it does constitute a distinction, to entertain an idea of a future out of this world as an ever-present conviction as a fact like any fact we see and feel, instead of receiving the idea passively, and letting the weight and force of the mind exercise itself on what is within the grasp of sense and comprehension. And moreover, the higher the morality enforced without direct practical reference to a sphere beyond the world and life of our experience, the more saddening it will be. Self-denial uncheered by the highest hope—or which does not allow itself the alleviation of looking forward and upward—may seem grander to these moralists; but it is not Christian self-denial. There is a tendency in theorists of our day to improve upon the Christian rule of loving our neighbour as ourself, by enjoining that we should love him *better* than ourself; but this view, as its consequence, demands a finite, limited view of things; it demands that the conception of a future beyond time should be feeble and inefficient as a motive, as compared with the present. In proportion as the mind eagerly embraces the idea of eternity, it requires beyond all things to be happy in it. Nay, we may say that all other considerations fail before the two primary ideas of God and our own soul. To have no strong, influential, imperative concern for our own future lot through the countless ages, is, we might almost say, not to expect it. And yet with some it seems a higher heroism to forget their own personality in the sense of brotherhood, in pity for the general suffering. The constant appeal of S. Paul to the Hope, the Rest, the Reward, finds no answering echo in the writings of this school. 'If in this world only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable,' is no argument with its martyrs for a life and immortality beyond this visible state of things.

It is true that in fiction, which classes itself with lighter literature, we must not look far,—we do not desire to find,—the formal enunciation of dogmatic truth. The novelist's sphere is this world; his duty is confined to enforcing a pure morality. We require from him no confession of faith. But we may yet miss something from the mind of a writer, though we may not wish him to give voice to that mind. There has

been no historical novel equal to 'Romola' for many a day. The scene of a past age is reproduced with stereoscopic reality. The characters stand out in it; all their motives, trials, temptations, and the influences that work upon them, are brought within the scope of our feeling and comprehension. The conflict of good and bad is a living conflict of mind with mind, will with will. The period is one in many points calculated to strike upon the author's sympathies. There is room, too, for the play of her characteristic humour. We are prepared to believe that her thirteenth century is as true to fact as Sir Walter Scott's twelfth in 'Ivanhoe.' As much fervour and realization go to the conception and sustaining of each. Both contain the same unflinching delineations of the evils, tyrannies, and cruelties which belonged to these periods; yet the effect of the two tales upon the reader's spirits is something like that—we will not say between a rainy day and a bright one, but—between autumn and spring. And *one* reason for this difference we fully believe to lie in the abiding, though shadowy sense, in the one romance, that this life, however sad in its course and its end, is but a passage to another of full and lasting compensations; that its sorrows, disparities, contradictions, are but temporary evils; that there is a future where all things which perplex us here are to be reconciled: in the other, though a saint is its hero, the reader's mind is held down to this life, not designedly, but so it is; we miss at once hope in an eternal future, and reliance on an unseen aid. Of course this world is the sphere for the novelist's picture of life; we go elsewhere for a glimpse of eternal verities; but the closest truth to life, as we see it or conceive it, is affected by the perception of a blissful hereafter,—just as a landscape is by a clear sky. We have, it is true, in all the 'George Eliot' series, continual allusions to what is unseen and divine, but they are commonly put into the lips of the ignorant, who find this world a maze, and the course of events incomprehensible,—a puzzle, of which they do not attempt to find a solution, and so feebly look for it elsewhere. We scarcely believe this intentional—we are bringing no charge; indeed, in one passage, where the old minister indulges in a passing speculation on the brevity of life and what is to follow, Felix is represented to have insisted, in discussion with him, that our powers are being 'trained here for the transmission of an improved heritage.' We are only speaking of the general impression. There is a deep sympathy with the wrongs of humanity, a hatred of injustice, a recoil from indolent self-indulgence, a passionate fellowship with weakness and suffering, a constant reference to conscience, a rejection of the notion that wrong-doing ever comes but through the fault of the sinner—a

disbelief in the power of temptation, apart from wilful complicity, that constitute a very noble view of life, and the uses of life, and make us feel that such delineations can scarcely be read thoughtfully without benefit. We cannot but regard this series as a valuable addition to the literature of the imagination. Yet what we have said, we have felt it important to say.

If, however, hope and buoyant reliance on directing Providence are missed in this writer, she still has her unseen powers. She governs by terrors, terrors of conscience stimulated by fears of consequences. Nemesis for ever dogs her wrong-doers, and fear treads at their heels. Indeed, we recall no fictions where fear plays such a prominent part; for example, selfish fear in Tito, and fear compacted of conscience and dread of shame in Mrs. Transome. And it is fear that we realize, and which it is good to contemplate. Mrs. Transome's long life is a real doom on her transgression. Tito's pale terrors at the recurring vision of the man he has injured are a substantial retribution. There is no condoning of evil. Our authoress has a name for liberalism, but we see no trace of that noxious theory that evil is but a tortuous, roundabout way towards good. With her, it is as bad in its course and consequences as in its beginning. Her line is to represent sin, and the wide-reaching sorrow and suffering that flow from it, solely in their natural course. There is One who can bring good out of evil; but the operations of Divine grace counteracting the mischief of man's making, do not come within the scope of her plan. Nor in fiction is it well that they should. Hers is a better moral than that so often inculcated by the professedly religious novel, where a sinful course ends in repentance and conversion, and a miraculous interference stays the downward course of events. Which is most according to our experience, is not so easily decided; it is only now and then that we can trace, in a career which we have had the opportunity of narrowly observing, any close, unbroken connexion between actions and their consequences; perhaps because there are few minds independent enough, or left free enough by circumstances, to shape their own destiny. Life is more generally a tangle and a puzzle, and things do not turn out, nor do characters complete themselves as much according to rule as a severe moral would make them. But it is time to pass from generals to particulars.

In 'Felix Holt' the plot and play of character are dictated by the same resentment against the doctored, diluted, adulterated conscience of common-place civilized life, which has been noticeable in this writer's whole series. Perhaps it is more than ever an attack on conventional respectability. Felix Holt himself is at permanent war with it. He deliberately sets himself *against* the natural law, that intellect combined with energy and

correct conduct raises man in the social scale—a tendency as inveterate in human affairs as that cream rises to the top. He discards a profession, and chooses a merely mechanical occupation below, and uncongenial with, his powers, that he may not be tempted to give up the habits and associations of artisan life; he recoils from any dwelling which has the pretension of a knocker and a door-step. He will not wear any dress which is not the working-day symbol of the journeyman. He will eat only coarse fare. He will go miles out of his way rather than confer an act of common kindness, which shall bring upon him the thanks of a rich man. He abhors the instigations of taste and high breeding. He is purposely abrupt in manner; his only indulgences are speaking his mind,—however unpalatable his utterances may be,—an unlimited growth of hair, and a life-long immunity from the restraint of stocks, neck-ties, and trouser-straps, which conformity to the world exacted in his day. He is, in fact, an ascetic, as far as the vow of poverty, the life of hardness, the distinctive garb of profession, and the call to preach against the world's sins and vanities in and out of season, constitute one. He goes very near taking the vow of celibacy, being possessed by Mr. Lecky's notion, that women are the great hindrances of progress. And he is an ascetic, without the ascetic's avowed hopes and satisfactions. He renounces the pleasures which would naturally, almost inevitably, come in his way, because all people cannot have them :—

'"The other thing that's got into my mind like a splinter," said Felix, after a pause, "is the life of the miserable—the spawning life of vice and hunger. I'll never be one of the sleek dogs. The old Catholics are right, with their higher rule and their lower. Some are called to subject themselves to a harder discipline, and renounce things voluntarily which are lawful for others. It is the old word—'necessity is laid upon me.'"'—*Felix Holt*, ii. 175, 176.

It is the 'enthusiasm of humanity' that alone inspires him. He will not enjoy himself, or escape from class grievances by leaving his class behind him. It is made part of his heroism that he renounces comfort and material enjoyments, without expecting to do great things even for his neighbour by the sacrifice. He feels so entirely as one of a community, that he has no place in him for merely private individual satisfactions :—

'The finest fellow of all would be the one who could be glad to have lived because the world was chiefly miserable, and his life had come to help some one who needed it. He would be the man who had the most powers and the fewest selfish wants.'—*Felix Holt*, ii. 172.

The contemplation of such a character, content with achieving little, as feeling contempt for wide and vague aspirations, and longings after the infinite and unseen, is scarcely satisfying—whether we accept the portrait as a rebuke on our own easier

mode of taking things, or cavil at it for the want of submission to the orderings of Providence and for the evidences of self-will and self-reliance, which suggest a mind which owns no object higher than the ideal of what himself ought to be. Now and then the author's power of hitting off some touch of tenderness and pathos makes him interesting and awakes our sympathy. But the didactic attitude is not a popular one. Men at least see in this woman's hero marks akin to the too ordinary type of prig or bully. Whatever we think of him where he is, we suspect that, out of the pages of a novel, we should not care to have much of his company; nor does the posture of his mind towards others adapt him, as far as we see, to real influence. Even in the novel his life is a failure, as regards its main object; for, instead of remaining in the sphere in which we find him, and cultivating and maturing his schemes for good on the persons circumstances throw in his way, he carries himself and his experience elsewhere, into space, as it were, at the close of the third volume; and we are left entirely in the dark how he is to proceed in his new field of action.

Such as he is, however, he illustrates the ideal conscience—a conscience which sustains itself in full activity by acting up to every suggestion, dreading the mist upon the mirror, that comes of delay. There are heroes of all sorts: those who obey the call from without, lead them where it will; those who sit in judgment upon themselves, and act out every sentence, regardless of the world's pleadings for another rule. We believe the first class are more generally popular. The last can alone awake the enthusiasm of our author. The character which needs external promptings of any kind is with her second-rate, and suggests in infinite variety her cutting comments on human action. There is the weakness that cannot judge of an action till it sees it through other eyes, and knows the voice of mankind upon it:—

> 'See now the virtue living in a word!
> Hobson will think of swearing it was noon
> When he saw Dobson at the May-day fair,
> To prove poor Dobson did not rob the mail.
> 'Tis neighbourly to save a neighbour's neck:
> What harm in lying when you mean no harm?
> But say 'tis perjury, then Hobson quakes—
> He'll none of perjury.
> Thus words embalm
> The conscience of mankind; and Roman laws
> Bring still a conscience to poor Hobson's aid.'
>
> —*Felix Holt*, iii. 21.

There is 'the outside conscience,' suggesting how things will *look* to the world, so that 'we are very much indebted to such

linking of events as makes a doubtful action look wrong;' and its obverse, rendering deceit an easy necessity :—

'We are so made, almost all of us, that the false seeming which we have thought of with painful shrinking when beforehand in our solitude it has urged itself on us as a necessity, will possess our muscles and move our lips as if nothing but that were easy when once we have come under the stimulus of expectant eyes and ears.'—*Romola*, iii. 208.

But the analysis of conscience is everywhere, and meets us in these pages at every turn.

In discussing 'Felix Holt' all critics have to give up the plot, and no amount of other excellences can quite atone for defect in this fundamental quality. For want of it the character of the heroine is somewhat sketchy, and needs a field for its development; and, moreover, what plot there is is of a somewhat trite order, and has been had recourse to once before by the author. This is her second heroine who has been trained in entire mistake as to her name and parentage. The incidents which determine the colour of the narrative, all passed years before the story commences, and need a patient attention in the reader, which he is not often willing to bestow, on the clearing up of events a generation or more prior to the period for which his interest is wound up. Certainly, the author of 'Adam Bede' can do better without a plot than most other writers can do with one, but the deficiency is felt, even where it is not detected. However, genius has its limits, and genius here does not show itself in play of invention, in variety of brilliant situations, but in such an admirable exhibition of human character and motives, as shall dispense with these auxiliaries, or prevent our missing them. Nor in human character only: she is one of the few describers of national scenery with whom we are never impatient, take us where she will—through lanes, hedgerows, farmyards, through villages or markets, among rustics or townfolks—her pictures are so instinct with life, are drawn with such accurate knowledge, with such a loving, tender touch, every sense feels such gratification at them, they are such appeals to our own pleasantest memories, that the charm of them never wearies. The introductory chapter in 'Felix Holt,' which recalls the pleasures of a fine spring or autumn day spent on the top of a coach, is a perfect idyll, though, in using the complimentary phrase, we, for our own part, rather feel to be paying a civility to the idyll than to the author. It is an example of her matchless power of embalming a past and utterly bygone happiness. As she justly says :—

'Posterity may be shot, like a bullet through a tube, by atmospheric pressure from Winchester to Newcastle: that is a fine result to have among our hopes; but the slow, old-fashioned way of getting from one end of our country to the other is the better thing to have in the memory.'—*Felix Holt*, i. 2.

The conclusion of this drive introduces the reader to the scene of the story, and, with great skill, to the mystery that hangs about its tragic heroine. If Esther is a sketch, Mrs. Transome is a finished study, and one eminently congenial to the author's powers. It may be, she would have us think the world somewhat hard upon falls such as this frail matron's. At any rate, it is the dread of shame, and the loss of love and respect, rather than the sin itself, which is the haunting fear of this proud, power-loving nature, and for which the sympathies of the reader are engaged so much that we cannot grudge her the unfailing devotion of the only relic of worshipful observance time has left her—her old attendant Denner. The feudal loyalty of this servant, which in some hands would be raised to a virtue of the first order, is here made the occasion of a satire upon the nature of this feeling of the inferior towards its superior:—

'Denner had still strong eyes of that shortsighted kind which sees through the narrowest chink between the eyelashes. The physical contrast between the tall, eagle-faced, dark-eyed lady, and the little peering waiting-woman, who had been round-featured and of pale mealy complexion from her youth up, had doubtless had a strong influence in determining Denner's feeling towards her mistress, which was of that worshipful sort paid to a goddess in ages when it was not thought necessary or likely that a goddess should be very moral. There were different orders of beings—so ran Denner's creed—and she belonged to another order than that to which her mistress belonged. She had a mind as sharp as a needle, and would have seen through and through the ridiculous pretensions of a born servant who did not submissively accept the rigid fate which had given her born superiors. She would have called such pretensions the wrigglings of a worm that tried to walk on its tail. There was a tacit understanding that Denner knew all her mistress's secrets, and her speech was plain and unflattering; yet with wonderful subtlety of instinct she never said anything which Mrs. Transome could feel humiliated by, as by a familiarity from a servant who knew too much. Denner identified her own dignity with that of her mistress. She was a hard-headed, godless little woman, but with a character to be reckoned on as you reckon on the qualities of iron.'—*Felix Holt*, i. 45, 46.

We are introduced to Transome Court the day the lady's son returns from the East, a rich man, full of plans for his own advancement, and the restoration of the family fortunes. Harold Transome is one of those world's favourites, with frank, agreeable manners—though, in his case, somewhat overbearing—who, owing to her keener insight, are no favourites with the author. With every desire to see others the better for his presence among them, he owes much of his well-doing to that outer conscience, the world's eye, his deference to which contrasts him with her hero. He is bolder, more wilful, and less reticent than Tito, less pleasure-loving, and fonder of power; and, above all, *more* self-sustained, and less tempted by outward circumstances;

or he might sink to his level, for self in the same way underlies all his plans. As it is, he plays a grander part, and, in fact, acts in critical moments like a hero, which is more than mere outside conscience often does for people. This man of the world, his mother's hope while absent, presently makes her feel her powerlessness to guide him, and to direct events, and, as in blind ignorance of the real state of things, he hurries on the catastrophe of which her life stood in dread. While the author's sympathies are with Radicalism,—the word as it means a critical discontent with things as they are, and a desire for fundamental changes in many points where the well-to-do part of the community are fully satisfied they could not be changed for the better,—she shows her liberality by a perfectly impartial distribution of political vices. Harold Transome is a Radical for his own selfish ends, and not more scrupulous in attaining them than the most bigoted of Tories; while one or two Tories of the typical stamp, represent the old world in a sufficiently genial fashion. Her democratic bias is further tempered by a strong feeling for race, the refining influences of hereditary gentility, and what is meant by good blood, as it affects tastes and manner Nobody can understand where Esther gets her distinguished manners, graceful walk, high instep, until it comes out that she is a Bycliffe.

Every story of this writer shows evidences of strong sympathy for some form or other of earnest religion; religion such as is acted up to. We have the Low Churchman, in 'Janet's Repentance;' Dinah, the Methodist preacher, and Mr. Irwin, in 'Adam Bede;' Savonarola, in 'Romola,' and Mr. Lyon, the Dissenting minister, in 'Felix Holt'—all admirable portraits. She reverences their enthusiasm, is indulgent towards prejudice and weakness, where conscience in the main triumphs; she might really have gone through each phase of feeling she depicts, so tenderly is every struggle and difficulty handled; but she fraternizes with none. There is a look of having passed through each, but of resting nowhere. It is, perhaps, the especial temptation of the inventive faculty, to enter in this way into every shade of opinion, till personality shall be lost. But here the effect of separateness from, and superiority to, the views she impersonates, is enhanced by the didactic tone which is a growing feature of her style. We are led to suppose that 'Felix Holt' more represents her present mind than any of these directly religious teachers. And what is 'Felix Holt'? what does he believe? of whom is he the follower? He seems to adopt very much the line we are here attributing to the author, where he reproves Esther for sitting at home on Sunday afternoon, reading French sentiment, instead of accompanying her father to chapel:—

'"Why do you read this mawkish stuff on a Sunday, for example?" he said, snatching up "Réné," and running his eye over the pages.

'"Why don't you always go to chapel, Mr. Holt, and read Howe's 'Living Temple,' and join the church?"

'"There's just the difference between us—I know why I don't do these things. I distinctly see that I can do something better. I have other principles, and should sink myself by doing what I don't recognise as the best."

'"I understand," said Esther, as lightly as she could, to conceal her bitterness. "I am a lower kind of being, and could not so easily sink myself."

'"Not by entering into your father's ideas. If a woman really believes herself to be a lower kind of being, she should place herself in subjection: she should be ruled by the thoughts of her father or husband. If not, let her show her power of choosing something better. You must know that your father's principles are greater and worthier than what guides your life. You have no reason but idle fancy and selfish inclination for shirking his teaching and giving your soul up to trifles."'—*Felix Holt*, i. 225, 226.

Felix's religious system, it seems to us, borrows everything from Christianity except its creed, and is represented as fulfilling the commands of the Beatitudes without looking for their blessing.

But such views are by the way. It is as a politician that he is presented to us, and politics are the topic of the book, so far as the word means—the best ordering of the body-politic. He is an original thinker, taking nothing for granted; and honest in action as in thought. Hence he has fallen foul of the means of livelihood his father had bequeathed to his mother.

The hero and heroine, with these diverse characteristics, are very pleasantly set before us in the following scene, which succeeds upon a complaint of Mrs. Holt to the minister of the eccentric courses of her son. We have not space for the preliminary portrait of Mr. Lyon, the little short-sighted, high-minded, dreamy Independent minister. He is sitting in his study when Felix comes by appointment;—a dismal room, with its one ornament, a bust of George Whitfield, covered with green gauze, but with certain incongruous feminine elegances, subsequently explained:—

'Felix Holt, when he entered, was not in an observant mood; and when, after seating himself, at the minister's invitation, near the little table which held the work-basket, he stared at the wax candle opposite to him: he did so without any wonder or consciousness that the candle was not of tallow. But the minister's sensitiveness gave another interpretation to the gaze which he divined rather than saw; and in alarm lest this inconsistent extravagance should obstruct his usefulness, he hastened to say—

'"You are doubtless amazed to see me with a wax-light, my young friend; but this undue luxury is paid for with the earnings of my daughter, who is so delicately framed that the smell of tallow is loathsome to her."

'"I heeded not the candle, sir. I thank Heaven I am not a mouse to have a nose that takes note of wax and tallow."

'The loud abrupt tones made the old man vibrate a little. He had been stroking his chin gently before, with a sense that he must be very quiet and deliberate in his treatment of the eccentric young man; but now, quite unreflectingly, he drew forth a pair of spectacles, which he was in the habit of using when he wanted to observe his interlocutor more closely than usual.

'"And I myself, in fact, am equally indifferent," he said, as he opened and adjusted his glasses, "so that I have a sufficient light on my book." Here his large eyes looked discerningly through the spectacles.

'"'Tis the quality of the page you care about, not of the candle," said Felix, smiling pleasantly enough at his inspector. "You're thinking that you have a roughly-written page before you now."

'That was true. The minister, accustomed to the respectable air of provincial townsmen, and especially to the sleek, well-clipped gravity of his own male congregation, felt a slight shock as his glasses made perfectly clear to him the shaggy-headed, large-eyed, strong-limbed person of this questionable young man, without waistcoat or cravat. But the possibility, supported by some of Mrs. Holt's words, that a disguised work of grace might be going forward in the son of whom she complained so bitterly, checked any hasty interpretations.

'"I abstain from judging by the outward appearance only," he answered, with his usual simplicity. "I myself have experienced that when the spirit is much exercised it is difficult to remember neckbands, and strings, and such small accidents of our vesture, which are, nevertheless, decent and needful so long as we sojourn in the flesh. And you, too, my young friend, as I gather from your mother's troubled and confused report, are undergoing some travail of mind. You will not, I trust, object to open yourself fully to me, as to an aged pastor who has himself had much inward wrestling, and has especially known much temptation from doubt."

'"As to doubt," said Felix, loudly and brusquely as before, "if it is those absurd medicines and gulling advertisements that my mother has been talking of to you—and I suppose it is—I've no more doubt about *them* than I have about pocket-picking. I know there's a stage of speculation in which a man may doubt whether a pickpocket is blameworthy—but I'm not one of your subtle fellows, who keep looking at the world through their own legs. If I allowed the sale of those medicines to go on, and my mother to live out of the proceeds when I can keep her by the honest labour of my hands, I've not the least doubt that I should be a rascal."'—*Felix Holt*, i. 106—109.

They talk on, each fluent, and enjoying the exercise. The minister, happy in a mind whose thoughts 'were always completely organized into words;' and Felix equally ready from the unscrupulous positive vehemence of his spirit,—when Esther enters the room:—

'"Esther, my dear, this is Mr. Holt, whose acquaintance I have even now been making with more than ordinary interest. He will take tea with us."

'Esther bowed slightly as she walked across the room to fetch the candle and place it near her tray. Felix rose and bowed, also, with an air of indifference, which was perhaps exaggerated by the fact that he was inwardly surprised. The minister's daughter was not the sort of person he expected. She was quite incongruous with his notion of ministers' daughters in general; and though he had expected something nowise delightful, the incongruity repelled him. A very delicate scent, the faint suggestion of a garden, was wafted as she went. He would not observe her, but he had a sense of an elastic walk, the tread of small feet, a long neck, and a high crown of shining brown plaits with curls that floated backward—things, in short, that suggested a fine lady to him, and determined him to notice her as little as possible. A fine lady was always a sort of spun-glass affair—not natural, and with no beauty for him as art; but a fine lady as the daughter of this rusty old Puritan was especially offensive.'—*Felix Holt*, i. 121, 122.

She invites them to draw near the tea-table; Felix in rising

clumsily upsets her work-basket, out of which falls a volume of Byron, which gives occasion for an outbreak of contempt for that poet from the young radical, in the course of which he conceives a growing indignation at Esther's fine-ladyism. The conversation drifts into the arrival of Harold Transome in the country, and his intention of standing for Treby Magna, which was found to account for certain unwonted civilities Esther had received from Mr. Jermyn, the attorney, to whose daughter she gave French lessons :—

'"Something extraordinary must have happened," said Esther, "for Mr. Jermyn to intend courting us. Miss Jermyn said to me, only the other day, that she could not think how I came to be so well educated and ladylike. She always thought Dissenters were ignorant, vulgar people. I said, so they were, usually, and church people, also, in small towns. She considers herself a judge of what is ladylike, and she is vulgarity personified—with large feet, and the most odious scent on her handkerchief, and a bonnet that looks like 'The Fashion' printed in capital letters."

'"One sort of fine-ladyism is as good as another," said Felix.

'"No, indeed. Pardon me," said Esther. "A real fine-lady does not wear clothes that flare in people's eyes, or use importunate scents, or make a noise as she moves : she is something refined, and graceful, and charming, and never obtrusive."

'"Oh yes," said Felix, contemptuously. "And she reads Byron, also, and admires Childe Harold—gentlemen of unspeakable woes, who employ a hair-dresser, and look seriously at themselves in the glass."

'Esther reddened, and gave a little toss. Felix went on triumphantly. "A fine lady is a squirrel-headed thing, with small airs and small notions, about as applicable to the business of life as a pair of tweezers to the clearing of a forest. Ask your father what those old persecuted emigrant Puritans would have done with fine-lady wives and daughters."

'"Oh, there is no danger of such misalliances," said Esther. "Men who are unpleasant companions, and make frights of themselves, are sure to get wives tasteless enough to suit them."

'"Esther, my dear," said Mr. Lyon, "let not your playfulness betray you into disrespect towards those venerable pilgrims. They struggled and endured in order to cherish and plant anew the seeds of scriptural doctrine and of a pure discipline."

'"Yes, I know," said Esther, hastily, dreading a discourse on the pilgrim fathers.

'"O they were an ugly lot!" Felix burst in, making Mr. Lyon start. "Miss Medora wouldn't have minded if they had all been put into the pillory and lost their ears. She would have said, 'Their ears did stick out so.' I shouldn't wonder if that's a bust of one of them." Here Felix, with sudden keenness of observation, nodded at the black bust with the gauze over its coloured face.

'"No," said Mr. Lyon, "that is the eminent George Whitfield, who, you well know, had a gift of oratory as of one on whom the tongue of flame had rested visibly. But Providence—doubtless for wise ends in relation to the inner man, for I would not inquire too closely into minutiæ which carry too many plausible interpretations for any one of them to be stable—Providence, I say, ordained that the good man should squint ; and my daughter has not yet learned to bear with this infirmity."

'"So she has put a veil over it. Suppose you had squinted yourself?" said Felix, looking at Esther.

' "Then, doubtless, you could have been more polite to me, Mr. Holt," said Esther, rising, and placing herself at her work-table. "You seem to prefer what is unusual and ugly."

' "A peacock!" thought Felix. "I should like to come and scold her every day, and make her cry, and cut her fine hair off." '—*Felix Holt*, i. 128–130.

This spirited beginning of hostilities is not carried on as the reader naturally desires. Esther too soon falls under the spell of the superior mind. One main design of the book is to rouse women out of the pettiness of their ordinary interests; and Felix, we are to suppose, again represents the mind of the writer, in the remonstrances of which we have already extracted part, which leave him master of the field:—

' "I came on purpose to sit with you," said Felix, in his blunt way, "but I thought it likely you might be vexed at seeing me. I wanted to talk to you, but I've got nothing pleasant to say. As your father would have it, I'm not given to prophesy smooth things—to prophesy deceit."

' "I understand," said Esther, sitting down. "Pray be seated. You thought I had no afternoon sermon, so you came to give me one."

' "Yes," said Felix, seating himself sideways in a chair not far off her, and leaning over the back to look at her with his large clear grey eyes, "and my text is something you said the other day. You said you didn't mind about people having right opinions so that they had good taste. Now I want you to see what shallow stuff that is."

' "Oh, I don't doubt it if you say so. I know you are a person of right opinions."

' "But by opinions you mean men's thoughts about great subjects, and by taste you mean their thoughts about small ones: dress, behaviour, amusements, ornaments."

' "Well—yes—or, rather, their sensibilities about those things."

' "It comes to the same thing; thoughts, opinions, knowledge, are only a sensibility to facts and ideas. If I understand a geometrical problem, it is because I have a sensibility to the way in which lines and figures are related to each other; and I want you to see that the creature who has the sensibilities that you call taste, and not the sensibilities that you call opinions, is simply a lower, pettier sort of being—an insect that notices the shaking of the table, but never notices the thunder."

' "Very well, I am an insect; yet I notice that you are thundering at me."

' "No, you are not an insect. That is what exasperates me at your making a boast of littleness. You have enough understanding to make it wicked that you should add one more to the women who hinder men's lives from having any nobleness in them." '—*Felix Holt*, i. 223–225.

He strengthens his position by quotations from her French book to her great irritation:—

' "Pray go on, Mr. Holt. Relieve yourself of these burning truths. I am sure they must be troublesome to carry unuttered."

' "Yes, they are," said Felix, pausing, and standing not far off her. "I can't bear to see you going the way of the foolish women who spoil men's lives. Men can't help loving them, and so they make themselves slaves to the petty desires of petty creatures. That's the way those who might do better spend their lives for nought—get checked in every great effort—toil with brain and limb for things that have no more to do with a manly life than tarts and confectionery. That's what makes women a curse; all life is stunted to suit their

littleness. That's why I'll never love, if I can help it; and if I love, I'll bear it, and never marry."

'The tumult of feeling in Esther's mind—mortification, anger, the sense of a terrible power over her that Felix seemed to have as his angry words vibrated through her—was getting almost too much for her self-control. She felt her lips quivering; but her pride, which feared nothing so much as the betrayal of her emotion, helped her to a desperate effort. She pinched her own hand hard to overcome her tremor, and said, in a tone of scorn,—

' "I ought to be very much obliged to you for giving me your confidence so freely."

' "Ah! now you are offended with me, and disgusted with me. I expected it would be so. A woman doesn't like a man who tells her the truth."

' "I think you boast a little too much of your truth-telling, Mr. Holt," said Esther, flashing out at last. "That virtue is apt to be easy to people when they only wound others and not themselves. Telling the truth often means no more than taking a liberty."

' "Yes, I suppose I should have been taking a liberty if I had tried to drag you back by the skirt when I saw you running into a pit."

' "You should really found a sect. Preaching is your vocation. It is a pity you should ever have an audience only of one."

' "I see; I have made a fool of myself. I thought you had a more generous mind—that you might be kindled to a better ambition. But I have set your vanity aflame—nothing else. I'm going. Good-bye."

' "Good-bye," said Esther, not looking at him. He did not open the door immediately. He seemed to be adjusting his cap and pulling it down. Esther longed to be able to throw a lasso round him and compel him to stay, that she might say what she chose to him; her very anger made this departure irritating, especially as he had the last word, and that a very bitter one. But soon the latch was lifted and the door closed behind him. She ran up to her bedroom and burst into tears.'—*Felix Holt*, i. 229–231.

Still there is no want of sympathy for Esther as the representative of studious refinement of taste, and exquisite sense of proprieties:—

'No one who has not, like Esther, a strong natural prompting and susceptibility towards such things, and has, at the same time, suffered from the presence of opposite conditions, can understand how powerfully those minor accidents of rank which please the fastidious sense can pre-occupy the imagination.'—*Felix Holt*, iii. 65.

These minor accidents begin to lose their influence from the time she hears Felix wonder—

'Whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring the force there would be in one beautiful woman whose mind was as noble as her face was beautiful—who made a man's passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of his life.'—*Felix Holt*, ii. 177.

From this time Esther feels herself seriously shaken in her self-content—seeks a reconciliation, and accepts Felix as her teacher. This mode of love-making is evidently in favour with the more original and advanced thinkers amongst our modern authoresses. It is one the masculine fancy would hardly have conceived, or at least ventured to give expression to, without *such* sanction. Nor, in fact, does it come readily into a man's

mind, who is not a philosopher, either to denounce what is distinctly feminine, or to feel that he himself would be the better and stronger if she were to cast aside

> 'Fear and niceness,
> The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
> Woman her pretty self,'

and take a bold plunge into the deep waters of speculation, throwing all lesser regards to the winds. Esther abandons her tastes at once, to join in the rush he talks of, and to become a second edition of himself. But after all it is because she is in love.

Under this stimulus—as many another woman does—she chooses a life contrary to her nature, and therefore tenfold harder to her than to him. But it is really love and not conversion. The authoress cannot make the change congenial. We are not told how her time is to be occupied, how her mind develops in its new field, or how she is to be happy in the companionship of the wives of the class among whom Felix decides to pass his life, and she to pass it with him.

But 'George Eliot's' real world is not the world of theory, but of fact, and hence the variety of her admirers. The majority of her readers fret the minority by the object for which they read her pages, and the points they retain for reference and peculiar relish. It exceedingly disgusts some of her eulogists to hear people quote Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Glegg, or Mr. Gedge; or that solemn gathering in 'the public,' in 'Silas Marner,' which begins with the guarded encomium on the butcher's recent purchase of 'fine beast,' and ends with the discussion on ghosts: or, in the present volume, find the reader dwelling on Jack Lengen's speech, or old Tom Trounsem's tipsy dignity, or the divine's guidance of Mrs. Holt's self-esteem, as though here we found the cream of the author's power and experience. They are hardly content with such as do justice to her power and pathos in working up a scene. We must accept her as a light of the age, or we may as well not read her at all. We must admire the largeness of mind which, while it enables her to appreciate all forms of earnestness, rests in none. Our readers probably stop short of such demands, but they will still own to a value beyond mere accuracy and humour of touch, a moral purpose, even in her comedy,—in such scenes, for example, as where the Sproxton colliers are assembled at Chubb's. It would be useless to describe colliers at all, without an indulgent amused realization of them as they are, tempering aspirations after their transition into another type altogether; and in this power of reading the minds of unformed,

warped, uncongenial natures, of detecting the humanity that lies hidden within them, which is the power conspicuous in her most popular representations, we see the training of a high moral purpose as well as an intellectual gift. It is not ever mere imitation, or memory, or adaptation, which those assume, who by comparison disparage it, but it is sympathy and insight. We admire her portraits of the comic, humorous, or satirical class, because they are taken as a great painter draws a face from his knowledge of what has formed the expression and influenced the outline. And her best teaching, her purest, most unbiassed morality, that least tinctured by conformity with modern scepticism, is to be found in them. Truth of this sort we find at every turn, in the scene we have alluded to, where the colliers are addressed by Johnson, the glib radical electioneering agent. These people were the material on which Felix Holt had fixed for the commencement of his mission, and until the new man comes they are willing enough to listen. He has been inviting them to meet him next Sunday evening at Peggy Button's:—

'"Why, that's where the Wednesday preachin' is," said Dredge. "I've been aforced to give my wife a black eye to hinder her from going to the preachin'. Lors-a-massy, she thinks she knows better nor me, and I can't make head nor tail of her talk."

'"Why can't you let the woman alone?" said Brindle, with some disgust. "I'd be ashamed to beat a poor crawling thing 'cause she likes preaching."

'"No more I did beat her afore, not if she scrat' me," said Dredge, in vindication; "but if she jabbers at me, I can't abide it. Howsomever, I'll bring my Jack to Peggy's o' Saturday. His mother shall wash him. He is but four years old, and he'll swear and square at me a good un, if I set him on."

'"There you go blatherin'," said Brindle, intending a mild rebuke.

'This dialogue, which was in danger of becoming too personal, was interrupted by the reopening of the parlour door, and the reappearance of the impressive stranger with Mr. Chubb, whose countenance seemed unusually radiant.

'"Sit you down here, Mr. Johnson," said Chubb, moving an arm-chair. "This gentleman is kind enough to treat the company," he added, looking round, "and what's more, he'll take a cup with 'em; and I think there's no man but what'll say that's a honour."'—*Felix Holt*, i. 248, 249.

There is always a large proportion of persons in this author's works who express themselves in an almost impossible flow of terse, forcible, and graceful English. It is a gift she attributes to any favourite, but she also succeeds in conveying an idea of the smallness of the untutored Englishman's vocabulary beyond any other writer. It is impressed upon her by a sort of wondering observation. Talking, to these colliers, or even hearing talk, is a greater labour than delving in the bowels of the earth. 'The company had nothing equivalent to a "hear, hear," 'in response to Mr. Chubb's introduction, but perhaps they 'felt the more as they seated themselves, with an expectation

'unvented by utterance.' The agent is an orator, and rouses all their sensibilities on the subject of a good article in the shape of beer, and on the all-importance of coal to the community; but a brief, loud 'Haw-haw' alone shows that his wit is appreciated; except that a stone-cutter, 'desirous of an exhaustive treatment of the subject,' interjects, 'nor freeston, nayther.' As the orator approaches his climax,—the announcement of the new candidate,—with 'I think you all know the good news!' the general excitement expresses itself in a movement of shoe-soles on the quarried floor, and a scrape of some chair-legs; but no other answer. When the argument irritates Felix into opposition, and the agent, by an appeal to self-interest, secures the audience on his side, an approving 'Haw-haw' rewards him. For 'to hear anything said and understand it, was a stimulus that had the effect of wit.' He finds a road to their prejudices in a sly allusion to Spratt, the manager of the coal-pits: and still 'Haw-haw, Spratt's his name,' is the sole response, with an excited accompaniment of shoe-soles; and not till he hints at the rough method by which these non-voters might serve the cause of Reform, does any one of his audience find words enough for a sentence. 'I wish there'd be a row, I'd pommel him.' This matter-of-fact interpretation of an inuendo calls for a gentle check. 'A little rolling in the dust, 'and pelting with soft things, would do no harm; but no kicks; 'no knocking down, no pomelling.' But thought has been set in motion. '"It 'ud be good fun, though, if so-*be*," said old Sleck, '*allowing himself an imaginative pleasure.*' Limited as are their own utterances, the strain of attention has been almost too much for the company. The agent rides off:—

'"Let's have our pipes, then," said old Sleck; "I'm pretty well tired o' jaw."

'"So am I," said Dredge. "It's wriggling work—like follering a stoat. It makes a man dry. I'd as lief hear preaching, on'y there's nought to be got by 't. I shouldn't know which end I stood on if it wasn't for the tickets and the treatin'." '—*Felix Holt*, i. 261.

Johnson says of Shakespeare, that for a quibble he lost the world, and was content to lose it; we may say something the same for our author. For a simile she is content at any time to abandon her close pursuit of nature. The image of a stoat-hunt is a very clever likeness of following the train of an argument; but we don't think it would have come into Dredge's mind so *à propos*. With regard to this and many a similar scene, we must all observe how much the life and truth in them owe to the author's keen sense of sound; indeed, to the evident acuteness of all the senses. In every picture we hear, touch, smell, taste, as well as see. The scraping of the shoe-soles on the

brick floor, is better than all speech to bring the scene, and the audience before us; just as, in 'Romola,' the swinging clang of Florence bells, and in 'Adam Bede' the subdued Sunday sounds in a farm-house, realize to us all the other conditions of the scene, and put us in harmony with the actors in it.

While the author, through her hero, pictures what the ideal noble woman might do for man, and for her race, she follows a different plan in practice, and gives to her chief favourites the training to patience and endurance, which weak, irritable, trying mothers are alone in the position to give, and the nobler type of character and temper to profit by. Mrs. Holt is a diverting, but highly grotesque example of what woman may become under the total neglect of her reasoning faculties. Her trains of thought, always starting from, referring to, and ending in herself, —yet she in her nature by no means directly selfish—are given with wonderful truth; we even conceive what it must be to live with such a woman, and see in his forbearance Felix's most endearing merit. But she has a real grievance, and unquestionably he owes every compensation to the mother whom he deprives of her occupation, and reduces to inaction; and whom he disappoints in her simple ambition to see her son get on and make some figure in the world. One does not exactly see the basis of his high-handed authority over his mother, except the old one of strength over weakness. She has a cause. He ought, for her sake, to have worn the clothes that would have made her happier. It is really a case for the reasonableness of men's conforming to custom in things immaterial. Somebody, whom it is a duty to please, is always the happier for their doing so—while the only enjoyment to be got out of the indulgence of a whim is to the protestor, who feels the restraint of broad-cloth, and craves for some outward expression—as loose garb and tangled locks—for the fever of progress in his veins. Mrs. Holt, a member of Mr. Lyon's congregation, though not of the community, like many another who passes for a Christian, is absolutely untouched by any distinctive doctrine of the creed she assumes to profess. She represents that condensed self-esteem, which may be found in a narrow mind, directed by a strong will, a quality peculiarly interesting to our author, who has speculated much upon it, and arrived at a correct analysis. Mrs. Holt seems unreasonable and inconsequent, because, whatever the matter in hand, she can regard it only in one light—as it concerns herself, and the impression the world is likely to receive of *her* from it. For in her case, and probably in all, this self-esteem is never derived from simple self-approval; but from the supposed light in which she is, or ought to be, viewed by mankind, with whom she cannot conceive herself

other than a central figure. The object she worships is the figure she supposes herself to make under this universal scrutiny; and under such an impression, each action or event is primarily regarded, as it exalts and magnifies this image. Motives are a region she does not enter into, or concern herself with; they are taken for granted. But whereas experience shows the world reluctant to pay the deserved tribute to this excellence, a habit of exposition and self-defence is found inseparable from this state of mind. The case can surely be so put that men cannot help themselves. They must be made not only to see, but own they see, the relation of the pleader and the matter in hand, before its other bearings can be touched upon. This habit of mind is by no means confined to uncultivated natures; but for the glaring exhibition of this train of thought and appropriate speech, a narrow sphere is necessary. Education and society throw a veil over the workings of self, but we see all the anatomy of it where nature and circumstances have had their swing. Mrs. Holt is delightfully artless in the revelations of her spring of action, because she has no clear conception of, and certainly no interest in, any life but that in which she plays so virtuous a part. One quality is very noteworthy of this posture of mind. It acts as a panoply: or, perhaps, we should say, as a sort of buffer against all shocks of sudden misfortune. The instinct to set self right and in a proper position before the world on the first alarm of any calamity, turns away the force of the blow from the affections; when the first thought is, 'It is not my fault, nobody can say that I am to blame;'—'If my advice had been taken;'—'Our friend will yet get over it: his spirits have sustained no irrecoverable shock.' Hence our sympathy for Mrs. Holt, on the occasion of her son being lodged in jail as a rioter, with the charge of manslaughter hanging over him, is modified at once. She has the feelings of a mother, but they will never overwhelm her. The minister pays his visit of condolence to this 'feminine darkener of counsel,' in the hope of extracting from her some testimony favourable to her son's cause; but it is not in her nature to think of him apart from her own respectability:—

'She, regarding all her trouble about Felix in the light of a fulfilment of her own prophecies, treated the sad history with a preference for edification above accuracy, and for mystery above relevance, worthy of a commentator on the Apocalypse. She insisted chiefly, not on the important facts, that Felix had sat at his work till after eleven, like a deaf man, had rushed out in surprise and alarm, had come back to report with satisfaction that things were quiet, and had asked her to set by his dinner for him—facts which would tell as evidence that Felix was disconnected with any project of disturbances, and was averse to them. These things came out incidentally in her long plaint to the minister; but what Mrs. Holt felt it essential to state was, that long

before Michaelmas was turned, sitting in her chair, she had said to Felix that there would be a judgment on him for being so certain sure about the Pills and the Elixir.

'"And now, Mr. Lyon," said the poor woman, who had dressed herself in a gown previously cast off, a front all out of curl, and a cap with no starch in it, while she held little coughing Job on her knee,—"and now you see—my words have come true sooner than I thought they would. Felix may contradict me if he will; but there he is in prison, and here am I, with nothing in the world to bless myself with but half-a-crown a-week as I've saved by my own scraping, and this house I've got to pay rent for. It's not me has done wrong, Mr. Lyon; there's nobody can say it of me—not the orphin child on my knee is more innicent o' riot and murder and anything else as is bad. But when you've got a son so masterful and stopping medicines as Providence has sent, and his betters have been taken up and down the country since before he was a baby, it's o' no use being good here below. But he *was* a baby, Mr. Lyon, and I gave him the breast,"—here poor Mrs. Holt's motherly love overcame her expository eagerness, and she fell more and more to crying as she spoke—"And to think there's folk saying now as he'll be transported, and his hair shaved off, and the treadmill, and everything. Oh dear!"

'As Mrs. Holt broke out into sobbing, little Job also, who had got a confused yet profound sense of sorrow, and of Felix being hurt and gone away, set up a little wail of wondering misery.

'"Nay, Mistress Holt," said the minister soothingly, "enlarge not your grief by more than warrantable grounds. I have good hope that my young friend your son will be delivered from any severe consequences beyond the death of the man Tucker, which I fear will ever be a sore burthen on his memory. I feel confident that a jury of his countrymen will discern between misfortune, or it may be misjudgment, and an evil will, and that he will be acquitted of any grave offence."

'"He never stole anything in his life, Mr. Lyon," said Mrs. Holt, reviving. "Nobody can throw it in my face as my son ran away with money like the young man at the Bank—though he looked most respectable, and far different on a Sunday to what Felix ever did. And I know it's very hard fighting with constables; but they say Tucker's wife'll be a deal better off than she was before, for the great folks'll pension her, and she'll be put on all the charities, and her children at the Free School, and everything. Your trouble's easy borne when everybody gives it a lift for you; and if judge and jury wants to do right by Felix, they'll think of his poor mother, with the bread took out of her mouth, all but half-a-crown a-week and furniture—which, to be sure, is most excellent, and of my own buying—and got to keep this orphin child as Felix himself brought on me. And I might send him back to his old grandfather on parish pay, but I'm not that woman, Mr. Lyon: I've a tender heart. And here's his little feet and toes, like marbil; do but look"—here Mrs. Holt drew off Job's sock and shoe, and showed a well-washed little foot—"and you'll perhaps say I might take a lodger; but it's easy talking; it isn't everybody at a loose-end wants a parlour and a bedroom; and if anything bad happens to Felix, I may as well go and sit in the parish Pound, and nobody to buy me out; for it's beyond everything how the church members find fault with my son. But I think they might leave his mother to find fault; for queer and masterful he might be, and flying in the face of the very Scripture about the physic, but he was most clever beyond anything—that I *will* say—and was his own father's lawful child, and me his mother, that was Mary Wall thirty years before ever I married his father." Here Mrs. Holt's feelings again became too much for her, but she struggled on to say, sobbingly, "And if they're to transport him, I should like to go to the prison and take the orphin child; for he was most fond of having him on his lap, and said he'd

never marry; and there was One above overheard him, for he's been took at his word."'—*Felix Holt*, iii. 48—51.

Another character drawn with elaborate care is Mr. Jermyn, the unprincipled attorney. As a young man he had laid the foundation of the tragedy of the story; as an attorney he illustrates the temptations of a class at once trusted and suspected, and the effect of a certain amount of tolerated unscrupulousness upon a merely average conscience. Mr. Jermyn had treated the Transome estate, of which circumstances gave him the management, after the manner of the German poet entrusted to convey a particularly fine sausage to Paris; who, in the course of a long journey, first smelt, then tasted, till, humanly speaking, the sausage was at an end. He had never loved meanness, but he loved sausage. So Mr. Jermyn had never loved that ugly abstraction rascality, but he had liked things that suggested 'nibbling,' and what he liked he did. Such a man is a terrible partner in a hidden sin. Mrs. Transome's haunting fears have their fulfilment at last, not through the self-interest that seemed to govern him, but through the rage and outraged pride, which when they speak loud enough, must have their term of indulgence too. Jermyn's final revelation to Harold Transome we cannot but feel to trench upon the borders of what is permissible in fiction; and possibly it was this doubt on the author's part, which led her to give the scene rather as a sketch than with those minute touches and all the telling truth of detail of which she is capable, and which a climax seemed to demand.

It is this sketchiness of plot, and of scenes which develop the plot, contrasted with the detail bestowed on episode and digression, which tires the reader who takes up the book as a mere novel. It is too political, they say, or too abstract; but politics, or any other grave topic—when inspired with the life this writer can infuse into her themes—may so advance the main interest, that no one shall feel them irrelevant. The author elaborates where she knows her ground, and very wisely, but this ground might and should be more of the essence of the story. We are especially struck with this irrelevance in the history of the minister's challenge to public discussion on the respective merits of Church and Dissent. It is really *à propos* to nothing, and the idea that Philip Dubarry was bound to find a champion, on the plea of his general offers of service to the man who had obliged him, is simply absurd. On their own distinct merits, many of these scenes are inimitable. The 'characters' of a small market-town group together and touch one another with an extraordinary reality. The servants' hall, the market table, the beer-house, are delightful for the subtle elicitous, unexpected hits, which we all feel due to an observ

tion quickened by genius. Old Tommy Trounsem's drunken pride of family is rendered with a point which justifies the pains taken in such a portrait, and Jack Lingin's speech on the hustings has a touch of Shakesperian humour; though no Tory will allow it to be natural, that family feeling and ambition should have tempted a genuine Tory to throw over his party for private ends.

'Felix Holt' belongs to the period of memory and experience. The author describes what she has seen, and speculated upon (mainly unconsciously) in the seeing. Her line is progress and theory, but we recognise a nature formed to be intensely alive to the real and present. She has been no dreamer, in any sense which should dim the vigilance of eye or ear to take in all that came before them. Every scene or interest which affects or charms the reader has its germ in some impression received involuntarily and followed up without conscious labour. In opposition to this, 'Romola' is signally an intellectual effort. Characters and scenes are evolved out of an intense contemplation of the remote period to be realized. The imagination has been tasked to the uttermost, and the reader feels the success to be great through realizing what the task is. No period could perhaps have been better adapted to illustrate certain lines of thought. And perhaps no period could have furnished more naturally the particular temper of mind she desired to illustrate through the busiest actor and plotter of her scene. Tito, loose from all ties, without the checks and safeguards which keep most men within bounds, with his grace, beauty, charm of manners, and his box of gems, seems to personify the Renaissance, and the soft, unscrupulous, heathenish, treacherous selfishness, at that time, issuing in such excesses of cruelty and wrong.

We know no villain in story so calculated to make the reader uncomfortable, which is probably as great a testimony to the skill and moral of the impersonation as could be given. 'That problem,' we are told, 'of arranging life to his mind,' had been the source of all his misdoing. An evil course could hardly be indicated in terms more suggestive to each individual conscience. Moreover we are such companionable creatures, and pleasure is so dependent on the good temper and good nature of the people about us, that the picture of a thoroughly agreeable fellow with no vices and no positive evil tendencies, slipping by degrees, and through a series of temptations all of a nature we can understand, into the depths of baseness and treachery, is depressing. The character is wonderfully well drawn; only we cannot but muse on what the experience must have been which results in such bitter distrust of smooth amiability,—what men generally consider fascination—as this portrait of the insinuating

Greek implies, with the counter one of Felix Holt. The keen and bitterly expressed comment upon the gradual declension of this evil hero, forces the reader upon personal application more or less close. Tito is invested with qualities we know the value of. We are accustomed to like people in proportion as they possess them, and to aim at cultivating them in our own persons. By this rule, our inner consciousness seems to say, we cannot even be sure of ourselves! On the whole it is a salutary study; though we still retain some faith in a fair outside, and, in the absence of troublesome qualities, must still be disposed to like a man who, along with positive accomplishments and perfect taste, is, we are assured, free from malignity, who is never impatient, who never 'brags,' who can blush, and who has no self-conceit. Nor can we willingly give in to the caustic painter's dictum:—that a perfect traitor should have (*has* in this instance) a face which vice can write no marks on,—lips that will lie with a dimpled smile, and cheeks that will rise from a murder and not look haggard; nor form other than fair auguries from 'a face wearing that' bland liveliness of expression, as far removed from excitability as from heaviness or gloom, which marks the companion popular alike among men and women—the companion who is never obtrusive or noisy, from uneasy vanity or excessive animal spirits, and whose brow is never contracted by resentment or indignation. One trait attached to the 'unconquerable aversion to everything unpleasant' of this smooth harmony of qualities, is well given:—

'Tito had an innate love of reticence—let us say a talent for it—which acted as other impulses do, without any conscious motive, and, like all people to whom concealment is easy, he would now and then conceal something which had as little the nature of a secret as the fact that he had seen a flight of crows.'—*Romola*, i. 156.

It is this caution, this absence of frankness, which constitutes the one main difference between this author's semi- and wholly selfish ideals. And there is in fact a reticence which arises from the discreditable suspicion that some furtive advantage may be got out of it. It furnishes 'the moorings to things evil.' Men of rash open speech are for ever, without thinking about it, protecting themselves against temptation to meanness and baseness, —even if they have the fatal habit of measuring things from their own interested point of view.

There are a variety of pagans in 'Romola' as there are of Christians. The heroine is trained by her father in his 'frank paganism' until she falls under the influence of Savonarola. Tito is an utter and scoffing heathen, when a sneer can find safe expression. The religion of the rustic population is pagan in its ignorance, and the betrayed Baldassarre worships revenge.

All the beliefs of mankind, to which her sympathies are open, find their impersonation, if not fulfilment, in some living human development. Thus the denizens of heaven are perpetually brought down to earth in grave or half-jesting allusion; Romola's religion is inseparable from, and rises and falls with, her faith in Savonarola. His line under excommunication dictates her rule for releasing herself from the moral obligations of the marriage tie. She herself is accepted by gazing peasants as a vision of the Madonna. Tessa says her prayers to 'Naldo' in his absence. Even Savonarola is represented as fixing his hopes and vision on the regeneration of Florence rather than on an eternal future. Contemplation and the strictly spiritual life, which are the aims of Monasticism, are viewed without any share of that sympathy which any other sincere religious sentiment receives. They are supposed to come of the narrow thought of climbing safely into Paradise up the ladder of prayer, fasting, and abstinence.

Hence, while Savonarola is rendered with a sort of passionate sympathy, and his regenerating crusade, in all its grotesque circumstances, with an amused approval—expressed in some excellent scenes—his cowled coadjutors and followers meet with harder measure. Dino, who forsook his overbearing scholarly heathen of a father at what he felt a higher call, is an object of repulsion alike to father, sister, and author. She owns no higher duty than the ties of kindred, neighbourhood, and country; and these, as far as they are ties of blood and the earliest affections, rank higher than marriage and its external obligations. Dino's desertion of his father is a crime, Romola's of her husband when she ceases to respect him—her withdrawal of all care and interest from the man who wounds and outrages her affections of longest standing, is regarded as an inevitable consequence. A noble woman, it is assumed, cannot love, or other than loathe, the man who reveals to her a certain class of qualities, whatever mysterious, sacred, and supreme authority religion may give to her union with him. Among other moral uses of Tito's villanies, we must regard this as one of them in the author's intention. What, she seems to ask, what could Romola do under her circumstances? could she pretend to love? could she submit herself or render obedience to the 'treacherous man?' could she tolerate union with him in any real sense? We answer that good women can and do fulfil the divine precept to love their husbands under as adverse circumstances. But we grant this is an effort impossible without faith in the miracles of Christianity, without belief in conversion—a belief actuating not only at the moment of extreme need, but throughout a whole life, constituting the hope of every prayer, the medium *through* which the most intolerable present is viewed. Her

husband need not inevitably fulfil and accomplish the threatenings of his own misdeeds; the better part of him, that which won her heart, may reassert itself through the potent workings of Divine grace. Thus, and thus only, she may retain her ideal, and look back upon it, not as a broken, but only as a thickly veiled and obscured reflection.

The power of a man such as Tito to inspire affection in Romola, a woman of the grand order, might have been difficult to conceive. But, in the first place, it is an ingenious expedient for setting his personal grace and beauty always before us to give him a barber for, so to call him, a patron. This loquacious and prodigiously clever personage is in a state of perpetual admiration at Tito's graces, and his own success in giving them their last touch. The easy brilliant talk of Nello's customers, as one after another they submit themselves to the razor and the comb, with Tito the centre of the group and readiest of all, make us understand what a relief from monotony, and what a bright new world himself and his friends might present to a girl immured in her father's study. The first touch of sympathy is felicitously given. We see her amid its gloomy, antique surroundings:—

'The only spot of bright colour in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved *leggio*, or reading-desk, such as is often seen in the choirs of Italian churches. The hair was of a reddish gold colour, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings. It was confined by a black fillet above her small ears, from which it rippled forward again, and made a natural veil for her neck above her square-cut gown of black *rascia*, or serge. Her eyes were bent on a large volume placed before her: one long white hand rested on the reading-desk, and the other clasped the back of her father's chair.

'The blind father sat with head uplifted and turned a little aside towards his daughter, as if he were looking at her. His delicate paleness, set off by the black velvet cap which surmounted his drooping white hair, made all the more perceptible the likeness between his aged features and those of the young maiden, whose cheeks were also without any tinge of the rose. There was the same refinement of brow and nostril in both, counterbalanced by a full though firm mouth and powerful chin, which gave an expression of proud tenacity and latent impetuousness: an expression carried out in the backward poise of the girl's head, and the grand line of her neck and shoulders. It was a type of face of which one could not venture to say whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration which is mixed with dread: the question must be decided by the eyes, which often seem charged with a more direct message from the soul. But the eyes of the father had long been silent, and the eyes of the daughter were bent on the Latin pages of Politian's *Miscellanea*, from which she was reading aloud.'—*Romola*, i. 79, 80.

Such is the maiden's occupation, to which she dutifully devotes herself without the satisfaction of altogether supplying her recreant brother's place. Into this still, sad serenity, Nello, having previously asked an audience, introduces his new-found *protégé*, his elegant scholarship, and his genius:—

'Romola's astonishment could hardly have been greater if the stranger had worn a panther-skin and carried a thyrsus; for the cunning barber had said nothing of the Greek's age or appearance; and among her father's scholarly visitors, she had hardly ever seen any but middle-aged or grey-headed men....

'Tito's bright face showed its rich-tinted beauty without any rivalry of colour above his black *sajo* or tunic reaching to the knees. It seemed like a wreath of spring, dropped suddenly in Romola's young but wintry life, which had inherited nothing but memories—memories of a dead mother, of a lost brother, of a blind father's happier time—memories of far-off light, love, and beauty, that lay embedded in dark mines of books, and could hardly give out their brightness again until they were kindled for her by the torch of some known joy. Nevertheless, she returned Tito's bow, made to her on entering, with the same pale proud face as ever; but, as he approached, the snow melted, and when he ventured to look towards her again, while Nello was speaking, a pink flush overspread her face, to vanish again almost immediately, as if her imperious will had recalled it. Tito's glance, on the contrary, had that gentle, beseeching admiration in it which is the most propitiating of appeals to a proud, shy woman, and is perhaps the only atonement a man can make for being too handsome. The finished fascination of his air came chiefly from the absence of demand and assumption. It was that of a fleet, soft-coated, dark-eyed animal that delights you by not bounding away in indifference from you, and unexpectedly pillows its chin on your palm, and looks up at you desiring to be stroked—as if it loved you.'—*Romola*, i. 98, 99.

The blind scholar is attracted at once, both by the signs of Tito's finished erudition and his modest grace in showing it. He wishes to set him to work at once:—

'"You must lose no time in committing it to paper, young man," said Bardo, with growing interest. "Doubtless you remember much, if you aided in transcription; for when I was your age, words wrought themselves into my mind as if they had been fixed by the tool of the graver; wherefore I constantly marvel at the capriciousness of my daughter's memory, which grasps certain objects with tenacity, and lets fall all those minutiæ whereon depends accuracy, the very soul of scholarship. But I apprehend no such danger with you, young man, if your will has seconded the advantages of your training."

'When Bardo made this reference to his daughter, Tito ventured to turn his eyes towards her, and at the accusation against her memory his face broke into its brightest smile, which was reflected as inevitably as sudden sunbeams in Romola's. Conceive the soothing delight of that smile to her! Romola had never dreamed that there was a scholar in the world who would smile at her for a deficiency for which she was constantly made to feel herself a culprit. It was like the dawn of a new sense to her—the sense of comradeship. They did not look away from each other immediately, as if the smile had been a stolen one; they looked and smiled with frank enjoyment.

'"She is not really so cold and proud," thought Tito.

'"Does *he* forget too, I wonder?" thought Romola. "But I hope not, else he will vex my father."

'But Tito was obliged to turn away, and answer Bardo's question.'—*Romola*, i. 105, 106.

Tito's faults are still in abeyance, there is nothing in himself so far to prevent his falling disinterestedly in love with the portionless Romola, though very soon he gets entangled in a double courtship and actually goes through a grotesque parody of marriage with the contadina Tessa. It pleases the authoress

to set this semi-idiot as a foil against her queenly heroine, whose walk is like a procession; but who is much too high-souled to suit manly selfishness, which is inevitably driven to take refuge in the blind unreasoning affection of a lower nature. Tito has told to no one the real circumstances of his birth and education. Shipwrecked with no other wealth than a small stock of costly antique gems, he had made his way to Florence, and fallen asleep under a portico. His awakening is a charming picture. He wins admiring good opinions, an opening presents itself to him, and he conceals the fact that the gems belong to his adopted father, to whom he owes everything but his life, because he is able to persuade himself that the old man was drowned, and therefore that he need not sacrifice his prospects to the irksome duty of vain search. Of course this first concealment makes every subsequent disclosure discreditable. He becomes betrothed to Romola, and is afraid of her contempt. He has settled to his own satisfaction that Baldassarre is dead, when a pilgrim places a scroll in his hand telling him that he is a captive among the Turks, but still he soothes his conscience that nothing can be done. The arguments of selfishness grow more logical. He turns his back on the intolerable, till suddenly he finds himself face to face with the victim of his ingratitude, who appears in a band of wretched prisoners brought by French soldiers to Florence. Tito is in the midst of a brilliant group of leading Florentines, to whom he is every day becoming more essential, when the cord of one of the prisoners is cut in a sudden scuffle, and the released man rushes towards the Duomo for refuge:—

'But in mounting the steps, his foot received a shock; he was precipitated towards the group of signori, whose backs were turned to him, and was only able to recover his balance as he clutched one of them by the arm.

'It was Tito Melema who felt that clutch. He turned his head, and saw the face of his adoptive father, Baldassarre Calvo, close to his own.

'The two men looked at each other, silent as death: Baldassarre, with dark fierceness and a tightening grip of the soiled worn hands on the velvet-clad arm; Tito, with cheeks and lips all bloodless, fascinated by terror. It seemed a long while to them—it was but a moment.

'The first sound Tito heard was the short laugh of Piero di Cosimo, who stood close by him and was the only person that could see his face.

'"Ha, ha! I know what a ghost should be now."

'"This is another escaped prisoner," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni. "Who is he, I wonder?"

'"*Some madman, surely*," said Tito.

'He hardly knew how the words had come to his lips: there are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder. They carry in them an inspiration of crime, that in one instant does the work of long premeditation. . . .

'Tito was experiencing that inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character. . . .

'He wondered at the power of the passionate fear that possessed him. V.

was as if he had been smitten with a blighting disease that had suddenly turned the joyous sense of young life into pain.

'There was still one resource open to Tito. He might have turned back, sought Baldassarre again, confessed everything to him—to Romola—to all the world. But he never thought of that. The repentance which cuts off all moorings to evil, demands something more than selfish fear. He had no sense that there was strength and safety in truth; the only strength he trusted to lay in his ingenuity and his dissimulation. Now that the first shock, which had called up the traitorous signs of fear, was well past, he hoped to be prepared for all emergencies by cool deceit—and defensive armour.

'It was a characteristic fact in Tito's experience at this crisis, that no direct measures for ridding himself of Baldassarre ever occurred to him. All other possibilities passed through his mind, even to his own flight from Florence; but he never thought of any scheme for removing his enemy. His dread generated no active malignity, and he would still have been glad not to give pain to any mortal. He had simply chosen to make life easy to himself—to carry his human lot, if possible, in such a way that it should pinch him nowhere; and the choice had, at various times, landed him in unexpected positions. The question now was, not whether he should divide the common pressure of destiny with his suffering fellow-men; it was whether all the resources of lying would save him from being crushed by the consequences of that habitual choice.'—*Romola*, ii. 25, 26, 30, 31, 32.

Thenceforward fear takes possession of the traitor-heart, and dictates the course of action, and its terrors are a very effective punishment; satisfactory to the reader's demand for retribution. The 'pleasure-loving nature,' so variously portrayed in this writer's works, which does not willingly see pain in others, and experiences twinges of regret at the consequences of its own selfishness, grows cruel, not from choice or malice, but mere necessity, and Romola sees one by one every cherished object of her life fall before its demands.

She personates the ideal woman, great and powerful through her affections. Such a nature is intrinsically so antagonistic to that of her husband, that contact with it produces his only approach to active malignity. He is the worse for having such a wife, instead of (as we should find it in ordinary fiction) her presence acting as a guardian angel. This is not the part that woman, in the greater independence of action here claimed for her, has to play. The same ideal woman is brought to bear upon Savonarola, in a very powerful scene. Romola had been converted by him, as far as that change can apparently be conceived by this author; that is, Savonarola's wonderful personal influence had, against her will, subdued the resistance and pride of her nature. At his bidding she had returned to her husband's protection, after having abandoned him as she thought for ever. Under his teaching, she had devoted herself to a life of good works among the sick and dying, and was known to all the world as a Piagnone. But the time comes when her nature rebels against *this* authority. Her old godfather Bernardo stood condemned to

death by the Council for a supposed plot for bringing back the Medici to Florence, and the all powerful Savonarola, who might by enforcing a law of his own framing interpose to save him and the other four condemned with him, stands aloof. The circumstances are historical. It is to plead for Bernardo that she visits the great Reformer now under excommunication:—

'When the Frate had entered she knelt, according to the usual practice of those who saw him in private; but as soon as he had uttered a benedictory greeting she rose and stood opposite to him at a few yards' distance. Owing to his seclusion since he had been excommunicated, it had been an unusually long while since she had seen him, and the late months had visibly deepened in his face the marks of over-taxed mental activity and bodily severities: and yet Romola was not so conscious of this change as of another, which was less definable. Was it that the expression of serene elevation and pure human fellowship which had once moved her was no longer present in the same force, or was it that the sense of his being divided from her in her feeling about her godfather roused the slumbering sources of alienation, and marred her own vision? Perhaps both causes were at work. Our relations with our fellowmen are most often determined by coincident currents of that sort; the inexcusable word or deed seldom comes until after affection or reverence has been already enfeebled by the strain of repeated excuses.

'It was true that Savonarola's glance at Romola had some of that hardness which is caused by an egoistic prepossession. He divined that the interview she had sought was to turn on the fate of the conspirators, a subject on which he had already had to quell inner voices that might become loud again when encouraged from without. Seated in his cell, correcting the sheets of his *Triumph of the Cross*, it was easier to repose on a resolution of neutrality.

'"It is a question of moment, doubtless, on which you wished to see me, my daughter," he began, in a tone which was gentle rather from self-control, than from immediate inclination. "I know you are not wont to lay stress on small matters."

'"Father, you know what it is before I tell you," said Romola, forgetting everything else as soon as she began to pour forth her plea. "You know what I am caring for—it is for the life of the old man I love best in the world. The thought of him has gone together with the thought of my father as long as I remember the daylight. That is my warrant for coming to you, even if my coming should have been needless. Perhaps it is: perhaps you have already determined that your power over the hearts of men shall be used to prevent them from denying to Florentines a right which you yourself helped to earn for them."

'"I meddle not with the functions of the State, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo, strongly disinclined to reopen externally a debate which he had already gone through inwardly. "I have preached and laboured that Florence should have a good government, for a good government is needful to the perfecting of the Christian life; but I keep away my hands from particular affairs, which it is the office of experienced citizens to administer."'—*Romola*, iii. 133—135.

Romola begins her remonstrance under the check of long established habits of reverence, but as she pleads and argues her spirit rises, and she assumes a tone which only Savonarola's inherent nobleness of nature could have borne. He defends

the act of severity by the public needs, and holds by his resolution of neutrality, but she detects a subterfuge:—

"I do not desire the death of Bernardo," said Savonarola, colouring deeply. "It would be enough if he were sent out of the city."

'"Then why do you not speak to save an old man of seventy-five from dying a death of ignominy—to give him at least the fair chances of the law?" burst out Romola, the impetuosity of her nature so roused that she forgot everything but her indignation. "It is not that you feel bound to be neutral; else why did you speak for Lorenzo Tornabuoni? You spoke for him because he is more friendly to San Marco; my godfather feigns no friendship. It is not, then, as a Mediccan that my godfather is to die; it is as a man you have no love for!"

'When Romola paused, with cheeks glowing, and with quivering lips, there was dead silence. As she saw Fra Girolamo standing motionless before her, she seemed to herself to be hearing her own words over again; words that seemed in this echo of consciousness to be in strange, painful dissonance with the memories that made part of his presence to her. The moments of silence were expanded by gathering compunction and self-doubt. She had committed sacrilege in her passion. And even the sense that she could retract nothing of her plea, that her mind could not submit itself to Savonarola's negative, made it the more needful to her to satisfy those reverential memories. With a sudden movement towards him, she said,—

'"Forgive me, father; it is pain to me to have spoken those words—yet I cannot help speaking. I am little and feeble compared with you; you brought me light and strength. But I submitted because I felt the proffered strength—because I saw the light. *Now* I cannot see it. Father, you yourself declare that there comes a moment when the soul must have no guide but the voice within it, to tell whether the consecrated thing has sacred virtue. And therefore I must speak."

'Savonarola had that readily-roused resentment towards opposition, hardly separable from a power-loving and powerful nature, accustomed to seek great ends that cast a reflected grandeur on the means by which they are sought. His sermons have much of that red flame in them. And if he had been a meaner man, his susceptibility might have shown itself in irritation at Romola's accusatory freedom, which was in strong contrast with the deference he habitually received from his disciples. But at this moment such feelings were nullified by that hard struggle which made half the tragedy of his life—the struggle of a mind possessed by a never silent hunger after purity and simplicity, yet caught in a tangle of egotistic demands, false ideas, and difficult outward conditions, that made simplicity impossible. Keenly alive to all the suggestions of Romola's remonstrating words, he was rapidly surveying, as he had done before, the courses of action that were open to him, and their probable results. But it was a question on which arguments could seem decisive only in proportion as they were charged with feeling, and he had received no impulse that could alter his bias. He looked at Romola and said—

'"You have full pardon for your frankness, my daughter. You speak, I know, out of the fulness of your family affections. But these affections must give way to the needs of the Republic. If those men, who have a close acquaintance with the affairs of the State, believe, as I understand they do, that the public safety requires the extreme punishment of the law to fall on those five conspirators, I cannot control their opinion, seeing that I stand aloof from such affairs."

'"Then you desire that they should die? You desire that the Appeal should be denied them?" said Romola, feeling anew repelled by a vindication which seemed to her to have the nature of a subterfuge.'—*Romola*, iii. 138-141.

He argues for the cause of freedom, and of the perplexities of which she could have no experience, which attend a large and comprehensive view of the question:—the end he seeks is one to which minor respects must be sacrificed, 'the death of five 'men is a light matter weighed against the withstanding of the 'vicious tyrannies which stifle the life of Italy and foster the 'corruption of the Church.'

'Under any other circumstances, Romola would have been sensitive to the appeal at the beginning of Savonarola's speech: but at this moment she was so utterly in antagonism with him, that what he called perplexity seemed to her sophistry and doubleness; and as he went on, his words only fed that flame of indignation, which now again, more fully than ever before, lit up the memory of all his mistakes, and made her trust in him seem to have been a purblind delusion. She spoke almost with bitterness.

'"Do you, then, know so well what will further the coming of God's kingdom, father, that you will dare to despise the plea of mercy—of justice—of faithfulness to your own teaching? Has the French king, then, brought renovation to Italy? Take care, father, lest your enemies have some reason when they say, that in your visions of what will further God's kingdom you see only what will strengthen your own party."

'"And that is true!" said Savonarola, with flashing eyes. Romola's voice had seemed to him in that moment the voice of his enemies. "The cause of my party *is* the cause of God's kingdom."

'"I do not believe it!" said Romola, her whole frame shaken with passionate repugnance. "God's kingdom is something wider—else, let me stand outside it with the beings that I love."

'The two faces were lit up, each with an opposite emotion, each with an opposite certitude. Further words were impossible. Romola hastily covered her head and went out in silence.'—*Romola*, iii. 143, 144.

Romola's concluding sentence reminds one a little too much of Mr. Mill's celebrated renunciation of the joys of heaven, for himself in particular, if the conditions were not to his mind; but it is the part of eloquence to be daring; and, moreover, to be possessed with the present subject, to the exclusion of all other, all future considerations. Where it stands, the scene is a powerful one, and shows a very distinct view of Savonarola's weaknesses, as the whole portrait does of his strength and nobleness. When his tortures and his death are past, Romola reflects on the notable life and character as seen through the medium of the terrible close. Perhaps no conclusions can be reached nearer the truth than the pathetic comment on his genuine confessions as they can be distinguished in the garbled reports published by his enemies.

'That blending of ambition with belief in the supremacy of goodness made no new tone to Romola, who had been used to hear it in the voice that rang through the Duomo. It was the habit of Savonarola's mind to conceive great things, and to feel that he was the man to do them. Iniquity should be brought low; the cause of justice, purity, and love should triumph; and it should triumph by his voice, by his work, by his blood. In moments of

ecstatic contemplation, doubtless, the sense of self melted in the sense of the unspeakable, and in that part of his experience lay the elements of genuine self-abasement; but in the presence of his fellow-men, for whom he was to act, pre-eminence seemed a necessary condition of his life.

'And perhaps this confession, even when it described a doubleness that was conscious and deliberate, really implied no more than that wavering of belief concerning his own impressions and motives which most human beings who have not a stupid inflexibility of self-confidence must be liable to under a marked change of external conditions? In a life where the experience was so tumultuously mixed as it must have been in the Frate's, what a possibility was opened for a change of self-judgment, when, instead of eyes that venerated and knees that knelt, instead of a great work on its way to accomplishment, and in its prosperity stamping the agent as a chosen instrument, there came the hooting and the spitting and the curses of the crowd: and then the hard faces of enemies made judges; and then the horrible torture, and with the torture the irrepressible cry, "It is true, what you would have me say: let me go: do not torture me again: yes, yes, I am guilty. O God! Thy stroke has reached me!"

'As Romola thought of the anguish that must have followed the confession—whether, in the subsequent solitude of the prison, conscience retracted or confirmed the self-taxing words—that anguish seemed to be pressing on her own heart, and urging the slow, bitter tears. Every vulgar, self-ignorant person in Florence was glibly pronouncing on this man's demerits, and he was knowing a depth of sorrow which can only be known to the soul that has loved and sought the most perfect thing, and beholds itself fallen.

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'There is no jot of worthy evidence that from the time of his imprisonment to the supreme moment, Savonarola thought or spoke of himself as a martyr. The idea of martyrdom had been to him a passion dividing the dream of the future with the triumph of beholding his work achieved. And now, in place of both, had come a resignation which he called by no glorifying name.

'But therefore he may the more fitly be called a martyr by his fellow-men to all time. For power rose against him not because of his sins, but because of his greatness—not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble. And through that greatness of his he endured a double agony: not only the reviling, and the torture, and the death-throe, but the agony of sinking from the vision of glorious achievement into that deep shadow where he could only say, "I count as nothing: darkness encompasses me: yet the light I saw was the true light."'—*Romola*, iii. 275–279.

When we consider the variety of vivid pictures in this story of Romola, standing out like so many frescoes in their grave dignity, the play of life in its more lively passages, the happy touches with which its minor historic characters are rendered, the pomp of its processions, the concentration of its tragic passages, the keenness of its satire on human weakness, the sweet pathos of its moralizing on human sorrow and suffering, the pervading force and grace of its style, we must regard it as a most accomplished work, an achievement of thought and imagination in a very true sense. It will never be popular like 'Adam Bede,' for it does not come of the first cream and efflorescence of the author's genius, and probably 'Felix Holt' will have more readers in spite of the tendency we find there

to disquisition and digression, for it does not tally so easily with the universal experience; but 'Romola' adds largely to our sense of the author's powers, and gives weight to her other works. Such a writer has great responsibilities, and a conscientious sense of this is fully manifested. And because all good books written with a serious intention cannot but tell on public opinion, we have thought it right to point out with more circumstantiality than works of fiction generally warrant, where we see defect or the germs of error; while we have willingly owned to the charm we find in the author's genius, and desired to confess our sympathy and cordial admiration for the pervading elevation of tone, which must act as a wholesome stimulant to the reader, apart from conclusions which he possibly can neither concur with or desire.

ART. VIII.—*Eight Lectures on Miracles preached before the University of Oxford, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A.* By J. B. MOZLEY, B.D., Vicar of Old Shoreham. London: Rivingtons. 1865.

THE recent attack upon the supernatural when it first broke upon the public had all the character of a surprise. The general public were unprepared for it; and those who had the character of leaders were for the moment at a loss how to meet it. The consequence was, that unbelief gained at the outset great advantages; it secured to its side a large part of the irreligious press; and many well-meaning Christians, ignorant of the real character of the matters at stake, were animated by a false liberalism. We were openly taunted with our silence, and challenged to answer our opponents if we dared, it being taken for granted that no answer could be given. But what is the present position of the question? Possibly our estimate might not be considered an unbiassed one. But we may point to two notable facts which have some meaning. In the first place, the challenge has been answered beyond the expectation of our opponents. A succession of able writers have from time to time appeared on the side of faith—writers whose comprehensiveness of mind will contrast favourably with that of their opponents, whose inherent vice has been one-sidedness—inability to look at the question except from one point of view. Many of the arguments at first paraded as unanswerable have been sifted and exposed; and the general effect has been that the discussion has changed from scientific to philosophical ground. Arguments brought forward as resting on truths of science have been found not to rest on science at all, but on extreme forms of the sense-philosophy. On the whole, it has been found that the Christian religion has something to say for itself, and is not to be overthrown by ignorant dictation or coarse sneers.

But, in the second place, perhaps the most noteworthy result has been the gradual dislodging of our opponents from the positions from which they assailed us. They professed to make war on unnecessary appendages, to retain the kernel while they cast away the shell; but it was discovered that they had planted their batteries on Christian ground, and that their shot, if successful at all, must slay not only their enemies, but themselves. In effect, the arguments brought forward against miracles were equally valid against the remnant of religious faith which was

still upheld. Thus the opponents of the supernatural have been forced into a continued downhill course. Position after position has been abandoned, till they now stand shivering on the very brink of the bottomless pit. In short, no tenable position has been found between supernatural faith and utter atheism—so signally has the light wherewith we were to be enlightened turned into gross darkness.

The strength of Christianity lies in occupying the field from which the enemy has thus been driven. It is a wide and boundless field—a world more vast and varied than the outer world of physical science. It is a world of realities of great ideas and high hopes—a world of freedom as opposed to slavery, and self-immolation as opposed to selfishness. Let us show how this world, so essential to humanity, has been conquered for it by Christ; how its existence is bound up in Him; and how, without Him, man must resign himself to hopeless bondage. Redemption will thus assume a new and striking light, which will especially come home to the nineteenth century. At all events, we have here got hold of something tangible. We are not mere dreamers and sentimentalists. We have facts and possessions for the human race which have at least an equal value, in a practical point of view, with anything which science can bring. If we cannot annihilate science (which we do not desire), so neither will science be able to annihilate us. We can wait in patience for a deeper philosophy, which will reconcile both. Such a philosophy cannot be far distant, and when it comes it will show the world that the truths of science are only outward and phenomenal; that they do not touch the world of real existence; and that they have nothing permanent in them. The world with which religion deals is the only real and permanent world. And it will profit a man but little if he gain the outer world, and lose that which is inner and true.

Mr. Mozley has gained a high place in the list of those who have come forward in defence of the faith. His book has a wonderful solidity about it; and it is very characteristic of the English mind, being of a practical rather than a speculative kind. Though extremely logical, and acutely argumentative, still he never for a moment quits the standpoint of practical humanity. From this point he measures the great problems with which he deals. His inquiry is not, What is absolutely and certainly true? but, What means have we, placed as we are, of judging of these matters? What are the probabilities of the case? While this method will not satisfy some minds, there are others to which it is specially adapted. And in this consists the value and strength of his work. He will influence a large class of readers who take the pains to master his arguments, who

could not be reached by other means. At the same time, the result of his labours, considered as a whole, is not such as we could accept. His theory of the supernatural, both theologically and philosophically, would break down, we believe, under the pressure of facts. But this by no means destroys the utility of his book. The bulk of his arguments are of such a solid kind, that with a little alteration in point of form they could easily be adapted to a more perfect system.

The question as to the supernatural is so extensive, that Mr. Mozley has done wisely in limiting himself to the consideration of one point—the intrinsic credibility of miracles. The difficulty of the present day is not so much taken up with the question of evidence as with the prior question, how a miracle is possible at all. On the one hand, we have science, like an angry farmer, violently vociferating, and warning us off its territory; on the other, the philosophers or the 'enlightened' would equally exclude us from the moral and spiritual worlds. The most pressing need of the present day is thus the vindication of a place for the supernatural in God's universe. Mr. Mozley, from his own point of view, addresses himself with great success to this task. After, in his first lecture, discussing the question as to the necessity of miracles, he proceeds in his second and third to grapple with the scientific difficulty; then follow in subsequent lectures discussions on the relation in which miracles stand to 'belief in a God,' to 'testimony,' to 'unknown law,' and 'practical results.' The last lecture is devoted to an attempt to distinguish between the Scripture miracles and the 'running miraculous' of ordinary religious life.

The question of the necessity of miracles, meaning thereby the higher or more marked kind of miracles, is one which, as preliminary, ought not to be overlooked. On this point the public are especially liable to be imposed upon. General language is often used, plausible in itself, to show their non-necessity; and this not only by men whose religious conceptions are in accord with their arguments, but by a class of well-meaning Christians whose intellectual position is a marvel to us—men who distinctly confess a personal God, and to some extent a special revelation of Himself, and who yet think miracles unnecessary! What is most needed is to point out what kind of faith requires a miracle, and what kind does not. Let it be distinctly understood that the faith which finds its expression in the Apostles' Creed, or accepts the dogma of a personal God, must stand or fall with miracles. If this is once made clear, then all possibility of mistake is avoided. It is seen that those who discredit miracles are to the same extent, it may be unconsciously, discrediting the Apostles' Creed.

In a former article we entered pretty fully upon this point. Mr. Mozley adopts in general the same line of argument, and his conclusion is the same. 'Miracles and the supernatural contents of Christianity must stand or fall together' (p. 22.) Why is this so? If we ask ourselves why we believe our Lord to be the Son of God, we shall easily see. No doubt we have this faith regarding Him because He testified this of Himself. But would our faith have sufficient ground if it rested simply on this testimony? Mr. Mozley in answer to this question brings out from his own point of view, in a very able way, a line of argument used by ourselves:—

'If, then, a person of evident integrity and loftiness of character rose into notice in a particular country and community eighteen centuries ago, who made these communications about himself—that he had existed before his natural birth, from all eternity, and before the world was, in a state of glory with God; that he was the only-begotten Son of God; that the world itself had been made by him; that he had, however, come down from heaven and assumed the form and nature of man for a particular purpose, viz. to be the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; that he thus stood in a mysterious and supernatural relation to the whole of mankind; that through him alone mankind had access to God; that he was the head of an invisible kingdom, into which he should gather all the generations of righteous men who had lived in the world; that on his departure from hence he should return to heaven to prepare mansions there for them; and, lastly, that he should descend again at the end of the world to judge the whole human race, on which occasion all that were in their graves should hear his voice, and come forth, they that had done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that had done evil unto the resurrection of damnation—if this person made these assertions about himself, and all that was done was to make the assertions, what would be the inevitable conclusion of sober reason respecting that person? The necessary conclusion of sober reason respecting that person would be that he was disordered in his understanding. What other decision could we come to, when a man, looking like one of ourselves, and only exemplifying in his life and circumstances the ordinary course of nature, said this about himself, but that when reason had lost its balance, a dream of extraordinary and unearthly grandeur might be the result? By no rational being could a great and benevolent life be accepted as proof of such astonishing announcements. Miracles are the necessary complement, then, of the truth of such announcements, which, without them, are purposeless and abortive, the unfinished fragments of a design which is nothing unless it is the whole. They are necessary to the justification of such announcements, which indeed, unless they are supernatural truths, are the wildest delusions. The matter and its guarantee are the two parts of a revelation, the absence of either of which neutralizes and undoes it.'[1]—P. 13.

But, besides this, the very form which the statement of our faith takes in the Apostles' Creed is the assertion of miracles. To assert that God created the heaven and the earth (and belief in a personal God involves the dogma of creation) is to assert a most stupendous miracle. What else is it to assert that Jesus Christ is His only Son our Lord? that He rose

[1] See *Christian Remembrancer*, October, 1863, p. 272, *et seq.*

again? that He ascended into heaven? Miraculous facts thus form the essence, so to speak, of our faith in Christ. And if this is so, of what use is it for any one to argue that our Lord's goodness, or the response which His Gospel finds in our hearts, are enough to determine our faith? If, on examination, we find that the things which we believe in are themselves miracles, what do we gain by dispensing with miraculous aid? A believer in a personal God or in the Apostles' Creed cannot discredit miracles without the grossest act of self-stultification.

Assuming, then, the necessity of miracles, they being involved in the only kind of Christianity we care to contend for, an important question arises. In what light are we to look upon them as a whole? How, considered as a system, do they fit into the general system of the universe? Or, in other words, what is the definition of a miracle? How are we to conceive the supernatural in its relation to the natural? Here we regret to find ourselves totally at issue with Mr. Mozley. He has seen no reason to depart from those conceptions brought to maturity in the last century, which are now received traditionally. We think the time has come when the whole question of the supernatural ought to be re-examined and thrown into a different shape. It is to be borne in mind that the advance both of science and philosophy in recent years has, rightly or wrongly, altered our conception of the world as a whole. Neither scientific men nor philosophers look at nature in the same way as our fathers did; and it is to be remembered that the conception we form of nature largely influences our conception of the supernatural. It stands to reason, therefore, that a *rationale* of the supernatural which was perfectly adapted for combating Deism is no longer applicable to the present war with science. Even if we succeed in establishing it by the strength of our reasons, it will, in its old form, have to the scientific mind a forced aspect. It will suggest, and seem to be bound up with, a view of nature which, wrongly perhaps, they have cast aside as untenable. And we believe, as a matter of fact, no small amount of the scepticism prevalent among scientific men is attributable to this fact. The impatience and contempt with which they thrust aside without examination the claims of faith seem to point to this.

But, besides this, there are other reasons purely theological which point the same way. The present form in which we express the supernatural is the growth of Protestantism, and that too of the very narrowest kind. It is no longer adapted to the theological conceptions which prevail. The tendency of the present age has been to the abandonment of old Protestant modes of thought: on the one hand, in the direction of Latitudinarianism—on the other, towards a fuller appreciation of Catholic

truth. It is an anomaly of the greatest kind that our theory of the supernatural should still be expressed in the very straitest form of Protestant narrowness. Such a state of things is especially disadvantageous to us who hold the Catholic faith. We are thereby unnecessarily encumbered by grave improbabilities and awkwardnesses, which seriously embarrass us in contending for the faith.

For these reasons we think that the time has now come when the question ought to be re-examined. We would throw out a few hints of the kind of modification we suggest: they will, in some respects, be a repetition, but also an enlargement, of what we advanced before. It will be more convenient in the first place to discuss the point in its theological aspect.

Mr. Mozley has stated with singular ability and clearness the old evidential theory; and it will be best to give it in his own words:—

'I enter upon the consideration of the position which I have chosen as the subject of these Lectures—viz. that miracles, or visible suspensions of the order of nature for a providential purpose, are not in contradiction to reason. And first of all I shall inquire into the use and purpose of miracles, especially with a view to ascertain whether, in the execution of the Divine intentions toward mankind, they do not answer a *necessary* purpose, and supply a want which could not be supplied in any other way.

'There is one great necessary purpose, then, which divines assign to miracles, viz. the proof of a revelation. And certainly, if it was the will of God to give a revelation, there are plain and obvious reasons for asserting that miracles are necessary as the guarantee and voucher for that revelation. A revelation is, properly speaking, such only by virtue of telling us something which we could not know without it. But how do we know that that communication of what is undiscoverable by human reason is true? Our reason cannot prove the truth of it, for it is by the very supposition beyond our reason. There must be, then, some note or sign to certify to it, and distinguish it as a true communication from God, which note can be nothing else than a miracle.

'The evidential function of a miracle is based upon the common argument of design as proved by coincidence. The greatest marvel or interruption of the order of nature occurring by itself, as the very consequence of being connected with nothing, proves nothing; but if it takes place in connexion with the word or act of a person, that coincidence proves design in the marvel, and makes it a miracle; and if that person professes to report a message or revelation from heaven, the coincidence of the miracle with the professed message from God proves design on the part of God to warrant and authorize the message. The mode in which a miracle acts as evidence, is thus exactly the same in which any extraordinary coincidence acts; it rests upon the general argument of design, though the particular design is special and appropriate to the miracle. And hence we may see that the evidence of a Divine communication cannot in the nature of the case be an ordinary event. For no event, in the common order of nature, is, in the first place, in any coincidence with the Divine communication; it is explained by its own place in nature, and is connected with its own antecedents and consequents only, having no allusion or bearing out of them. It does not, either in itself or to human eye, contain any relation to the special communication from God at the time. But if there is no coincidence, there is no appearance of design, and therefore no attestation.

It is true that prophecy is such an attestation; but though the event which fulfils prophecy need not be itself out of the order of nature, it is an indication of a fact which is, viz. an act of superhuman knowledge. And this remark would apply to a miracle which was only miraculous upon the prophetical principle, or from the extraordinary coincidence which was contained in it. And hence it follows that, could a complete physical solution be given of a whole miracle, both the marvel and the coincidence to, it would cease from that moment to perform its functions of evidence. Apparent evidence to those who had made the mistake, it could be none to us who had corrected it.'—P. 6.

Now this whole *rationale* we conceive to be radically wrong, and to lead to the most deplorable consequences. It rests upon the fundamental position that a miracle is a suspension of a law of nature, or an extraordinary and unwonted event. Now it is sufficiently obvious, if we take up this position, that we are involved in a whole train of corresponding conceptions. The *end* of the miracle is attestation, to the exclusion of other ends. This again involves a corresponding narrowing of our conception of the Bible. It is a revelation, or, more appropriately still, a message from Almighty God, which the miracle attests. This, in its turn, affects our idea of the relation in which we stand to Almighty God. We might pursue the inquiry through other branches of theology; and if we do, we shall find that we have contracted our theological conceptions in a way which is thoroughly repugnant to Catholic truth. But let us rather examine some of these conceptions, and see how far they are tenable.

To think of Almighty God as a law-breaker is to our mind on the very verge of blasphemy. But to pass over that for the present—Is it an adequate statement of the end of the miracle to say that it is simply for purposes of attestation? or an adequate conception of the contents of the Bible to call them a revelation? Let us not be misunderstood. We do not deny to the miracle its evidential function, nor that some miracles have been wrought for that end only; nor do we deny that one aspect of the Bible is that of a revelation, or that portions of it are pure revelations and nothing else. We would give full significance to the words of the Apostle, when he describes God's relation to man under this aspect: 'God, who at sundry times and in 'divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the 'prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.' But the question is, not whether this point of view is correct, but whether it is the primary or the only one: whether, when we look at the miracle and the Bible in this light, we form to ourselves an adequate conception of what they are. In most books on evidences this is assumed. The formula is,—'A miracle is a violation of a law of nature, and it is the proof of a revelation.' Mr. Mozley, as we have seen, accepts this formula.

His view of the Bible and its evidence never rises above this level; and the consequences, as we think, are very disastrous. He is placed at a singular disadvantage in arguing against science: at a still greater in dealing with Spinoza. He is driven into awkward positions and untenable distinctions, as may be seen from his Lectures on 'Testimony' and 'False Miracles.'

But let us see how the matter stands when put to the test of fact. In the first place, with regard to 'revelation:'—if we take into consideration the whole events of Bible history, and continue our survey through the history of the Christian Church, does the conception of 'revelation' cover the field of view? Is it an adequate idea of the Bible to call it a revelation? To have an adequate conception of a thing is to have a full idea not only of what it is in itself, but also of its relations to other things—the ends and purposes to which it is adapted. Well, then, in regard to the events of Bible history, do we adequately comprehend their purport when we call them a 'revelation?' Is not the contrary very evident? Take for instance the mission of Moses. Should we have an accurate idea of the purpose of God in raising him up, if we said, He did it, that he might communicate a revelation? Would not this be completely to misunderstand the principal end of the mission of Moses? In point of fact, Moses added very little by way of revelation. God was known and worshipped by sacrifice much in the same way before as after the time of Moses. True, he did add something to the stock of Divine knowledge; and if you like you may look at his mission as a whole, and, under *a certain aspect*, speak of it accurately enough as a revelation. But in doing so you will only have a partial and inadequate idea of the purpose of God in Moses. *The purpose or end* of the mission of Moses, was the establishment of the Theocracy, and in so far as God revealed through him, the revelation was but a means to this higher end.

We thus see in respect of the work of Moses, that it is an inadequate and consequently a perverted view of it to call it a revelation. The same thing will be even more glaringly evident in respect of our Blessed Lord. Did God send Him to reveal, or did He not rather send Him to redeem the world and establish His kingdom? It is true these high ends involved and required a certain amount of additional Divine knowledge; but it is a perversion to describe His mission as directed to the end of revelation, and not rather to the higher end, in respect of which the revelation was subordinate.

Let no one suppose that this distinction is a matter of small moment. The absence of it will tell with amazing force in all *à priori* arguments as to the credibility of the faith. Let us sup-

pose two disputants whose subject is the verisimilitude of the mission of Christ: and let them set out from the position expressed or implied that the end of His mission was the revelation of God's will; do we not see what a strong case might be constructed for the negative on *à priori* grounds? When the facts of His life are duly weighed it is seen that they are not adapted, or only very clumsily, to the end presupposed. If God's purpose was simply revelation, a hundred ways might be imagined in which the end might be more directly attained. This case indeed is hardly an imaginary one: it turns up under many aspects in modern books against the faith.

Revelation therefore is not the end of the events recorded in the Bible. God aimed at a higher end through them. But now the question arises, With which of these ends is the miracle connected? In the evidential school, in whose footsteps Mr. Mozley follows, it is exclusively connected with the inferior end. A miracle is the proof of a revelation. It exists and has its place simply and solely for this evidential purpose. Now let us again put this to the test of fact. We would simply remark, to avoid misunderstanding, that we are not denying that evidence is an end attained by the miracle: nor are we denying that some miracles were adapted exclusively to this end. All those miracles that were worked as signs were worked simply as proof. But the question is, Is evidence the exclusive end of miracles considered as a class or whole? Do they exist simply and solely for this end? Or is not evidence after all but a collateral result? Do not miracles aim at something higher, and only hit the end of evidence as it were in passing? Let us again put the matter to the test of fact: the miracles of Christ, as they are the most important, will best serve for this purpose.

How is it, then, with the miracles of Christ? Were they worked exclusively with a view to evidence? We do not think any one who studies their character could for a moment suppose so. Whether they had an evidential value or not, it is manifest that that was not the end for which they were worked. They had a much higher purpose; they were, in fact, the *necessary consequence* of the new relation in which He stood to man. For, in the first place, they were in general a debt of charity which He paid to suffering humanity. Our Lord being man, and having within Him the power of God, became debtor to His fellow-men for the use of that power. Just in the same way we, being possessed of any talent, are debtors for the employment of that talent. That our Lord's miracles were, in one point of view, a debt of charity, will be evident if we run over some of them in thought. The change of water to wine; the feeding five thousand; the innumerable cures; the widow of

Nain's son, Lazarus, &c. Is not this point of view expressly avowed by Him in the exquisitely touching narrative of the woman of Canaan, when He says, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it unto dogs.' That evidence, as an end, was hardly at all considered is seen from the fact that many of the miracles were done in secret; and, in respect of many others, silence was enjoined. 'See thou tell no man,' is the very language of charity, in its care that the right hand should not know what the left doeth. But, in the second place, our Lord's miracles may be regarded in another point of view. They were intended to shadow forth, and to be the first-fruits of, the work of Redemption. He came to restore us in soul and body, to banish from among men all sin and imperfection, all suffering and death; and to show forth this great work He raised the dead and dying, cast out devils, and cleansed the lepers. He gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and made the lame to walk. All His miracles had a bearing on the work of Redemption; they were not arbitrary acts of Divine power, but were limited by this idea, which was the end of His mission. And is not this point of view recognised by Him in His answer to the embassy of John the Baptist: 'Go and show John what things ye do hear and see' —as much as to say, 'What ye hear and see is the work of Christ, therefore be in no doubt.' Again, in the third place, the crowning and most stupendous of Christ's miracles, those on which we most rely for evidence, were worked for quite a different end. They were the very work of Redemption itself. Such were the Mystery of the Incarnation, the Blessed Passion and Death, and the glorious Resurrection and Ascension. The absurdity of the position that evidence is the exclusive end of the miracle is seen fully in presence of the miracle of the Resurrection. It is, after all, *the* miracle on which we rely for evidence, and yet it was worked for quite a different end. It certainly would not have been absent had sufficient proof been previously given.

Here, then, is the cardinal error of the evidential theory—the connecting of the miracle exclusively with the end of evidence, or the maintaining that it has no other purpose or place in the Divine scheme except proof. But this involves a further error —a misconception of the way in which the miracle attains the end of evidence. Mr. Mozley has elaborated, with singular ability, the evidential theory in this respect. He includes the evidential function of the miracle under the general head of the Argument from Design. There is an interruption of natural order, and this event is in coincidence with a Divine announcement. The interruption, it is assumed, is the work of God, and

it guarantees the truth of the message with which it is in coincidence. But how can we be sure that the interruption is due to God? The Jews had great difficulty in arriving at such a conclusion, owing to the possibility of diabolical agency. We in modern times would have at least equal difficulty. There would be to us the possibility of some power, not God, being known to and used by the worker. It is evident that miracles, *taken by themselves*, are not equal to the function which this theory lays upon them. But besides this, the theory is untenable in face of fact. If we apply it to the miracles of our Blessed Lord, we must make some such supposition as this—that He called around Him a sufficient number of witnesses; that in their presence He worked unmistakeable miracles; that He then delivered a Divine Message, and appealed to the miracles as proof. But is not such a supposition at variance with our Lord's whole attitude? Does it not assume, what we have shown to be wrong, that the end of His mission was the deliverance of a message or revelation? The truth is, that our Lord appealed to miracles, but not at all in this view. He appealed to them, not as proof of a message, but as, in connexion with other things, the appropriate manifestation of the Divine power in Him. He professed to be the Son of God; and not any miracle, or set of miracles, but His whole life and purpose, bore Him out in His profession. Men saw in His daily life the goodness, the wisdom, the knowledge, and the power of God. And when, finally, He laid down His life, and took it again, they saw in these actions the redemption of the world which He professed to work.[1]

Now, let us look at the evidential theory in the light of consequences. We have no hesitation in saying that it places the supernatural in a light which makes it utterly incredible. As we have seen, the position taken up involves a train of consequences which make themselves felt in every department of theology; and the result is that the supernatural, as a system, is contracted and perverted in a way which makes it utterly incredible. Is it not a notorious fact that miracles are rejected on *à priori* grounds? that men will not listen to, much less examine, the arguments in their favour? And why is this but that the system of the supernatural, as proposed to them, appears in their eyes so narrow as to be almost childish? And what has occasioned this but simply the error which we have pointed out? If we once disentangle it from this error, the supernatural, as a

[1] For a fuller account of the secondary and indirect way in which the miracle attains the end of evidence, see *Christian Remembrancer*, October, 1863. The error of the evidential theory consists in regarding the miracle as proving a 'message,' instead of regarding it as the outer manifestation of the Divine presence *with* man.

system, acquires a breadth, a range, and a verisimilitude, which will come home with imposing force to the minds of men.

It is a result of the evidential theory that miracles are thereby isolated. They are made to be rare events: they are dissevered from all connexion with anything which now has a place in the world of experience. They have the character of arbitrary acts as opposed to a scheme or rule of action; they are expedients to which God is supposed to resort for the attainment of a particular end; and which are laid aside when the end is attained.

Now each of these statements forms a separate improbability, and the whole, when taken together, reach an amount which is not to be got over. An event is improbable in proportion as it is rare; if it has not occurred for eighteen centuries it is very improbable. This improbability, however, would be got over, if we found the *rationale* of the alleged event in the present world of experience. Thus the appearance of a comet, whose period had been ascertained to be 2,000 years, would not be improbable. But if the alleged event is totally disconnected with the world of experience—if it is separated from it by an impassable chasm, its non-occurrence for eighteen centuries creates an improbability which is very great. We may measure it, as Hume has done, by setting the world of experience, actual and unmistakeable, on one side, and the alleged event on the other. A further improbability, which amounts, as we shall see, almost to an impossibility, is raised against any alleged event if it cannot be brought under a law or rule of action; and this is the case with miracles as viewed under the evidential theory.

So far we have been viewing the miracle in itself. Now look at it on the part of God, and a different kind of improbability is created against it. It is unworthy of Almighty God that He should be supposed to break laws, or to have recourse to expedients. There is no denying what has been so often urged upon us, that this involves a supposition unworthy of perfect wisdom. Then if we consider the end for which the expedient is alleged to be devised—the attestation of a message—could not this end have been attained by apter means? Would a miracle attest a message to us? If what we have been saying is true, *taken by itself*, it would not. But an improbability arises out of the idea of the 'message.' Is it worthy of the relation between man and God, that the only *visible* act of intercommunion should be a message, delivered eighteen centuries ago? Is God in His dealings with man to come forth but once, and ever after to recede into obscurity? Or if we can get over this, we meet an objection which is even more

formidable; and we state it in stronger terms than is done by Mr. Mozley (p. 117). Can we suppose that truths on which our eternal interests depend should be guaranteed by events which, to say the least, wear an aspect of incredibility—events which are allied to nothing which has a present place in God's universe, and the truth of which as facts is only guaranteed by a second-hand channel of knowledge—human testimony? Would this be worthy the care and wisdom of our heavenly Father?

But the improbability of the miracle as thought under the evidential theory assumes greater proportions, when we state accurately its bearing upon nature. 'Miracles,' says Mr. Mozley (p. 142), 'are summarily characterized as violations of the laws 'of nature.' We shall hereafter have to return to this subject, when we come to consider the relation of the supernatural to nature. In the meantime, it is to be remarked that the evidential theory necessitates some such definition as the above. A miracle, to be a miracle, must be marked off unmistakeably from ordinary events; and it is of no consequence what term we use so long as this process of separation is performed. We may call them violations or suspensions of laws of nature, or events at variance with the course of nature or ordinary experience; and in each case the meaning is that, *taking our stand on the world of experience*, a miracle is an unusual, unaccountable, lawless, or isolated event; for if it could be accounted for, or reduced to any law existing in the world of experience, it would cease to be a miracle. We say, taking our stand on the world of experience; because divines, when hard pressed by the objections of science and philosophy, have taken refuge in the theory that, though lawless in reference to this world, a miracle is not lawless on the scale of the whole universe. But it is obvious science might decline to admit this higher point of view as equally beyond experience, and as in fact guaranteed only by the miracle. It might say, nay, it does say, I must not judge of the miracle in the light of what it proves; I must judge of it by that of which I have experience; and judged in this light, it is a lawless, unaccountable, isolated event.

Let us see now what objections the miracle is liable to when propounded to the world in this character. It is placed under the ban both of science and philosophy. Science has shown that, as a matter of fact, a lawless and isolated event has no existence in nature. Philosophy goes further, and shows that it cannot have; that in fact the assertion of such an act or event is a contradiction in terms. For what is a purely lawless, or exceptional act? It is an act which is out of all relation to other things. But such an act is to us simply unknowable. We can only know things in so far as they are connected with

other things, *i.e.* in so far as they are instances of law or system. A purely lawless or exceptional act is simply unknowable. What then does the definition of the miracle as something exceptional or opposed to experience amount to? It simply annihilates itself. It amounts to this, *that a miracle in so far as it is a miracle is an impossibility, a nonentity.* In point of fact, too, it is wrong: for what we call miracles are not disconnected from nature. What makes them to be miracles is not want of connexion with nature, but connexion with something else.

But we care not to point out further the difficulties and incredibilities by which this theory of the supernatural is surrounded on every side. What is more to the purpose is to show how they are self-made. Let us disconnect the miracle from its assigned end—the proof of a revelation; let us join it on to God's great purposes in connexion with man; and it immediately assumes an aspect and a standing under which all these difficulties vanish like unhealthy mists. Our theory of the supernatural loses its cramped and forced aspect. It becomes natural and imposing; and, instead of being attended with an *à priori* improbability, all facts and analogies of present experience point to and support it.

For when we have so disconnected the miracle, it loses its isolated character and becomes one of a class or system of facts. If we comprehend in one whole the contents of the Bible and the religious life of the Church, it is obvious that we have got a class of facts with special characteristics. They may be designated as that class of facts which arise out of the relation in which man stands to God. And this would mark them off from other classes of actions which have a place in the life of humanity: as for instance, the social, political, and physical, which arise out of the relations in which we stand to our fellow-men and physical nature. Now let us observe what is the distinguishing mark of those facts or phenomena which arise out of the Divine relation. It is that they are supernatural, or in other words miraculous. Why so? Because in religion the objects towards which we act and which react on us are supernatural. When we act towards our fellow-men socially or politically, those with whom we act belong to the same sphere of being, and the resultant acts are what we term natural. But in the simplest act of religion, the object with which we are set face to face is supernatural, and the act is consequently a supernatural act. The supernatural character of religious actions can only be denied by maintaining that in religion the action is all on our side: and that there is no response from on high. If there is a response, if when we kneel down God's eye is

turned to us, if He vouchsafes His blessing or His grace, or His providential care, or any other sign of His presence, then these acts are certainly supernatural. They are as much miracles as the dividing of the Red Sea, or the raining down of manna. Why should great miracles such as that of the Red Sea be distinguished from an ordinary act of providential care, or the Resurrection of Christ from an act of grace whereby a soul dead in sin is raised to a new life in Christ? What differential character can be assigned to them? We believe there is none. You may say that those great miracles were interferences with the course of nature. But were they so in any sense in which the latter are not? Is not the most ordinary providential act an interference with the course of nature? Is not the communication of Divine grace the same? Are not both the special work of God just as much as the former?

Mr. Mozley has laboured hard to establish a distinction between the great miracles and what he terms the running miraculous. But we look in vain for any character assigned by him which would form a rational ground of distinction. The only thing which he seems to dwell upon is, that they were greater and more unmistakeable, so to speak: and that being so, the Jews and heathens recognised them to be miracles in a sense in which their own were not. And this is quite true. But greatness will not of itself give a differential character. There were great differences in this respect in the miracles of Christ. We could not, for instance, put His cures upon the same footing in respect of greatness as the raising of Lazarus, or His own resurrection. But there is a point which Mr. Mozley has overlooked. Is it not matter of faith that miracles, at least as great as those of Christ, are day by day being transacted? Every time we kneel at the altar, are we not bound to believe in a miracle second only to the Incarnation? and the same in respect of the other sacraments? How can we in any true sense believe in the work of the Spirit without believing in a law of continued miraculous agency?

And so, when we shut up a book on evidences, and return to ordinary religious life, we instinctively throw aside the evidential theory, and take up a point of view such as we are advocating. The moment we have to do with practical religion, we find ourselves in an atmosphere of the supernatural. We regard our personal religious life, and the life of the Church, as parts of a great miraculous system—a system which began in the earliest times, which culminated in the miracles of Christ, and which, as a system, is going on still. In proof of this we select the following passage at random from a common religious manual.

'The Church is the family of God. Those who compose it, whether already triumphant in heaven, or still militant on earth, have been made His children by adoption and grace. They are therefore admitted to a participation of those blessings which form the subject of St. Paul's prayer for his Ephesian converts. The Spirit of God, by whom they are regenerated, dwells in them. They become His temple; and so by Him are "strengthened with might" in their soul or "inner man." By the same blessed Spirit, the love of God is shed abroad in their hearts. Christ, therefore, dwells in their hearts by faith; according to His own promise to them that love Him, that "He will come unto them, and make His abode with them." So great, then, is the change which passes upon all regenerate Christians at their entrance into the Church of Christ, *that it can be compared to nothing less than a resurrection.* By it we become "dead unto sin, and born again unto righteousness." The "old Adam is buried in us, and the new man is raised up in us." To illustrate more fully this great faith, the Church leads us to consider the resurrection of the widow's son in the Gospel for the day. *In this, as in the other miracles performed by Our Lord upon the bodies of men, we may see a type of those He now works upon our souls.* Christ, the resurrection and the life, who stood by the bier of the young man to bid him "arise," is as really, though invisibly, present with each one of His regenerate members, when He bids them "rise again from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness." The influence of His Blessed Spirit, which He then sheds upon their souls, is to them as the breath of their spiritual life, by which they live and move and have their being. The same mighty power which raised the widow's son from temporal death, also "quickened us when we were dead in trespasses and sins.'"—*The Christian taught by the Church's Services, edited by Dr. Hook*, Part ii. p. 77.

We would ask, is all this a reality, or is it just a way of speaking? If it is a reality, then the evidential theory is wrong; for there is a law of miracles going on now identical with that which gave rise to the miracles of Christ. And why should we not recognise this in forming a *rationale* of the supernatural? If we do so, we shall get as a definition of the miraculous, 'that class of facts or phenomena which arise out of the relation 'in which man stands to God.' This would be in substance identical with a definition which we gave in a former article; but better expressed. In defining the miracle to be 'an event with a supernatural cause,' we omitted to specify the human side of the miraculous. As a matter of fact, miracles are not due to supernatural power simply, but to supernatural power in relation with man.

The advantages of this definition over the old theory are very great. It frees the whole sphere of the supernatural from the cramped shape into which it was thrown. We no longer need to look at any acts of God as exceptional or rare. The sum of His dealings with man forms one great whole. If we suppose that a real relation subsists between man and God, then all that is recorded in the Bible, and in the religious life of the Church, is but the necessary result of that relation. Thus, looking at the period preceding the advent of Christ, we find the character of the divine relation to be in general what we may term provi-

dential. God, indeed, shed forth gifts which typified and foreshadowed the charismata of the Church: such, for instance, as the gifts to the prophets, or the charisma of powers possessed by Elijah. But these were fragmentary in their nature. The general character of the relation was providential, and the miraculous phenomena recorded for the most part come under the head of Providence. They were worked for providential not evidential ends. Thus, for instance, the miracles of the Red Sea and of Jordan were not ordered for attesting the missions of Moses and Joshua. They, no doubt, had this effect collaterally, as everything which manifested the reality of the providential relation would have: but their primary end was for the fulfilment of God's providential purposes in respect of His people.[1] Under this point of view these great miracles no longer stand out as isolated marvels. They have their place in a class of facts of which we have experience; and are capable of explanation in accordance with a law of Providence now going on. For we defy any one to assign a character which they possess different from the most ordinary providential act.

With the coming of Christ a new order of things began, of which the distinguishing mark was the personal presence of God in man. We have first the presence of the Second Person in Christ by means of the hypostatic union; and, secondly, the presence of the Third Person in His Body—the Church. Thus a new relation was established between man and God, and this gave rise to a new class of miraculous facts. The miracles of Christ were the result of the hypostatic union; and their end, as we have pointed out, was not primarily evidential, but for the accomplishment of the work of redemption. In like manner the miracles of the Church resulted from the presence of the Holy Ghost, and they looked not to evidence but to edification. Divines have distinguished two classes of gifts in the Church, the ordinary and the extraordinary—the former directed to the perfecting of the individual, the latter to the perfecting of the body. But though the latter, comprising as it does gifts of healing, powers, tongues, prophecy, &c., has been more especially characterized as miraculous, the other class must be held to be equally so. Both are alike, *dona supernaturalia;* both are the work of the Holy Ghost; and S. Paul contemplates the latter equally with the former as the permanent heritage of the Church (1 Cor. xii.).

If now we admit our definition of miracles, the advantage of

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[1] It seems ludicrous to observe that the Red Sea was divided, that the Israelites might pass through. Yet it is from overlooking this very obvious view of the matter, that all the difficulties with science and philosophy have originated.

it in a controversial point of view will be enormous. It simply reverses the respective positions of the Christian and the unbeliever. Whereas, under the old theory the probability in an *à priori* point of view was strongly against, it is now as strongly in favour of miracles. All nature leads up to man,—but in man we have a personal being capable of knowing and serving God—a being whose only possible relation to God is a personal one. But this personal relation, if it is real, must be miraculous—must terminate in a class of facts of the same character as those recorded in the Bible. The special advantage of this is that, in arguing with the unbeliever, the field is narrowed and defined. In arguing against miracles, he must at once, and openly, take up (what is always implied in his argument) an Atheistic or Pantheistic position. *He must deny a personal existence to man;* and so bring himself into conflict with the common sense of mankind. Once admit the human personality, and the existence of God and of the miraculous follows as a matter of course.

Our definition, too, at once and for ever obviates the philosophical objections. Spinoza is the source whence these are drawn; but we have taken the ground from under his feet. His whole strength consists in hammering on the fundamental axiom—'everything which takes place must be in accordance with law.' But miracles are not lawless events; they are not shifts and expedients resorted to for a special purpose. On the contrary, there is a law of the miraculous, just as there is a law for every other class of facts in God's universe. There is, for instance, a class of facts which arises out of the mutual relations of molecules and masses of matter; and these, we say, are subject to the law of gravitation. But, just in the same way, there is a class of facts which arises out of the relation in which man stands to God, and these are subject to the law of the miraculous. Thus miracles are a part of God's original plan; they have ever had their place in the world, like other phenomena, and are equally capable of a rational explanation. They are not to be regarded as an after-thought, but as beginning with the creation of man, and continuing so long as he has his place in this world.

The point of view we are advocating will give a rational account of two difficulties which are very formidable under the old theory. First, we can account for what Mr. Mozley terms the 'running miraculous.' It is a remarkable fact, as Mr. Mozley has pointed out, that miracles have ever formed part of the inmost life of humanity. Belief in them has prevailed in all ages of the world, and among every class of mankind. Heathens and Jews, as well as Christians, have had their miracles; and even in modern times science has supplied

material for them, which has given rise to spiritualism. The old theory cannot account for this remarkable phenomenon. It is obliged to characterize this faith as a delusion, and the hankering after such things as a 'morbid want,' the product of 'curiosity, imagination, misery, helplessness, and indolence' (p. 204).

But how can that be a 'morbid want,' which has vindicated for itself a universal position in humanity? which has 'flourished 'successively on heathen, Christian, and scientific material; 'because, in truth, it is neither heathen, nor Christian, nor 'scientific, but human?' Its universality proves that it is not a 'morbid,' but a legitimate want. What is universal is also necessary: and if it is the former it must have its ground in a necessity of human nature. And, in truth, if the point of view we are advocating is correct, it must be so. So soon as man awakens to the consciousness of a personal existence, he experiences the necessity of the Divine relation, and miracles as the results and evidences of that relation. If this want is not gratified in a legitimate way, it will seek its gratification by illicit means. In contemplating the records of the running miraculous we must allow a large margin for delusion. But Scripture undoubtedly contemplates along with delusion a measure of truth. We know not how far the Spirit of God may have revealed Himself among the heathen; nor how far evil powers may have been permitted to delude mankind.

The other difficulty to which we alluded is the cessation of miracles. The old theory creates an impassable gulf between our age and the age of the Bible. While the latter was the age of the supernatural, the present is the age of the natural. Why should there be this unnatural chasm? Why should miracles have ceased? You can give no reason on the old theory which will not be signally refuted by an appeal to fact. It is sometimes said that revelation having been proved by the aid of miracles, they are not now required. But how inappropriate is such a remark in an age of unbelief like the present? What an immense impulse to Christian faith would not a revival of miracles give! But, in truth, the real import of the difficulty is not sufficiently stated by simply saying miracles were, and miracles are not. The difference between an age of miracles and an age without miracles implies a difference in the relation in which man stands to God. It implies in the one case that God is very near to man, that He guides, rules, assists him, and makes His presence felt. It implies in the other that God has receded from this near relation; that man may call to Him, but He will not answer, nor vouchsafe a sign *that He is* near. We judge of the present by the past, but to

a soul agonizing with this frightful doubt, is there not a great temptation to judge of the past by the present? If all signs of God's presence now are to be set down as delusion, why should it not be the same in times past? It is true, even from our point of view, we have to account for the fact that miracles like those of Christ no longer take place. But if we relieve our views of the supernatural from the unnatural twist which they have received from the evidential theory, will not a simple consideration of the facts supply a sufficient answer? Great miracles like those of Christ no longer take place, because the Gift residing in Christ is no longer in the world. But the working of Providence, and the gifts of the Spirit, still remain —the latter, it may be, not in such large measure as in Apostolic times (which is, perhaps, our own fault), but the same in kind.

We have now to look at the question in its philosophical aspect; or, in other words, to consider how we are to view the supernatural in its relation to the natural. On the view we take in this matter will depend, whether we are to assign as the differential character of the miracle, that it is a violation or suspension of a law of nature. Now, if we adopt the definition of the miracle which we have given, it is evident that such a differential character is not needed. If miracles are the direct result of that permanent relation in which man stands to God, then, to all intents and purposes, the supernatural is brought within the sphere of the natural, *if by the natural we mean the sphere of human experience.* More especially is this the case in reference to the miracles of Christianity. The Divine power in Christ, during His earthly sojourn, certainly formed a part of nature; for it was hypostatically one with His human nature, which every one allows was natural. In the same way a charisma of powers, imparted to an individual member of His Body, must be viewed as natural; for in this case, although the union is not the same, yet we know that the miraculous power resides in the individual as a permanent gift. The providential relation is somewhat different; it is certainly the introduction of supernatural power within the sphere of nature, and as such might be characterized as different from, or at variance with, nature; but being a continued agency, not limited to the sphere of humanity, and being essential to the very existence of nature, it practically forms a part of this system of things.

On these grounds we held, and still hold, that the mark of contrary to nature as a differential character of the miracle is not needed. Miracles are a class of facts within human experience, and as such are in a parallel position with every other class; and they difference themselves in a similar way. It is to be observed that every class of facts must be contrary to the

rest of nature; for in no other way could they establish themselves as a class. The organic phenomena for instance, or the rational acts of mankind, must be at variance with every other kind of phenomena. And in this sense, and no other, do we allow that miracles are contrary to nature. If there is any sense in which miracles are more contrary to nature than other classes of phenomena, let it be pointed out. If there is not, why attach to them an obnoxious and unnecessary mark which will give rise to endless dispute and confusion?[1]

Mr. Mozley, while doing us the honour to quote our remarks on this subject, takes occasion to dissent. He is, indeed, willing to resign the expressions—violation, or suspension of a law of nature, if they are considered obnoxious. He would even go so far as to maintain that a miracle, when judged of on the scale of the universe, is not contrary to, but in accordance with, law. But, while maintaining this accordance with higher law, he at the same time maintains the opposition of the miracle to 'that 'set of laws which comes within the cognizance of our expe-'rience' (p. 361). Now, if by 'that set of laws' Mr. Mozley means every other set *but the miraculous one*, then miracles are contrary in the sense expressed. But just in the same way if we put apart any other set—*e.g.* the rational acts of mankind—from the bundle which we comprehend under the name of nature or experience, then we might just as truly say that *they* are in opposition to 'that set of laws which comes within the cognizance of our experience.'

And this brings out the real difference between Mr. Mozley and ourselves. We are not so much divided upon the relation of the miracle to nature, as upon the prior question—What is a miracle? The difference will come out in answer to the question,—Do miracles as a law or class of phenomena form part of human experience? In his view they do not; in our view they do. In his view they are past and exceptional acts on the part of God; in our view they are parts of a vast system now going on. While he believes that the resurrection of Christ and the Apostolic charismata stand separate and altogether apart from us, we believe that the *same power* which accomplished these marvels as a law or system, is even now at work among us, and is part of our experience.

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[1] Dr. Hannah, with his usual ability and clearness, has specified the three elements necessary to the definition of a miracle—its *efficient*, its *formal*, and its *final* cause. With regard to the efficient cause we are at one with him. His formal cause, as will be seen, we admit or reject according to what is meant by 'nature.' With regard to the final cause, we have already shown in what respect we differ from the evidential theory. (See *Contemporary Review*, July, 1866, p. 303.)

We thus maintain that the mark of contrary to nature as a differential character of miracles is not needed. But it is a mark which, from peculiar circumstances which we will now point out, is not only dangerous but fatal to theology; and on this ground ought to be rejected. We have hitherto spoken of nature as *identical with the sphere of human experience:* but in doing so we are using language which, although common, when it comes to be examined will sound strange in the ears of common sense. Common sense will ask,—Is not nature altogether independent of human experience? Did the visible world, which geology tells us existed so many ages before man, only in reality begin to be, when the human eye was created to behold it? Do mountains and valleys, do John and Thomas vanish into nothingness when they are not seen? If they do not—and common sense is pretty sure they do not—then is nature not identical with human experience: it has a separate and independent existence. And upon this ground common sense will construct its theory of nature in relation to the supernatural. The material world with its gradations of beings, rising in a vast chain from the lowest existence up to man, forms one sphere of existence—the sphere of nature: and above this, invisible to us, there is another sphere of existence—heaven. It is peopled by spiritual beings and departed souls. We know very little about it; but we know that in respect of our spiritual nature we belong to it, while in respect of our bodily nature we belong to the world of nature. Both these spheres of existence, the natural and supernatural, are united in the over-ruling providence of God.

Now, if this conception, which we believe to be philosophically accurate, and which prevailed down to the end of last century, were universally recognised in modern science and philosophy, there would be no difficulty in our definition of miracles. We might safely allow the differential character of contrary to nature. In fact, Bishop Butler's definition: 'A miracle in its 'very notion is relative to a course of nature, and implies some-'what different from it,' would hit the mark. For miracles would be the breaking in of the higher world upon the lower; and they would establish themselves as a class by their opposition to nature as a whole, just as every other class of phenomena in nature have some mark of opposition to the rest.

But nature, in modern science and philosophy, is taken in a sense which is not only different from, but has literally no analogy whatever to the above popular sense. In fact, a great revolution in human thought was effected by Kant's polemic against Hume. The line of argument which Kant took up, was that of a distinction between the noumenal and phenomenal world.

This distinction, we may truly say, formed a new era in human thought: and its solidity is established by the fact that it has been adopted into all philosophies, and has found its way downwards into the conceptions and reasonings of science. It is commonly expressed by the phrase, 'the relativity of human knowledge,' and it is equally contended for by the sense-philosophy, as represented by Mill, and the common-sense, as represented by Hamilton. According to this distinction, all that is objected to the senses, or in other words, all that we experience, is only phenomenon; but behind this there is, or there is not, as *veræ causæ et substantiæ*, a corresponding noumenon. The extreme sense-philosophy, as represented by Hume, would deny the existence of a noumenal world: the more moderate would allow that it may exist, but would maintain that we can never know it: the common-sense philosophy would maintain that it does exist, and that, although we cannot know it positively, yet the fact of its existence is assured to us by an indelible conviction impressed upon the mind.

The effect of this distinction is that it cuts the popular idea of nature in two. In the days of Bishop Butler, the term nature included both the noumenal and phenomenal world: people were not at that time aware of the distinction. Nor do we think there ought to be any other than a logical distinction: for noumenon and phenomenon as existing in nature are really one,—or rather noumenon is that which really exists, and phenomenon is the impression or knowledge which we have of it. But in modern science and in the sense-philosophy the distinction is made a very real one. That class of scientific men represented by Professor Tyndall and Mr. Grove, and sense-philosophers such as Stuart Mill, exclude altogether from consideration the noumenal half of nature, and limit their views entirely to the phenomenal. The position they take up is thus stated by Stuart Mill:—

"I premise, then, that when in the course of this inquiry I speak of the cause of any phenomenon, I do not mean a cause which is not itself a phenomenon; I make no research into the ultimate ontological cause of any thing. To adopt a distinction familiar in the writings of the Scotch metaphysicians, and especially of Reid, the causes with which I concern myself, are not *efficient*, but *physical* causes. They are causes in that sense alone, in which one physical fact is said to be the cause of another. Of the efficient causes of phenomena, or whether any such causes exist at all, I am not called upon to give an opinion. The notion of causation is deemed, by the schools of metaphysics most in vogue at the present moment, to imply a mysterious and most powerful tie, such as cannot, or at least does not, exist between any physical fact on which it is invariably consequent, and which is popularly termed its cause; and thence is deduced the supposed necessity of ascending higher, into the essences and inherent constitution of things, to find the true cause, the *cause* which is not only followed by, but actually produces, the effect. No such

necessity exists for the purposes of the present inquiry, nor will any such doctrine be found in the following pages. But neither will there be found anything incompatible with it. We are in no way concerned in the question. The only notion of a cause which the theory of induction requires, is such a notion as can be gained from experience. The Law of Causation, the recognition of which is the main pillar of inductive science, is but the familiar truth, that invariability of succession is found by observation to obtain between every fact in nature, and some other fact which has preceded it; independently of all consideration respecting the ultimate mode of production of phenomena, and of every other question regarding the nature of "things in themselves." '[1] — *Mill's Logic*, vol. i. p. 338.

It is to be remarked that the class of thinkers who take this line are the most popular at the present day; and that their conception of nature is gradually supplanting the older one. People's minds are becoming more and more habituated to think of nature as a mere succession and co-existence of phenomena. It is in our view a false idea of nature; but we have to face the fact that it not only prevails, but is the dominant one. To a scientific mind imbued with it, the natural world is the world of phenomena, the supernatural (if it has any existence) is the world of noumena. To such a scientific mind, man considered as a person, *i.e.* a noumenon, is as much a supernatural being as are the angels.

What now will happen if in face of this view we maintain the opposition of miracles to nature? We shall put them in a position in which they become quite incredible. The true opposition is that between the noumena of the supernatural world and the noumena of the natural; the opposition is not to a succession of natural phenomena. But if we maintain the character of opposition under this view, we must maintain it

[1] This is all very well for Mr. Mill and those scientific men who think with him. But do they not, after this programme, stand self-condemned if they ever presume to draw an ontological inference? For instance, with regard to Divine Providence. That is a question which literally turns upon the existence or non-existence of a noumenal world. If there are true causes and substances in nature, that is, beings who have a created and permanent existence, then general providence or general law is the result of the relation in which they stand to each other. But, in addition to this, unless we dissever God altogether from His creation, there must be a special care exercised by Him, either immediately or, as the Bible gives us to understand, through the ministry of angels. In a word, there must be such a system as the Bible teaches, and man instinctively feels when he kneels down to pray. But, if there is no noumenal world, if all that is but a mere co-existence and succession of phenomena, then to talk of a special providence, or for that matter of a God, in any real sense of the term, is simple folly. What shall we say, then, of men who tell us, 'A noumenal world may or may not exist—we do not choose to argue the point with you,' and who then draw an inference on the supposition that it *does not exist*? We must, however, except Mr. Mill from this condemnation. In his recent 'Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy' he has proved to his own satisfaction the non-existence of a noumenal world. Matter he finds but a permanent possibility of sensation, and mind but a series of feelings.

in the latter sense. The miracle thus becomes an unexplained break in a chain of phenomena. It is a *lusus naturæ*. For modern science will admit no noumenal agency—neither the action of God, nor the action of a personal man.

For these reasons we think the character of opposition to nature ought to be discarded. Miracles are put in a better position, when they are presented as a system within human experience: a succession of spiritual phenomena parallel with other experiences. No doubt, even in this light, they will hardly become credible to such a scientific mind, but they will not needlessly repel it. And theology will gain this advantage, that freed from the ban of science, it can speak without impediment to those who are less imbued with the scientific prejudice. Nor if we adopt this view shall we set ourselves in opposition to Bishop Butler. When he opposed miracles to nature, it was in the former not in the latter sense. He would not have excluded the miraculous from the domain of experience. Possibly he might not with us have put the experience of the Divine life in the same category with the great miracles; but the reader must judge whether in doing so we have reason on our side.[1]

We have occupied so much space with the *rationale* of the miracle that we have little left for other matters; but we cannot pass over Mr. Mozley's admirable argument as against the objections of science. In entering, however, upon the consideration of it, we must relinquish the point of view for which we have been contending, and regard the miracle as an exceptional event. We must also pass over from the philosophical standpoint, which we have hitherto occupied, to the extreme position of the sense-philosophy. On the ground which we occupy, in dealing with this argument, we are not entitled to speak of a personal relation as subsisting between man and God, for the world of the sense-philosophy is not a world of persons and things, but of phenomenal succession. Looking, then, at miracles as exceptional acts, and at the world, in this point of view, what is the nature of the scientific argument brought against them? It may be stated thus: the world being made up of a chain of orderly succession, what you mean by a miracle is an interruption or variation of that order. But an immense accumulation

[1] 'I find no appearance of a presumption from the analogy of a nature against the general scheme of Christianity that God created and invisibly governs the world by Jesus Christ: and by Him also will hereafter judge it in righteousness, *i.e.* render to every one according to his works, and that good men are under the influence of His Spirit. *Whether these things are or are not to be called miraculous is, perhaps, only a question about words.*' (*Analogy*, part ii. chap. 2.) We do not contend for the word, but for the thing—the identity of our spiritual life with the phenomena manifested in Christ and His Apostles.

of experience has proved the fact that the chain of succession is never broken or varied. And besides, invariability, as a principle, is so firmly fixed in the mind of every scientific inquirer, that he cannot even conceive the possibility of its failure. Or, to apply the argument to a particular case: You tell me of one or two dead men who have risen. I cannot believe it. An immense accumulation of experience has convinced me that such is not the order of succession in the case of dead men. Dead men continue dead: they do not rise again to life; and so firmly am I convinced that this law is verified in every instance, that I cannot even conceive the possibility of its failure.

The only effectual way of meeting this argument would be on philosophical ground. We might, for instance, reply in this way:—Your philosophy is all wrong. As a matter of fact, the world is not made up of co-existences and sequences. Matter is not, as Mr. Mill would persuade us, a permanent possibility of sensation, nor mind a series of feelings. There are in nature true causes and substances; and man is a being possessed of a personal existence. As soon as we allow this view of the world, the above argument falls to pieces. For events are not arranged on the principle of antecedents and consequents, but are dependent on the noumenal world of which they are the phenomena. Constancy of succession, therefore, is not *an absolute law*, as is postulated in the above argument. The succession is only constant, so long as the noumenal relations remain the same. But in the case of a miracle these are altered; just as in the world of nature phenomena are continually varied by bringing new agents into play. In the case, for instance, of the resurrections spoken of, we know, on good grounds, that a power was present which produced the effect.

This, however, is not the way in which Mr. Mozley has met the argument. He has fought the sense-philosophy on its own ground. This, if we mistake not, is something quite new. Hitherto the argument has been as against two rival philosophies. It had been taken for granted, that if we accept the empirical premisses, we must accept the conclusion. Mr. Mozley has shown that we are under no such necessity. He has discovered a flaw in the reasoning. Accepting as he does the premisses, he shows that the conclusion is by no means warranted; for more is collected in the latter than is at hand in the former.

In proceeding to his argument, Mr. Mozley first of all makes sure of what, on empirical premisses, we mean by the order of nature. If the order of nature is defined to be the order in which physical events succeed each other, the definition will be true enough. But it will not bring out the point which occasions all the difficulty, and which especially needs to be elucidated.

There can be no question about the order of past events: that every one allows to be fixed and invariable; and, so far as we can see, not even the fiat of Almighty God could change it. It is about the future as connected with the past that the whole difficulty arises. Our belief is that the future will resemble the past; that events which are at present hidden in the unknown future will succeed each other in the same order as they have hitherto done. Bodies have tended towards the earth; they will continue to do so. The sun has hitherto risen and set; he will rise and set. Men have been born, have lived, and died; such will be their fate hereafter. As a matter of fact, such is the belief of every man, and the instinctive faith of the brute creation. As a matter of fact, therefore, it must be accepted and dealt with by philosophy. We are not inquiring how the philosophy which we receive would deal with it: we are following Mr. Mozley in his explanation of it on the principles of empiricism. But before proceeding, let us mark the exact bearing of the point as now stated on miracles. It is on the *strength of this faith* that miracles or variations in the order of succession are excluded. From our conviction that nature will go on as hitherto, it is argued that as a matter of fact it will do so; and retrospectively that it has done so. And thus all miracles, past and future (if we regard them as exceptional events): even the slightest variation from the worn grooves is excluded.

It is obvious that this conclusion is dependent on the mental character of this conviction. It is a trite remark—and the opponents of miracles would be the first to recognise it—that the mere fact of human belief does not in itself imply truth in fact, for many beliefs are fallacious. It depends on the mental character of our belief, it depends on whether it has any ground in reason or necessity, whether we can safely infer from it actuality.

Have we, then, any ground in reason for this our faith? If we proceed on the premisses of empiricism, it must be confessed we have not. Mr. Mozley has analysed and exposed every apparent argument which would seem to give a rational ground for our faith in the uniformity of phenomenal succession. If a man is asked why he believes the future will resemble the past, probably his first impulse would be to say, 'Why, it is self-evident.' But it is not. 'We mean by self-evident, that of 'which the opposite is self-contradictory: but though the fact 'that the sun rose to-day would be contradicted by the fact 'that it did not rise to-day, it is in no way contradicted by 'the fact that it will not rise to-morrow.' In like manner every other reason that we may be inclined to bring forward will be found, on examination, to be no reason at all, but simply

a statement of the fact in other words. It may be said, for instance, that the repetition of a fact for a length of time shows that there is a permanent cause at work. Here we should say to the empiricist, 'The idea of a permanent cause at all is subversive of your premisses: it belongs to a different kind of philosophy.' Hence Mr. Mozley is quite correct when he argues, 'The effects which have taken place show a cause at work only to the extent of those effects, not at all further. Why, then, do we expect with such certainty the future continuance of them? We can only say, because *we believe* the future will be like the past. We have professed, then, to give a reason why we believe this, and we have only at last stated the fact that we do.'

In like manner, Mr. Mozley disposes of other apparent arguments which might be brought from the same point of view. The following summary is a fine specimen of the keen eloquence which so often breaks from his pen:—

'What ground of reason, then, can we assign for our expectation that any part of the course of nature will the *next* moment be like what it has been up to this moment, *i.e.* for our belief in the uniformity of nature? None. No demonstrative reason can be given, for the contrary to the recurrence of a fact of nature is no contradiction. No probable reason can be given, for all probable reasoning respecting the course of nature is founded *upon* this presumption of likeness, and therefore cannot be the foundation of it. No reason can be given for this belief. It is without a reason. It rests upon no rational ground, and can be traced to no rational principle. Everything connected with human life depends upon this belief, every practical plan or purpose that we form implies it, every provision that we make for the future, every safeguard and caution we employ against it, all calculation and adjustment of means to ends, supposes this belief; it is this principle alone which renders our experience of the slightest use to us, and without it there would be, so far as we are concerned, no order of nature and no laws of nature; and yet this belief has no more producible reason for it than a speculation of fancy. A natural fact has been repeated; it will be repeated:—I am conscious of utter darkness when I try to see why one of these follows from the other; I not only see no reason, but I perceive that I see none, though I can no more help the expectation than I can stop the circulation of my blood. There is a premiss, and there is a conclusion: but there is a total want of connexion between the two. The inference, then, from the one of these to the other, rests upon no ground of the understanding; by no search or analysis, however suitable or minute, can we extract from any corner of the human mind and intelligence, however remote, the very faintest reason for it.'—P. 39.

Mr. Mozley next shows that what is called the inductive principle is of the same character. It consists of two parts: first, the search for the antecedent; and, secondly, the inference which is 'exactly the same instinct which converts ordinary and common experience into law, viz. that habit by which we always extend any existing recurrent fact of nature into the future.'

With regard to the exact nature of this expectation of likeness, Mr. Mozley does not commit himself. It may be simply a practical instinct, analogous to the instinct of brutes; or it may arise in us from custom or association. It is enough, he thinks, if we understand that it is irrational, *i.e.* has no ground in reason. He quotes with approbation the famous view of Hume, and then applies the result to the question of miracles:—

'And now the belief in the order of nature being thus, however powerful and useful, an unintelligent impulse of which we can give no rational account, in what way does this discovery affect the question of miracles? In this way, that this belief, not having itself its foundation in reason, the ground is gone upon which it could be maintained, that miracles, as opposed to the order of nature, were opposed to reason. There being no producible reason why a new event should be like the hitherto course of nature, no decision of reason is contradicted by its unlikeness. A miracle, in being opposed to our experience, is not only not opposed to necessary reasoning, but to any reasoning. Do I see, by a certain perception, the connexion between these two? It *has* happened so; it will happen so; then may I reject a new reported fact which has not happened so as an impossibility. But if I do not see the connexion between these two by a certain perception, or by any perception, I cannot.'—P. 48.

And again:—

'When, then, there is nothing on the side of reason opposed to the expectation of likeness, as is the case commonly, we follow it absolutely. But supposing there should arise a call of reason to us to believe what is opposite to it; supposing there is the evidence of testimony, which is an appeal to our proper reason, that an event has taken place which is opposed to this impression—it is evident then that our reason must prevail in the encounter, *i.e.* that if there is on one side positive evidence, the antecedent counter-expectation must give way.'—P. 57.

Such is Mr. Mozley's famous argument;[1] and, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, we believe it to be unanswerable. He has shattered for ever the pretentious reasoning from the 'constancy of natural causes.' Those who indulge in this argumentation are the very persons who have loosened the connexion between cause and effect. The order of nature in their hands has become, in Mr. Mozley's expressive phrase, but 'a rope of sand, consisting of antecedents and consequents, but without a rational link or trace of necessary connexion between them.' Under this point of view then, what reason can be assigned against the miracle? There is none. The resurrection of Christ is as credible as is His death.

But if we examine Mr. Mozley's argument in the light of its positive value, as tending to further our belief in the supernatural, our estimate of it alters. The argument is only valid

[1] It is to be observed that this argument only meets Positivism, or the English sense-philosophy. It does not meet the objection to miracles grounded on Pantheistic systems.

on empirical principles: but if the miracle is only gained at the price of adopting these, of what use is it to us? Simply none at all. If we dissever the connexion between cause and effect, we denude the miracle of all meaning. A miracle has only meaning on the supposition of noumenal agency or real causation. It is on this supposition alone that we can draw the inference of a supernatural cause. If there is no real causation —if the events of the world succeed each other disconnectedly, like the images of a kaleidoscope, what does it matter whether they are similar or dissimilar, miraculous or ordinary? We can in neither case advance a single step beyond the fact that they are. In fact, Mr. Mozley has only developed in one direction the inherent scepticism of the empirical philosophy. Hume developed it in other directions, to the utter subversion of human knowledge.

And this illustrates the truth of a remark which we made before, that the real point at issue in the present controversy is not scientific but philosophical. Our faith in the supernatural is dependent on the view which we take of the world as a whole. As Mr. Mozley has remarked (p. 50), the idea of real causation in nature is not opposed to the supernatural: but (and it is our own remark) the idea of antecedents and consequents is. It is not indeed opposed, as Mr. Mozley has shown, to the unlike fact; but it is opposed to the miracle as the work of God. But if it is opposed to the agency of God, it is equally opposed to the agency of man: its logical result being, as developed by Mr. Mill, the reduction of the human personality to 'a series of feelings.' Here then is a ready method for solving any doubts a man may have in regard to miracles. If he can see his way to the belief that he is something more than a 'series of feelings;' if he can convince himself that he is a living person, the cause of his own actions, he has no longer any reason to doubt the miraculous scheme of Christianity.

NOTICES.

'SEQUENCES, Hymns, &c. and other Ecclesiastical Verses,' by the Rev. J. M. Neale (Hayes). Such is the simple title of the posthumous work of its distinguished author. It is with no ordinary feelings that, in these pages, we announce that the *Christian Remembrancer* will no longer be enriched and adorned by those articles—so replete with a rare and large erudition, so warm and tender in feeling, and so apart from the ordinary and conventional tone of treatment—which always announced the same unwearied service to the Church. It has been said, and with great truth, and in a quarter in which there is but small sympathy for our principles and labours, that Mr. Neale was one of the most remarkable men that the Church of England has produced. It is possible that the writer who so expressed himself was only struck by those superficial aspects of the character of our friend and contributor, his unusual learning, his out-of-the-way subjects, and the habit he had of taking all matters of study which every one else neglected. To say this was to say little of Mr. Mason Neale. Mere pedantry might select untrodden fields of historical disquisition, and it would only require what is called eccentricity and affectation to do what nobody else does, and to do it in a different way. But to Mr. Neale to plunge into difficult studies, and to throw himself with ardour into modes of thought and habits of mind different from those of the present day, was natural to him. His 'History of the Oriental Church,' destined to remain an unfinished design, was something more to him than a field for displaying uncommon research. He felt the need of what he was writing for others as well as for himself. No doubt in his case, as in that of all scholars, the personal delight in accumulating knowledge, and the sense of satisfaction in opening into a new ocean of research and thought, the feeling which dictates the

> 'Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
> Trita solo,'

had its place in him as in others. But there was a point of convergence in all his works. We believe him to have been animated by a very pure love of what he believed to be an important function of the Church of England. It is quite true that he might have had some views of that function which few shared with him; but what we intend to mark by this observation is his sense of loyalty. When in past years he was charged with Romanizing by his Brighton neighbours, we always thought the charge exceedingly silly, because if Dr. Neale held any views in excess they were his Oriental proclivities. Why he was so, and why he selected the Eastern Church for his especial study, and only subordinated the literature and history of the West, is a question which

can only be answered by some knowledge of his character. His mind was rather of the East than the West. It was redundant, flowing, large, subtle, and if deficient in any province it was in that of logic. His was not a political mind: he failed in those qualities in which has been the especial success of the West. He was a poet, not a dialectician; and his poetry had a richness and a wildness of its own. To seek further into the reason of this would, in Mr. Neale's case, bring us to the true fountain of his inspiration, or taste, or idiosyncrasy, or whatever else it is to be called. He was most thoroughly imbued with what is, after all, given in the language and spirit and method of the East; viz. the oracles of God. The Bible is Oriental, and therefore Mr. Neale was an Oriental in habits of thought and feeling. In his character he combined many of the excellences, and of course some of the defects, of the Oriental constitution. The perfect insensibility to insult and contradiction and misrepresentation, which he always exhibited, and which to a superficial observer looked like apathy, was almost equal to that of an Indian devotee: while, at the same time, he had a keenness of sensibility, and an active, excitable, and delicate organization, which was susceptible of the strongest emotions of sensibility. He loved deeply, but was chary of exhibiting any passion. Such a character is likely to be misunderstood; and he never was understood. Had he been more of the practical man—the political man—he would have succeeded better. But he lived in his own world, which the world calls a world of dreams, and aspirations, and fancies. But these dreamers often succeed, and succeed more really than is given even to themselves to know. And the secret of this is that an idealist never knows when he is beaten; and therefore he never is beaten. His 'mind to him a kingdom is;' but it is not peopled by shadows. After all there are certain points on which Mr. Neale concentrated his powers; and in which he has succeeded. In conjunction with others, he was the first to attempt a revival of Church architecture: he was personally and singly the first to attempt a revival of English Hymnody: he was the first of the present generation to call attention to the Eastern Church: he was the first to revive the notion of Sisterhoods. Now it is past a doubt, even by the confession of foes, that these are four points absolutely won and incorporated into the current policy of the Church of England: not all equally, but all substantially. He was not of course invariably happy in his method of treating these things: in the last matter we have mentioned, it is well known that in this Review we had serious misgivings as to his judgment. But what we want now to notice is that he was in what he made his life a very successful man. The author of 'Jerusalem the Golden' has done that for the Church of England which only Ken and Keble did before him. And it is singular and touching that his very last composition was a sort of monody, or *threnos*, as he would have called it, on the author of the *Christian Year*. It remains—

> 'His satum accumulem donis, et fungar inani
> Munere'—

to acknowledge the cheerfulness and kindness which in the relations of editor and contributor always prevailed between himself and the writer of these remarks. To say that he always made allowances, when on

the other hand allowances were always made, is to say as little as the facts of the case can bear. We ought to say much more, and to place on record our sense of his habitual deference to what perhaps he often had few sympathies with: his slowness to take offence: his patience of contradiction, and his easy generosity of mind. He was a man personally of large sympathies and few passions; and to ourselves, and, as we fully believe, to our readers, his departure causes a blank which can with difficulty be filled up.

Mr. Cazenove's University Sermon, 'Inconsistency' (Rivingtons), is a very remarkable publication: remarkable because it seems to introduce a new era into the Oxford pulpit, and remarkable on its own merits. To take the latter point first. This sermon shows an astonishing and critical acquaintance with modern thought, European as well as English thought; and is replete with erudition at once deep and discriminating on contemporary literature, political, poetical, ecclesiastical, and historical. Mr. Cazenove draws his illustrations with equal facility, and equal felicity, from Thomas Aquinas and Mr. Browning, and applies them to a practical subject with great elegance of style and refinement of thought. And as regards the University, in its position of teacher of men of this age, we think it much that a preacher at S. Mary's should innovate on the old dry method, and should be bold enough to tell the young men both the dangers and safeguards of modern speculation. Few recent sermons are more striking than this.

The republication of Dr. Phillpotts' famous 'Letters to Butler' (Murray), marks an era in the Church History of England. The great Bishop of Exeter feels it to be a duty to vindicate his consistency, and, having been the first of men now living to place the great controversy between ourselves and Rome on its proper basis, he now reprints his early polemic, 'to meet the renewed attempts which are made to reconcile the differ-'ences between the Articles of the Church of England and those of the 'Council of Trent.' If by these attempts the Bishop has in view a compromise which should be all one-sided, in which we are to give up everything, and the Prussia of the Church is only to gain an accession of territory, we can only say that we are not aware of such attempts, or if we ever heard of them, that we have not the smallest sympathy with them. But we are not ready to believe that the 'Eirenicon,' of which the most palpable and unmistakeable aspect is that it proposes mutual concessions, common sacrifices, and the liberty of open questions, comes under the Bishop's suspicion. The Church of England as it is, and the Church of Rome as it was when Dr. Phillpotts wrote (still more as it is at the present hour), we believe do present 'insuperable differences.' But what is now canvassed is the possibility of reducing the insuperable character of differences, which it is impossible as they stand to exaggerate.

'The Alleged Conversion of the Irish Bishops to the Reformed Religion,' by Dr. Brady (Longmans), has been made the subject of more important consequences than this Essay can logically sustain. The adhesion of the existing Irish Bishops at the Reformation to the religious change of that era, is an interesting subject of historical investigation. But it has no bearing whatever on the standing of the present Irish Bishops, nor indeed

on the future of the Irish Church. This last question will be settled on political grounds, not on any historical antecedents; and whether a new succession was introduced into Ireland, or whether the old Bishops to a man conformed, will not help reformers to the solution of their difficulty what to do with the proceeds of the pillage which they recommend.

Mr. Lewin Maine, under the title of a 'Berkshire Village' (Parker), has given a very good example of what a parochial monograph might become. The value of this little work as a type of what every incumbent might produce, would be greater, were its author more skilled in technical knowledge of Church architecture.

'The Oxford Victoria Prayer-Book' (Gardner) is an innovation on the old type. We can hardly say whether we like this curious compromise in the shape of the English A B C. It is not Old English, not Roman type, not 'script,' but a sort of fusion of the three in the body of the book, and a not very harmonious use of antique Roman in the running titles. But it has a certain elegance of its own, and is likely to be popular. We can just understand why it is styled the 'Victoria:' because it contains what is no part of the Prayer-Book, the recent Proclamation for the disuse of three of the State Services. While on the subject, we must remind the Oxford Delegates, that one of the grounds on which the exclusive—or so to say the co-exclusive—privilege of printing the Prayer-Book is conferred on the Universities is, that they should be faithful to their trust. They are not faithful to their trust in putting forth an edition like this, which includes the XXXIX. Articles, which are no more a part of the Prayer-Book, however much they may belong to the English Church, than Jewell's 'Apology.' We should like to know how often the present Prayer-Book is collated with the Sealed Book. And we may give a hint to the Universities and Queen's Printer, which is so to set out the Communion Services and the Baptismal Office, in what are called 'the Service Books,' as not to require, as is now almost invariably, if accidentally, the case, the page to be turned in the very middle of the Canon of Consecration and the act of Baptism. Another improvement would be, after the example of the old Sarum Books, to print in the large folio editions the Morning and Evening offices on vellum, which would be a great boon to poor parishes and to churches where there is a daily service.

The popularity, and consequently the increasing bulk, of the well-known Parker's 'Glossary of Architecture,' has compelled the accomplished editor to issue it in an abridged and condensed form. This may be called the 'knapsack' edition.

'Selections, New and Old' (Masters), is a sort of Enfield's Speaker, only it is intended for private study and meditation, and is a selection done with considerable taste and research. It is enriched with a preface by the Bishop of Oxford, and might be further enriched by an index.

'A Winter in the East,' by F. M. (Masters), is a very pretty and feeling sketch of the Holy Land.

We believe that we should not be wrong in naming as the Durham Hymnal a compilation published by the Messrs. Mozley, and now reprinted,

which bears the initials of J. G. The tunes are issued under the great authority of Dr. Dykes; and in one aspect the multiplication of these manuals, as proving the large and growing taste for these practical aids to public devotion, is to be valued. The mere fact of multiplicity presents drawbacks to this estimate. The present collection, however, must stand very high as a complete and valuable manual.

From Mr. Butler, of Wantage, we have to acknowledge a beautiful manual of meditation, under the title, 'Short Meditations on the Sufferings of our Lord' (Masters).

'The Office of the Most Holy Name' (Masters) bears the signature of R. B., which is a sufficient guarantee of its depth and tone. The only fault of such compendiums is the adaptation to private use of the forms intended for a religious community.

'The North Side of the Table' is an Essay by Mr. C. J. Elliott, of Winkfield (Parkers), attempting to prove that the north side means the north end. We have so often expreseed our inability to adopt this conclusion, that we can only say here that Mr. Elliott writes with candour and good feeling, and exhibits the result of considerable reading.

'From Pole to Pole' (Nisbet) is the fantastic—or to use the fashionable word, the sensational—title of a History of Missions, by Mr. Hassall. There is a good deal of information in it, and it contains a useful list of authorities for the statistics and history of missionary work. But it is not a fair book: it is not written to scale. The Church of England Missions, especially those of the S. P. G., are systematically underrated; and those of the dissenting bodies as unduly optimized. It may be that Mr. Hassall is not intentionally unfair; but to be ignorant in such a book is only to condemn it.

'Caught Napping' (Palmer) is an unhappy instance of what we hope is not a characteristic of the extreme Ceremonialist school. If anybody wishes to see how the worst spirit of the funny hebdomadals may be exhibited to the damage of a serious cause, he may learn something melancholy from this little pamphlet. One Hickeringill, who years ago wrote on the other side, has been the writer's model.

The Rev. Edward Bartrum, Master of the Grammar School at Berkhamstead, is a sanguine person. He has put forth a pamphlet, in the shape of a 'Letter to Harry Charles, Esq.' (Longmans), a gentleman who does not seem to have any especial duties in this direction—in which he suggests that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners should be empowered to purchase, at a compulsory valuation, *all* the livings in private patronage, and distribute them according to merit, which is essential to the progress of the Church. The judges of merit are to be persons who, it may be surmised, will recognise the especial fitness of schoolmasters for good livings. What if we were to suggest that all Editors of Reviews and contributors to ecclesiastical literature should have a claim—which certainly is not recognised—to stalls and deaneries?

The Irish Church difficulty is not likely to be settled at present. But it is satisfactory to find that it is not likely to want in its hour of peril zealous and able defenders. Threatened men live long; and it may be so in the present case. At any rate, it is of good omen that its defenders are content to let the whole truth be known. We have to mention, among other publications on this subject,—1. 'Work and its Reward in the Irish Church,' by Mr. Dwyer (Hodges & Smith), who deals in a very elaborate examination of the alleged statistics. 2. Mr. Alfred Lee's 'Examination of Sir John Gray's Speech in Parliament' (Hodges & Smith). 3. 'The Charge of Bishop Fitzgerald of Killaloe' (Hodges & Smith). This last publication is not so satisfactory as those of the inferior writers. 4. A second edition of 'The Irish Church: its Claims,' &c. (Rivingtons), by Archdeacon Wordsworth.

We have to mention two very effective Funeral Sermons, effective in very different ways. One, most warm and affectionate, by Archdeacon Churton, preached at Oxford, after Mr. Keble's death: 'The Power of Holy Minstrelsy' (Rivingtons). The other, grave and didactic, delivered in Trinity College Chapel, 'In Memory of William Whewell' (Macmillan). To these we may add a Sermon, 'The Life of Faith' (Hayes), preached by Mr. Malleson, at Baldersby, on the Sunday after the funeral of Dr. Neale.

'Fasciculus' (Parkers). Here is a very pretty collection of translations into Latin Verse, by Mr. Lewis Gidley and Mr. Robinson Thomson and their friends. They are usually translations into classical metres; but there are, in addition to some original compositions, which are not very good, a few versions, and very happy ones, of some of our familiar hymns. It is a proof how thoroughly many of these represent the mediæval feeling that they so appropriately take the Latin dress. The well-known Easter song, 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day,' for example, seems to be only a version of some lost Latin Hymn. We cannot resist the pleasure of extracting a translation of 'When I survey the wondrous cross'—

> 'Miræ crucis dum contemplor, Rex qua pendet gloriæ,
> Lucrum omne damnum duco, illudo superbiæ.
>
> Absit, absit gloriari, nisi in morte Domini;
> Nihil est quod non postponam Redemptoris sanguini.
>
> Defluit ex fronte sacrâ, perforatis manibus,
> Mixtus amor cum dolore, defluit ex pedibus.
>
> Mixtus amor cum dolore quando tantus adfuit?
> Et coronam tam regalem quando spina præbuit?
>
> Mundum si donare possim, parum id appareat:
> Mirus amor tam divinus memet totum postulat.'

There is in these times a disinclination on the part of the Clergy to maintain their just rights to that provision which piety has laid up for them. No doubt there is a sort of good feeling at the bottom of this. But in the wish not to seem greedy and grasping, there is such a mistake, which comes to be a sin, of being an unfaithful steward of what is God's own property. No clergyman is justified in sacrificing any portion of the value of his living in order to conciliate tithe-payers. For a little present ease and

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